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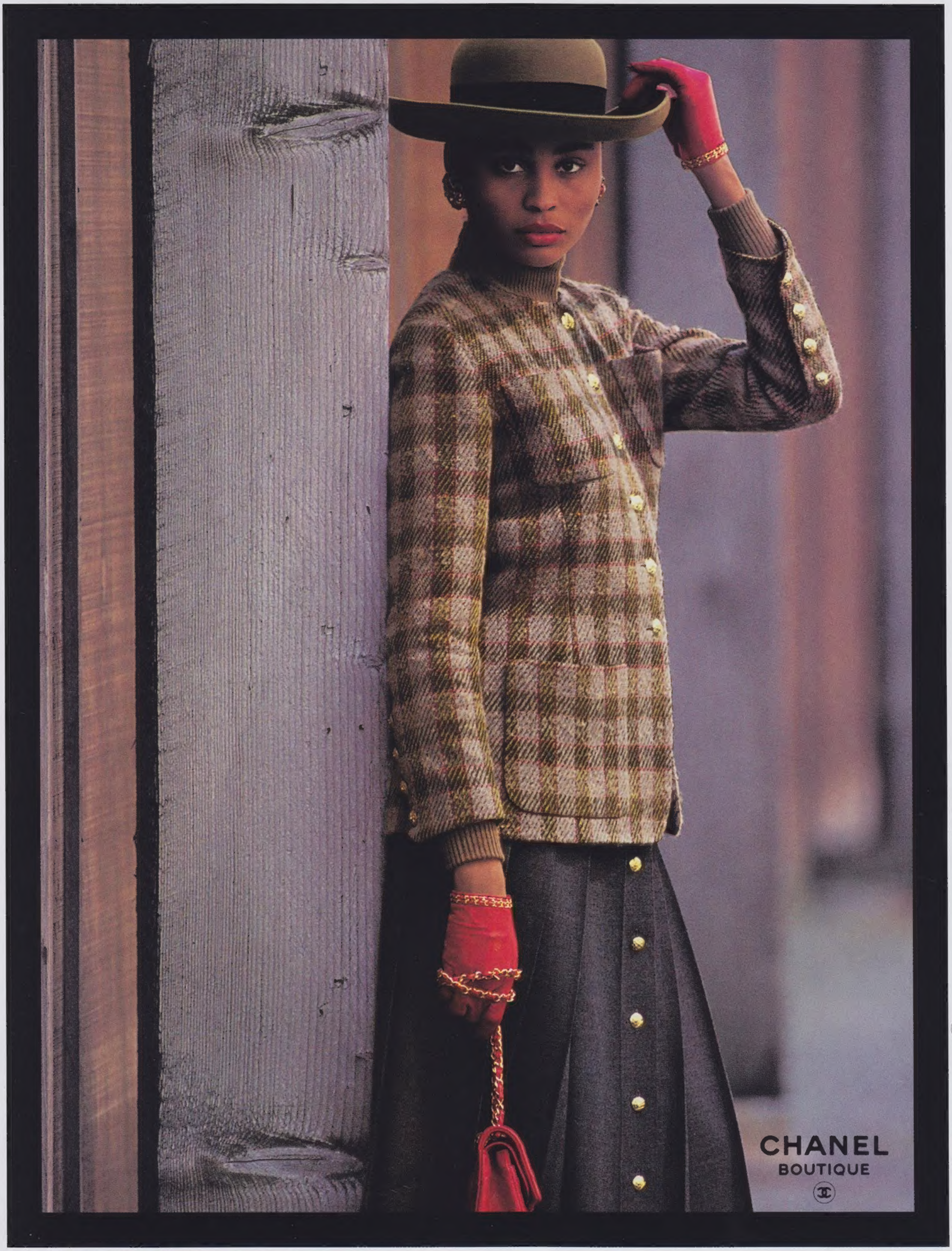

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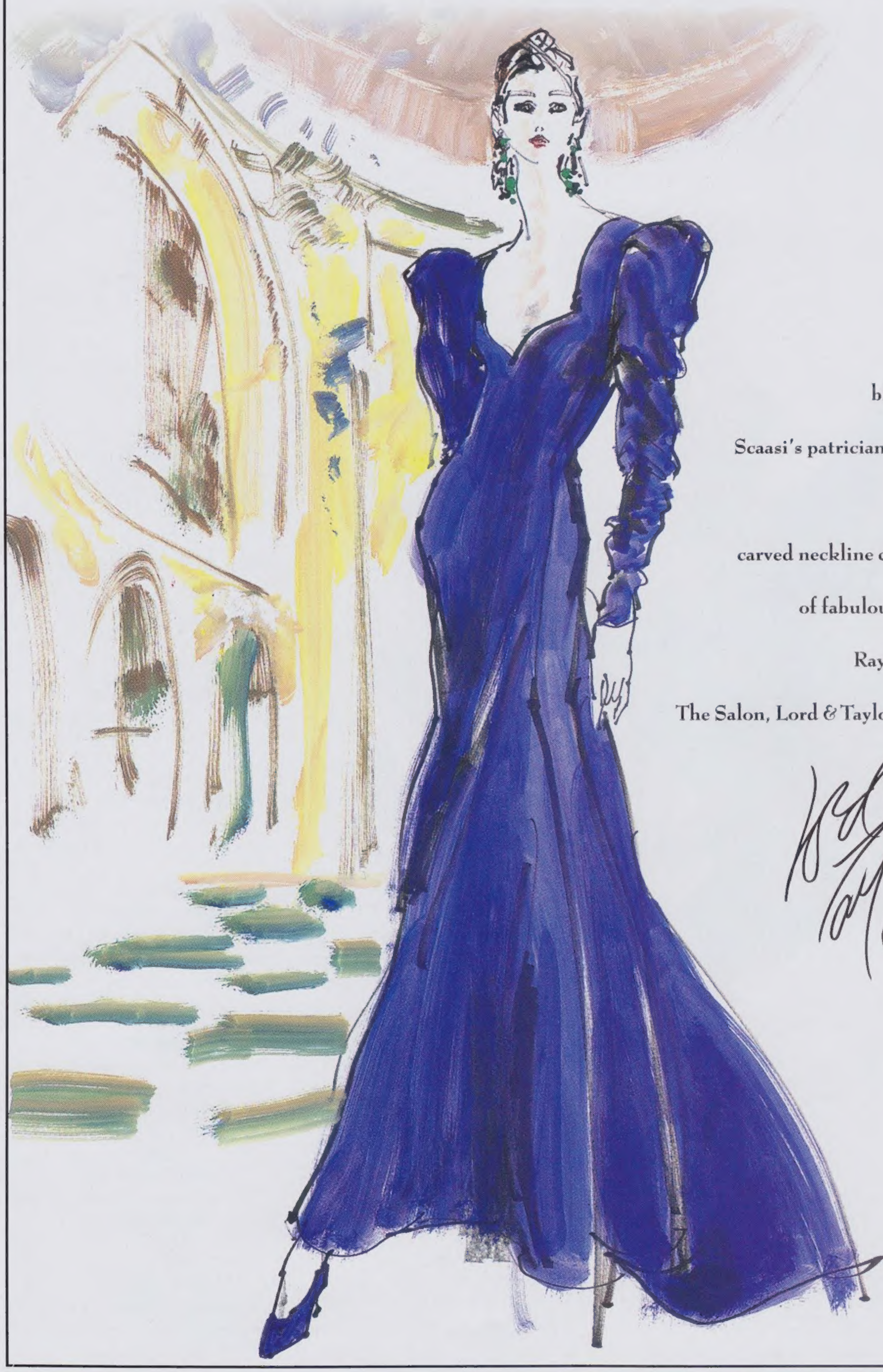

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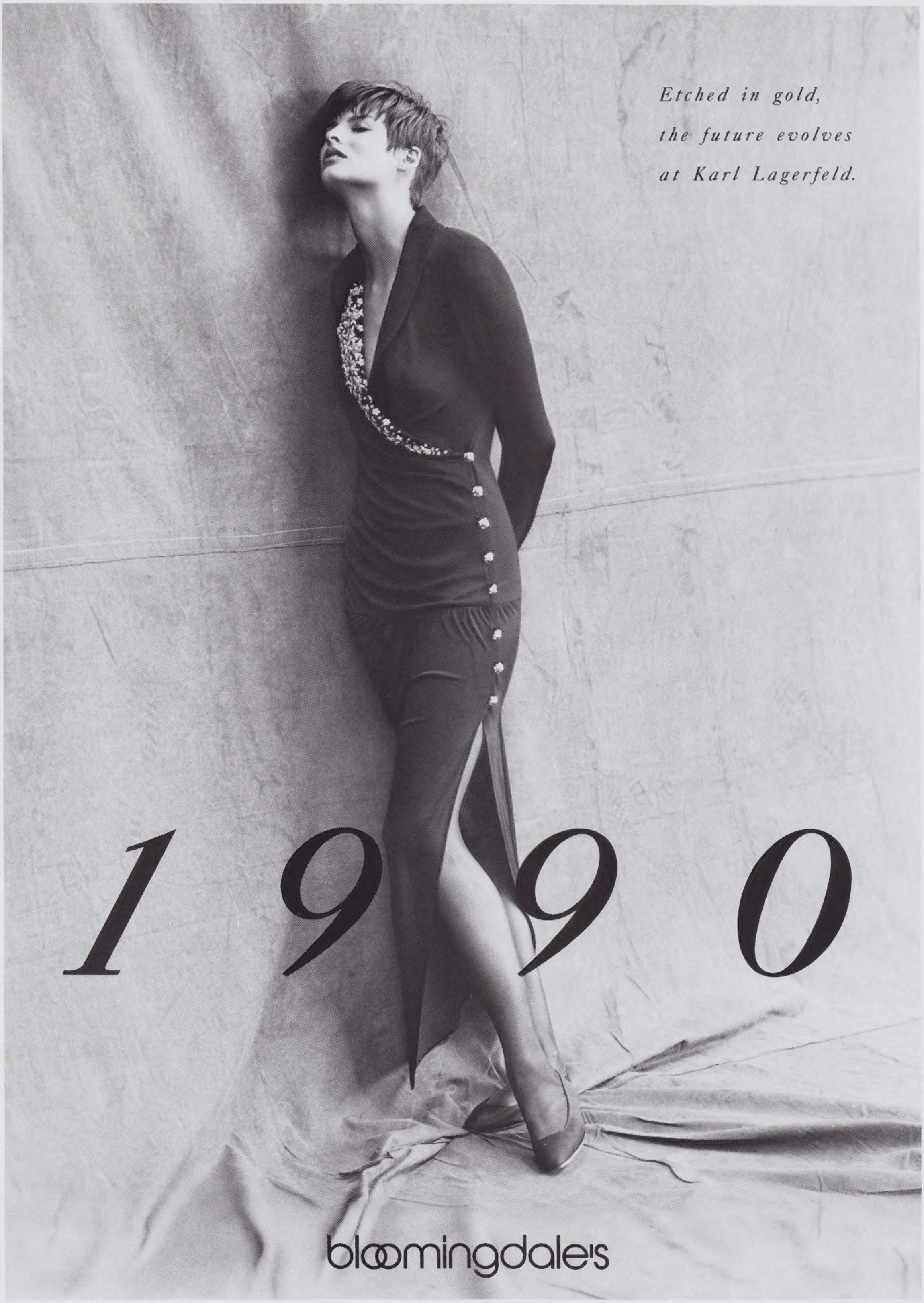

Lagerfeld, approaching 1990. The long matte black dress with gilded lapel, on Boulevard Four, New York and Chicago.

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COVER LOOK All-American style—natural makeup, a blazer that works day or night—on Tatjana Patitz. Jacket by Donna Karan New York. Admiral Cup watch by Corum Watch Corporation. On cheeks, Blush Final in Contour #849; Copper Red #66 on lips; both by Christian Dior. Hair, Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup, Stéphane Marais for l'Agence Bruno, Paris. Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington. Photographer: Peter Lindbergh. Details, last pages.

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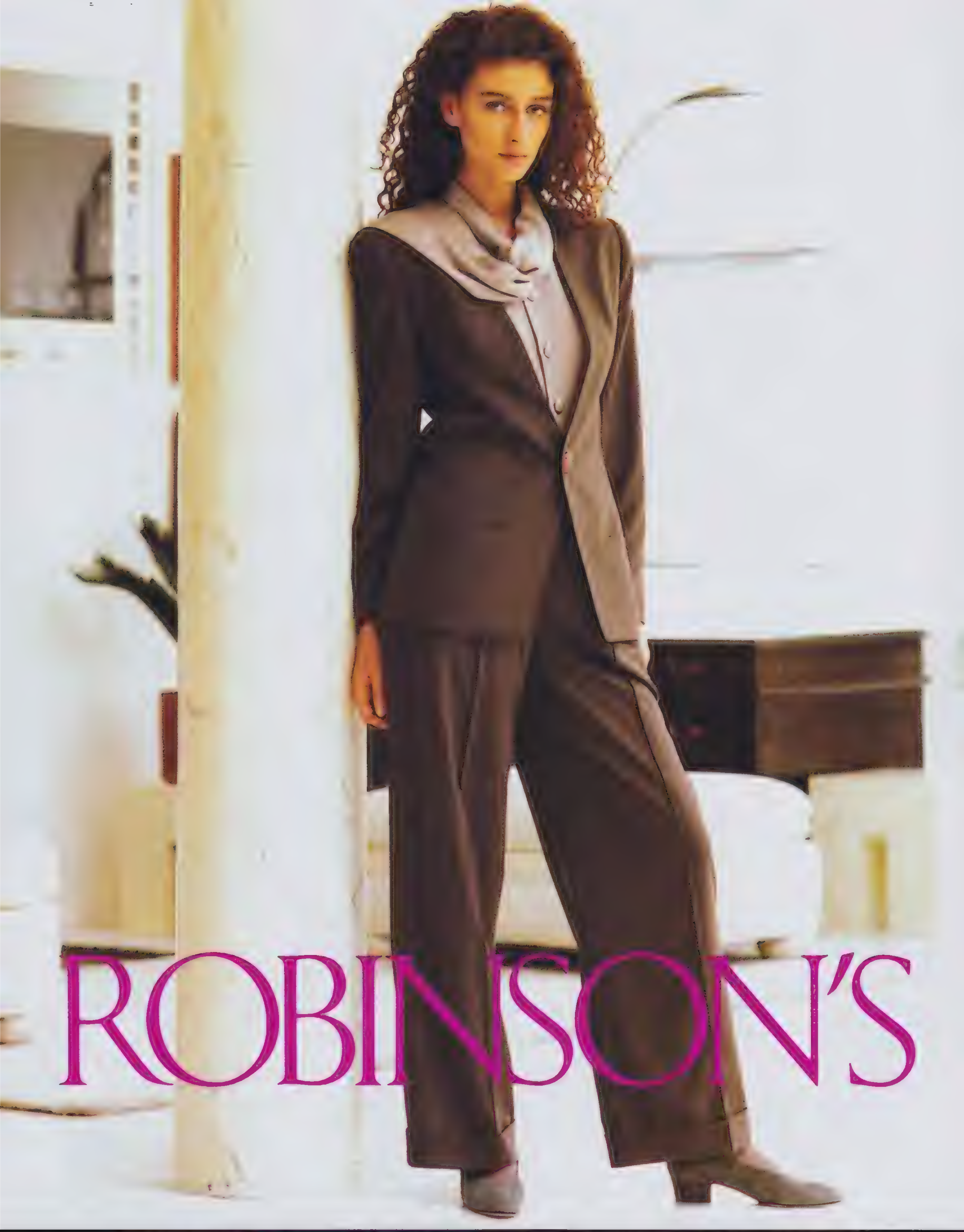

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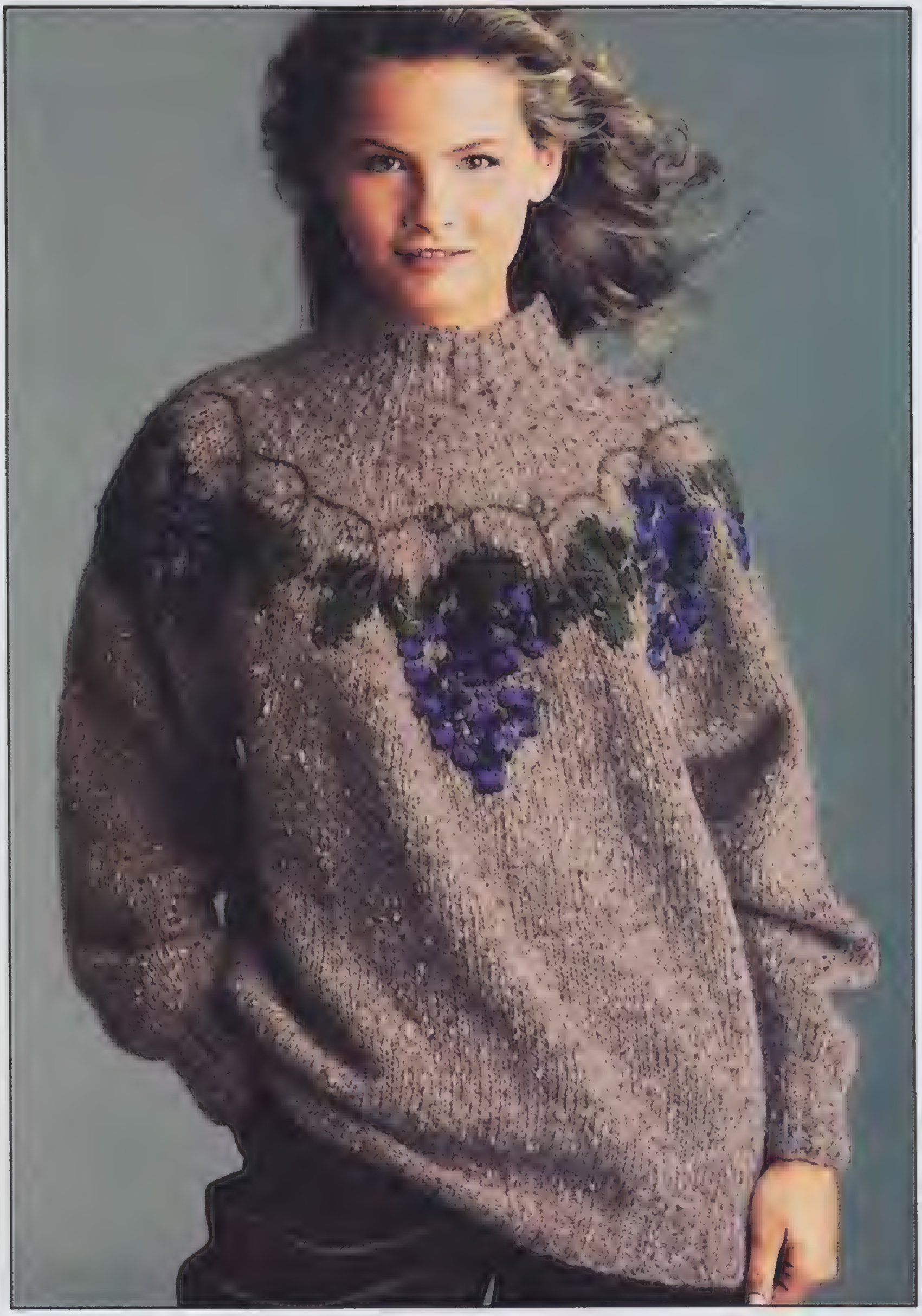

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Frances FitzGerald

People often find it difficult to write about the places most familiar and close to them—perhaps because the pleasures seem so obvious. Journalist Frances FitzGerald, who writes for us about her longtime family retreat in Northeast Harbor, Maine, agrees. "You finally begin to think of that landscape—wherever it is—as the norm from which all others depart. It's so easy to see things in contrast to your own sense of self and place. Really, it's the opposite of travel writing."

FitzGerald is the Pulitzer prize–winning author of *Fire in the Lake* (1972), her analysis of the Vietnam War, which also received Front Page, National Institute for Arts and Letters, and National Book awards, among others. Known for her commitment to meticulous research, FitzGerald spent nearly a year in Saigon during the height of the conflict. "I really care about what I write—about getting it right, saying exactly what I want to say. But I also enjoy it a lot, I mean I really *like* writing." Her other books include *America Revised* (1979) and *Cities on a Hill: A Journey Through Contemporary American Cultures* (1986). Most recently, she's been writing about the Iran-contra affair and the trial of Oliver North for several periodicals. While other journalists are busy keeping up with more current events, FitzGerald says, "I'm free to go backwards." CONTRIBUTORS ▶ 56

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CONTRIBUTORS

VOGUE

Ralph Rugoff

"There's a lively human side to art making that's not covered in the art magazines," explains Ralph Rugoff, who this month writes about the California Institute of the Arts. "CalArts reflects that mix of play and politics—people struggling with each other as well as with themselves to see whose ideas will prevail." Rugoff lives in Los Angeles and writes for *LA Weekly* and *L.A. Style*. "Writing this piece was like researching a tribe whose rituals are invented on the spot by competing factions. No two artists had the same story. That meant thinking more like a detective than an art critic."

Rhoda Koenig

Rhoda Koenig left New York more than two years ago to move to London and become a full-time writer—underscore "full-time." Koenig writes book reviews for the *Sunday Times of London* and for *New York* magazine. She also contributes to *HG* and British *Vogue* and recently became the theater critic for London's *Punch*. "When I was going to plays on my own, I'd say, 'This is great! I see something I like as often as once a month.' Now that I go all the time, I catch myself saying, 'This is awful! I go and I go, and I only ever like about one play a month.' It's like that scene in *Annie Hall*—you know, the one about sex?"

Koenig returned to New York to visit collector Carter Burden in his Manhattan apartment for this issue.

Top: DEWEY NICKS; *bottom:* JILLIAN EDELSTEIN

Inside Deep Rover, undersea vehicle.

Aquanaut Sylvia Earle probes earth's other space.

It's Maui. A woman hangs suspended in the Pacific depths. Eye to eye with the great humpback whales of Hawaii.

She holds her space. Intent. Unflappable. Dr. Sylvia Earle never turns from a challenge.

Marine biologist. Oceanographer. Botanist. Dr. Earle led America's first team of women aquanauts. Leadership has been her lot ever since.

She has directed or participated in more than fifty expeditions. Few have exceeded her record of five thousand hours under waters as diverse as the Pacific Ocean and the Red Sea.

But not all her fame has been achieved submerged. She has lectured in forty countries. Written more than seventy articles. Authored the National Geographic book, *Exploring the Deep Frontier.*

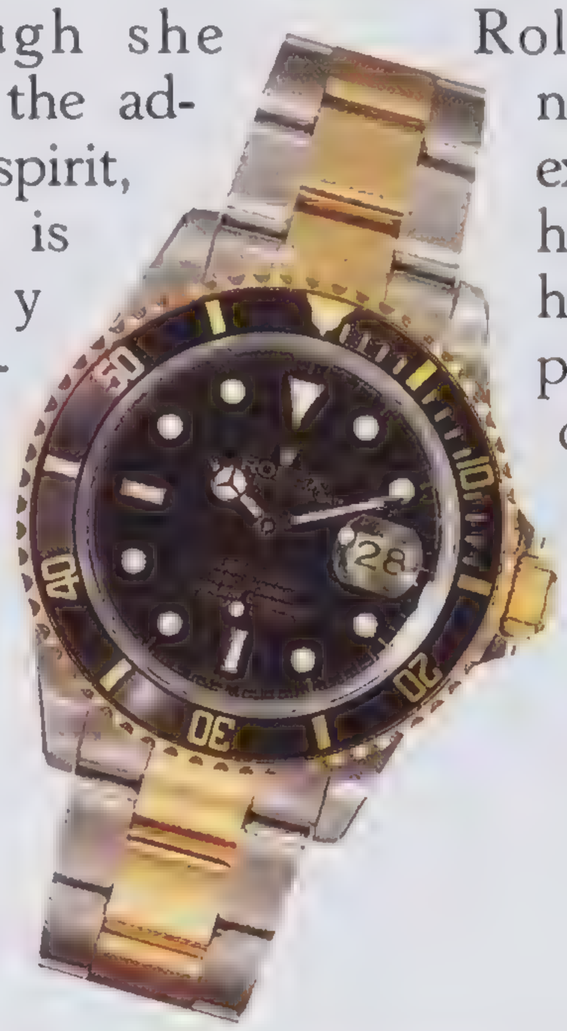
Descent off Hawaii in the JIM diving suit.

Though she embodies the adventurist spirit, Dr. Earle is equally committed to the preservation of the seas. And ardent in her defense of all life within them.

Today, she searches out methods of ocean conservation. Rallies support for the endangered whale. Catalogs unknown underwater life. Creates devices to explore virgin sea worlds.

Confrontation with a Humphead Wrasse in the Red Sea.

That she relies on a Rolex is not unexpected. Dr. Earle asks no less of her timepiece than she does of herself. Performance must be predictable in unpredictable circumstances. And high purpose must always be artfully executed. The accomplished make no compromise with excellence.



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FASHION CLIPS

By Page Hill Starzinger

Studs look new when they shed their punk image for one that's chic... Replacement for gold: bronze

Once the irreverent mark of a rock star or a Hell's Angel, studs look new, even ladylike, when they go establishment—on fabrics other than black leather, and in shapes besides motorcycle jackets. Yves Saint Laurent is trimming suede blazers, near left, with small gold studs; Louis Dell'Olio is hammering brass studs onto cashmere-and-wool coats for Anne Klein & Co., far left....Call it the new bronze age: this fall, designers turn their backs on flashy metals and go for antiquey finishes. What looks best: the more quotidian bronze. But the result is hardly common: though bronze turns up everywhere for day, designers clearly find it's best suited to night. To go with bronze clothes—bronzed makeup, even bronze haircoloring.

What works: fur that goes undercover... velvet for day... Navaho blanket style

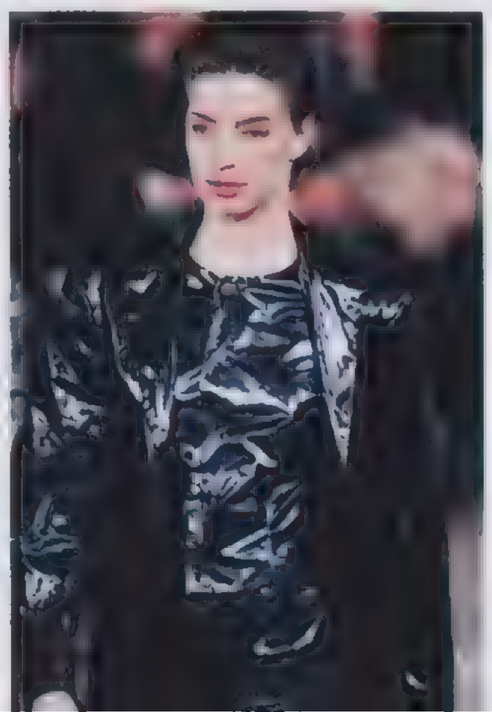
Perhaps it's the low-key Yankee style of the Bush White House. Perhaps it's the persuasive power of the antifur lobbyists. Whatever the reason, the fur-lined coat turned out to be the unassailable star of the fur collections. Sheared purple mink went incognito under quilted cotton at Oscar de la Renta. At Fendi, new techniques that eliminate interfacing allowed nearly every coat to roll up into suitcases for travel....One of the most exciting things designers are doing today: breaking down the barrier between day and night fabrics. Velvet, once reserved for holiday dresses, gets mixed with Lycra for long-sleeved T-shirts (Malisy), or quilted into jeans (Ronaldus Shamask). Velvet even adapts to boots (Willy Van Rooy's calf-high pair)....Twenty-year-olds started it when they draped Navaho blankets instead of coats over their shoulders last winter. Since then, "blanket style" has turned into a full-fledged fashion force. Benetton steals American Indian patterns for vests, sweaters; Byblos reinterprets similar prints for short coats, long scarves.

The quickest way to color: dickeys... The ornamentation craze hits watches

What marched down almost every American runway this year was a nineteenth-century concept: the dickey. It's made a comeback today because it's a sensible way to add a shot of color without bulk. Rebecca Moses, for instance, designs wool turtleneck dickeys in bright tones and pairs them with sweaters or jackets in contrasting colors....In their lust for ornamentation, watch designers have gotten carried away, it seems. Rolex has just brought out the ultimate investment piece—covered in big cabochons usually found in jewelry. Piaget's (aptly named) Galaxy is inlaid with a constellation of more than two hundred diamonds and rings in at the out-of-this-world price of about $400,000.

What's happened to the white shirt...Latest route to texture: patent leather

Last year's key top—the crisp cotton men's-style shirt—remains a pivotal item in a wardrobe, but designers are revising and, now, softening it: the cuffs are pleated, the buttons come in pearl (Malisy); some white shirts even get long funnel necks (Ronaldus Shamask) or a sueded finish (Michael Kors). The shirt is worn in a new way too—with short skirts or stirrup pants instead of a conventional suit (clean-lined sweaters or T-shirts look best there)....Designers have made texture—nubby tweeds, shiny sequins, matte beads—a top priority. One of the newest moves: adding shine to black by using patent leather instead of matte fabrics. Sometimes patent leather looks best as one item (Jean Paul Gaultier sent "urban" chaps with cutout kneecaps down the runway under boxy black jackets). Helmut Lang, on the other hand, likes it worn head to toe: a patent leather blazer, vest, and pants, left.



Top left: PIERRE SCHERMAN; *top right and bottom:* GUY MARINEAU

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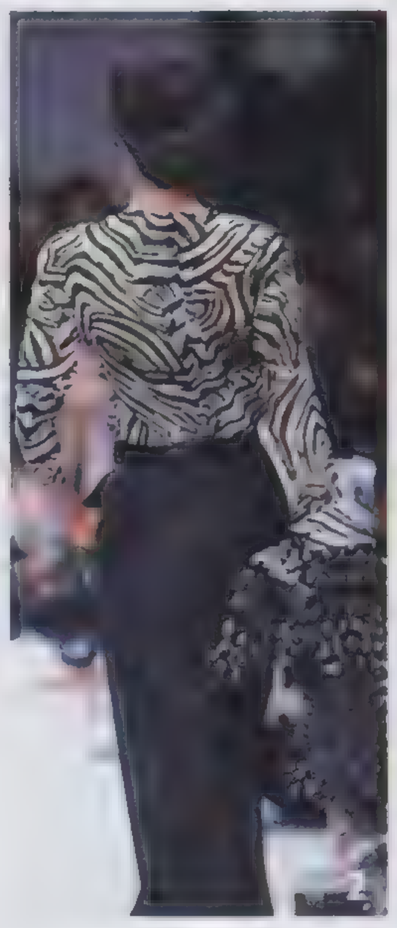
VIEW

Editor: Laurie Schechter

Designers have expanded the fashion game plan to include a variety of **animal prints.** Zebras and tigers now join leopards to decorate clothes and accessories

3



6

Designers' wildest pitches: 1. Sylvia Heisel's pony-print jacket. 2, 3. Ferre mixes dots with his zoo suits: a zebra-print blouse and jacket; black-and-white sequined leopard top with matching fur-lined coat.

4. Genny's leopard-print skirt, hooded leather jacket.
5. Wildcatting at Krizia: a sequined tiger-print dress.
6. A menagerie of slippers from Anne Klein Footwear.
Details, last pages. **VIEW ▶ 86**

1 PIERRE SCHERMAN; 2–5 BRUNO RINALDI; 6 ELLEN FORBES BURNIE

Time seemed to have stood still out on the island.

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VIEW

Only **Isabel Canovas** could convince women to slip on a banana peel or put a snail on their wrist. VICKI WOODS talks to the designer

ISABEL CANOVAS, WHOM THE French call "Madone de l'accessoire" (queen of accessories), is forty-four, stunning, exotically Spanish in gesture and coloring, ferociously Parisian in chic. When we meet, apart from her brilliant green eyes and the gold and green jewelry gleaming at neck, wrists, and ears, everything is monochromatic black. Black hair swept back, black knit top, black cardigan, and short, tight black skirt. The sun blazes, but her legs shine dull pewter, covered in what look like the world's most expensive support hose. Canovas uses her slender cigarette to indicate a modesty line across her knees. "My skirts will be down to here this winter," she says. And so will mine, I instantly decide. So will mine. "I don't always wear black," she says. "Sometimes I wear red. Purple. Orange. Yellow. Fuchsia. But black is the best color to set off accessories."

Isabel Canovas sits in her Paris office and tells me about the sort of woman who buys her accessories. "She is a working woman. She is sophisticated. She is—how do you say?—*raffinée*. She knows that accessories are good to make different a plain garment. She knows my accessories are so feminine, so pretty, that she doesn't mind paying. She wants to touch, to feel the things. Sometimes she actually wants to eat them."

The things Canovas's customers actually wanted to eat this summer were shoes shaped like bananas, evening bags shaped like wild strawberries, earrings shaped like bunches of cherries, and brooches shaped like pineapples. This fall, her customers may be tempted by suede clutch purses shaped like chestnut leaves, and necklaces shaped like acorns. There are snails in there, too. "Shaped like" is a little pedestrian in this context. The banana shoes, for example, fashioned from dull yellow silk satin and slivers of milky leather, look more like bananas than bananas do. (Please—put Chiquita bananas right out of your mind; Miss Canovas is not Carmen Miranda.) These bananas are nar- ▶ 101

Canovas's latest accessory theme: leaves—blown in the breeze, eaten by snails, or wet with raindrops. Faux foliage from Isabel Canovas: 1. Oak-leaf cuff bracelet crawling with 18-karat-gold snails. 2. Leaf earrings with enamel raindrops. 3. Circular earrings with dangling leaves. 4. The designer at work in her Paris atelier, surrounded by her creations. Details, last pages.

1 CONSTANCE HANSEN. 2 BRIGITTE LACOMBE; hair, Philippe for Louis G.; makeup, Pierre Berube for Faces

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VIEW: canovas

row, thin-skinned, aromatic, overripe, covered in very French little brown speckles, and peel back from the foot in a fine, high curl. They cost $1,350.

I am intrigued to meet Isabel Canovas. She shares a heritage with Paloma Picasso: mother a Frenchwoman, father a Spanish artist. (''But they are not comparable!'' cries Canovas's assistant, sensing drama. And indeed, Blas Canovas, who designed fabrics for the master couturiers of the fifties—Patou, Balenciaga, Jacques Fath—must have been a better role model for an artist-daughter than Pablo ever was.) Canovas was also a philosophy major and is an acceptably New York–type workaholic (up at 5:30 A.M., at her desk by 7:30, stays for twelve hours except—occasionally—to eat Italian: ''pasta,'' she says, green eyes agleam), twice married, and the mother of twenty-two-year-old Benjamine, who ''doesn't earn a living.''

She began by designing accessories for Dior, but she wanted to free herself from the demands of somebody else's collections. She opened her first little shop seven years ago on the Avenue Montaigne in Paris. Her second husband, businessman Michael Grunelius, backed her hunch with money. She sold bags, belts, hats, pins, earrings, fans. Avenue Montaigne is a ritzy couple of blocks, and Lauren Bacall strolled in one day and bought a bracelet. A good start. (When pressed for the names of famous clients, Canovas will drop that one. Just the one. ''It is so well known that I will tell you.'' Anyone else who is prepared to pay $2,500 for a witty leaf-shaped little evening bag can be assured of her fierce discretion: Canovas does not sell and tell.) Nearly four years ago, Canovas opened another little shop—on Madison Avenue, also a fairly desirable address. And last year she opened her third, in the Calle de Hermosilla in Madrid. She is looking at Los Angeles. She is looking at Dallas. Is she looking at London? ''I am looking at Tokyo.''

All her shops look exactly the same—like inky blue jewel boxes. (She won't retail in anyone else's shop. She draws a light veil over the time she had a shop-within-a-shop in Bloomingdale's. ''It didn't work. I know how I want my things to look.'')

It's an esoteric field, accessories. It's something that Frenchwomen are famously supposed to be ''good'' at and the rest of us are not, despite many years of trying hard and assiduously reading the fashion captions. Try too hard and you just might become a label victim: there she goes with her Chanel handbag, Hermès scarf, Vuitton luggage, Manolo Blahnik shoes.

Canovas's clients are a jump ahead. Not only are her pieces fabulously, exquisitely, expensively made, not only are they rare and exclusive, they are also witty. Those little jeweled pineapples! (Made of galalith—''a special kind of plastic made for me by only one wonderful artisan who lives in Normandy and who works only to make enough money to buy a boat and go to sea.'') Those exquisitely stitched little bags! (Without the gold snail, $2,600; with the snail attached, $3,500.) Wit is so precious that there is a sudden fashion for Canovas pieces among the gift-giving superrich. They don't need to know their friend's dress size, skin type, dietary restrictions, the color of her drapes, or whether or not she's fallen out with her favorite designer. They just ask themselves one little thing—does she have a sense of humor? Well, *of course she does*. That's why they love her, and so does Canovas.

VIEW ▶ 108

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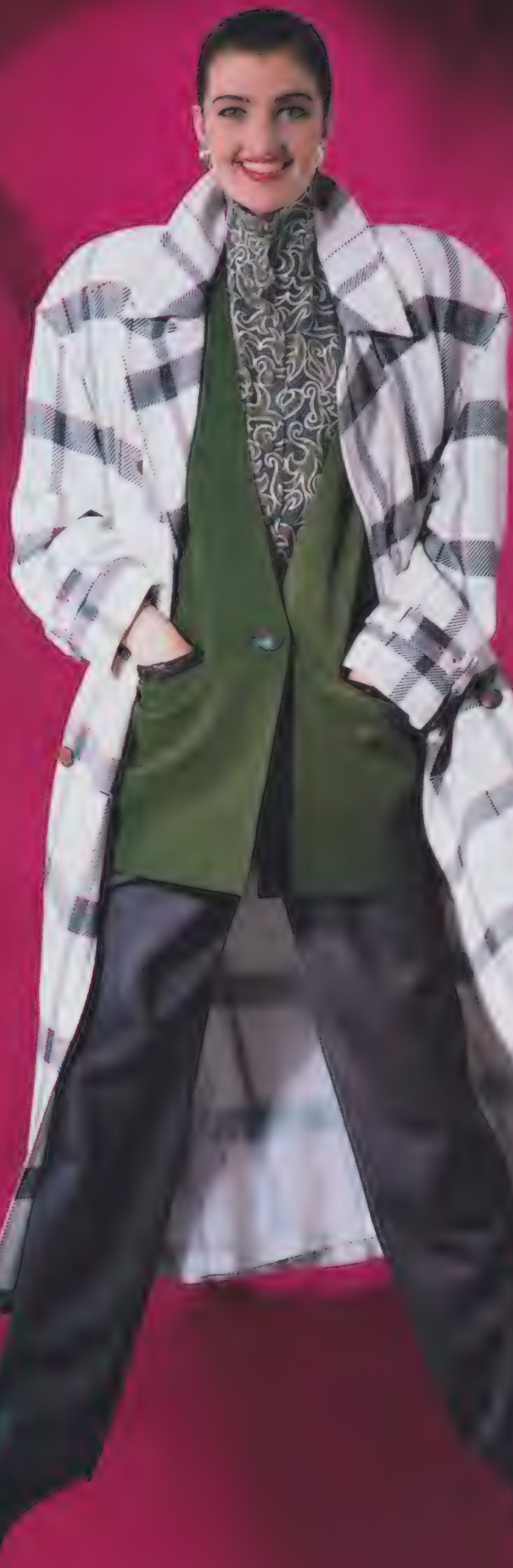

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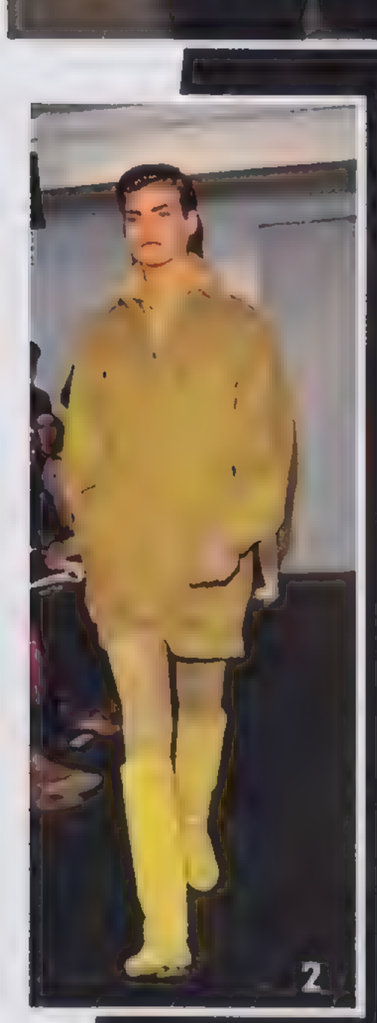
VIEW

Designers take **L.L. Bean–inspired fashion** out of the woods. Rich fabrics—satin, suede—and lavish trimmings turn traditional down vests, backpacks, and tote bags into chic accessories



1. For ski or city, DKNY's cotton down-filled parka. 2. A CPO shirt that's as tailored as a dress by Michael Kors. 3. The conventional tote bag—in suede by Perry Ellis for Baronet Accessories. 4. The parka: fox-trimmed, in velvet by Calvin Klein. 5. Emporio Armani's unusually bright fake-fur-lined hunting jacket. 6. Not just for camping: Junior Gaultier's short down jacket. Details, last pages. VIEW ▶ 114

1,2,3 PIERRE SCHERMAN; 4 PETER LINDBERGH; 5 BRUNO RINALDI; 6 HANS FEURER. 4 Hair, Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup, Stéphane Marais for l'Agence Bruno, Paris. 6 Hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange, makeup, Marie Josee-LaFontaine

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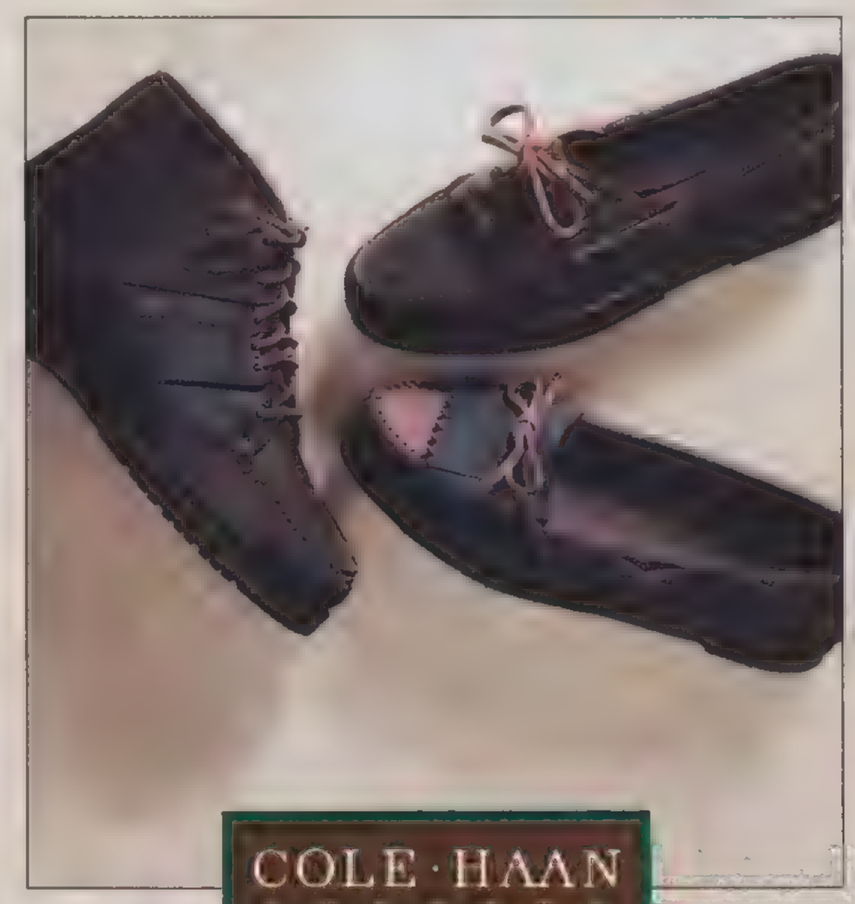

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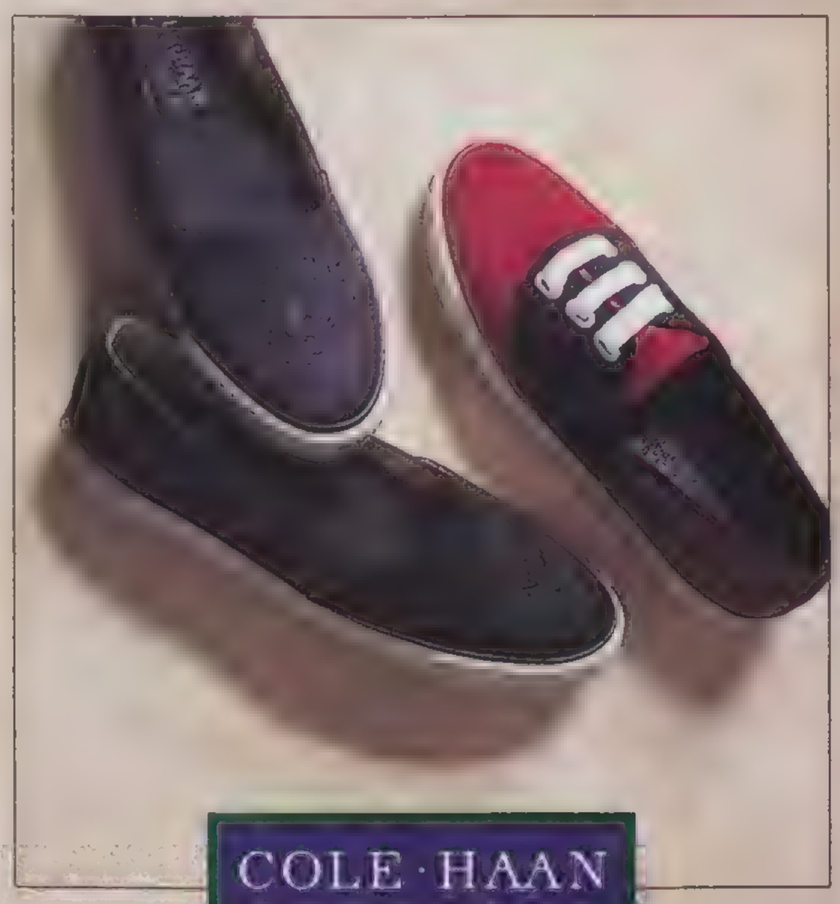

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VIEW

RACHEL URQUHART discovers that in the case of **designer uniforms**, all doormen are not created equal

The uniform difference: 1. Maoesque jackets and skirts at B.C. by Norbury and Osuna, who also did the look for M.K. 2. When B.C.'s maître d' Taylor Alderson went shopping with owner Bret Witke, she chose Rifat Ozbek's skirt and transparent blouse.

1

2

3

3. Owners Rebecca and Bruce Marder paired Armani-inspired ties and pants for the waiters' uniforms at L.A.'s DC3. 4. Well acquainted with uniforms, Ian Schrager and Steve Rubell try designing: here, a Royalton valet in sweeping charcoal.

4

ONE WOULD THINK THAT AFTER VALENTINO PUT TWA stewardesses in hot pants under slit skirts in 1971, the notion that fashion designers should create uniforms would have quietly slipped by the wayside. Not so. Witness the following.

While China has been discovering Coke, the stock exchange, and kissing in public, a different sort of cultural revolution has been going on in the lobbies and lounges of trendy hotels and clubs over here. "Maoesque" is how one partner describes the charcoal gray button-up-the-front jackets and straight skirts or loose pants that serve as uniforms at B.C., a Los Angeles restaurant/club. Created by David Norbury and Miguel Osuna, the uniform designers for New York City's M.K., the clothes at B.C. are unadorned and austere. "I wanted something simple with a strong ▶122

1-3 DEWEY NICKS; 4 JACKIE NICKERSON

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VIEW: uniforms

silhouette,'' says Norbury. ''But I wanted it to be comfortable, something people could work in.''

At The Royalton hotel in New York, Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager had the same idea. (In fact, Norbury claims they sent for one of his suits and copied it.) Of their latest career as hotel-owners-cum-uniform-designers, Schrager says, ''We did the uniforms ourselves. We wanted to get away from the designer bandwagon and do an about-face from what we'd done before.'' (The partners had previously worked with Azzedine Alaïa for The Palladium, and with Calvin Klein and Giorgio Armani for Morgans.) According to Schrager, a picture in a magazine pointed them toward the Chairman's utilitarian look. ''The idea that nine hundred million people wear that same uniform in China impressed us,'' says Schrager, who is not normally associated with populist ventures.

Victor Costa's Plaza classics

It didn't take nine hundred million Chinese in identical blue suits to inspire Victor Costa's designs for The Plaza hotel. In fact, for Costa even the word *uniform* is cause for alarm. ''It's really a misnomer because it implies sameness,'' he explains. ''The visible people at The Plaza are fashion-proper, and each room has a different feel.'' Costa tried to create a sense of history in the designs he came up with for the hotel. Crests copied from the emblems on The Plaza's old brass doorknobs were made into different-size buttons and pendants. Cotton blouses have piqué biblike fronts that rip away like old-fashioned tuckers for easy laundering. ''The most important thing,'' says the designer, ''is that the visual impact is memorable.''

A similar philosophy prevails at El Teddy's, a New York restaurant/bar, although the attitude toward uniforms is considerably less restrained. Waiters' ties and cummerbunds are made from the same swirly, psychedelic plastic that decorates the walls; the maître d's tuxedo has multiple lapels done in chintz, quilted satin, silk flowers, and pearls, all of which zip on and off for flexibility. ''I figured that we had great stuff on the walls, so why not put it on the uniforms? If I could have marble lapels, I would,'' insists Christopher Chesnutt, an owner and a co-designer with Joe Pacheco. ''The uniform is like a toy,'' says Pacheco. ''It's a bunch of parts, like a log cabin set.''

At Bolido, a New York nightclub curiously based on a futuristic Italian design trend called Bolidismo, the recipe for uniforms is simple: curves, movement, sensuality—Isaia. ''It really has to do with Bolido's design,'' says Robert Page, Isaia's director of sales and marketing. ''Movement, motion, and curves. That's really what the body is all about, and that's what Isaia's designs are about.'' Of the black cotton Lycra halter dress, leggings, nineteen-inch ''sex skirt,'' and halter top, Page says, ''They're sleek and sexy and easy to move in. And Isaia wanted the girls to make good tips.''

VIEW ▶ 126

JACKIE NICKERSON. Hair and makeup, John DiCarlo

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VIEW

Once the exclusive territory of the Marlboro Man, **shearling** now becomes a fashion staple—in or out of the city

1

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4

1. A palette of pales: Crespin & Company's hooded coat; Haskins Shamrock sweater; Donna Karan cream tights. 2. Mario Valentino cuts a shearling collar like lace. 3,4. New life for the flight jacket from Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein by Michael Forrest. Jeans by Guess. ► 130

1,3,4 HANS FEURER; hair, Odile; makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine; 2 BRUNO RINALDI.

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VIEW: shearling

THE SHEARLING COAT IS MAKing the long trek from the outback to Seventh Avenue. No longer the uniform of rugged horse hands, it is now supple and refined enough for the city. In fact, Europeans have been slipping shearling coats over tailored dinner suits for years.

The trend is exactly what Barneys picked up on two years ago; sales of shearlings have been brisk ever since. A shearling "has the cachet of a jean jacket," says Anne Ball, a Barneys vice president, "yet it's very warm."

And warmth (as well as price: a shearling duffle coat at Alixandre costs $3,000; the same coat in mink, $10,000) is the very reason many designers are offering shearlings as the perfect alternative to furs. "A shearling is not pretentious in any way," designer Rachel Crespin explains. "It isn't a coat for special events; you don't have to wait for an occasion to put it on."

New tanning techniques allow for new colors—dusty rose, hot pink—as well.

—KRYSIA BURNHAM

Shearling's new shapes: 5. Mario Valentino's trapeze jacket and scarf. 6. A jacket cut like a blazer by Kenzo. 7. Calvin Klein's coat comes in a softer version of traditional brown. 8. As close-cut as a cloth coat, Calvin Klein's shearling. Details, last pages.

6,8 HANS FEURER; hair, Odile; makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine; 5 BRUNO RINALDI; 7 PIERRE SCHERMAN.

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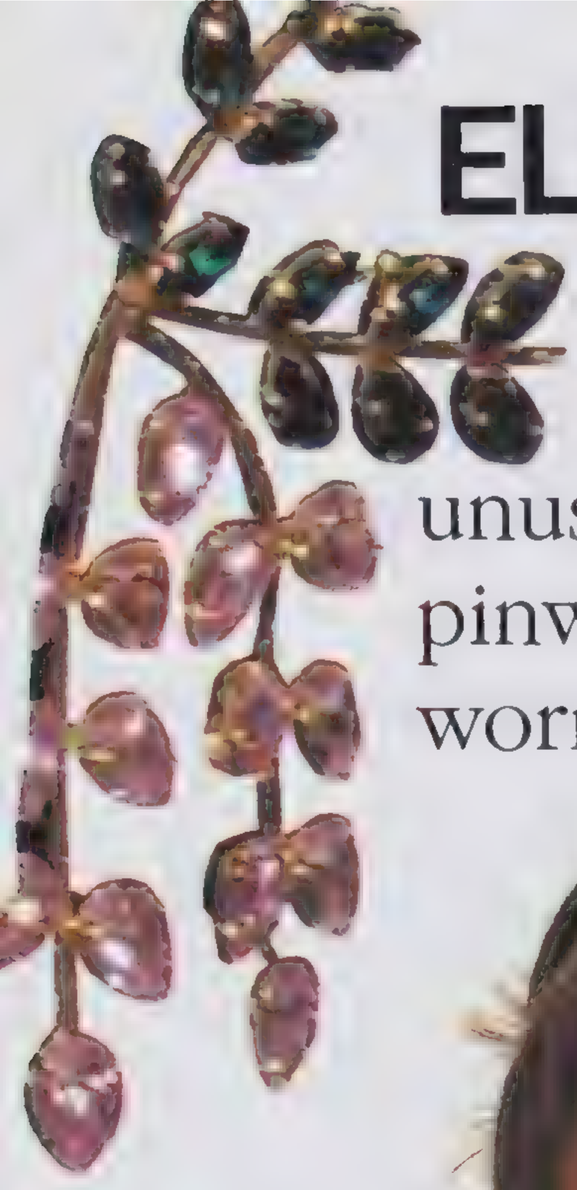
ELEMENTS

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

New ways to embellish: **brooches** in unusual designs—spider webs, Regency chairs, pinwheels. These large-scale pins are piled on, worn alone, or found in unexpected places



A long way from the traditional circle pin: 1. Karl Lagerfeld's chair is a replica of a Regency piece in his Paris apartment. From Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux. The graphic designs of John Iversen's spider web and pinwheel are in gold vermeil. At Artwear, NYC. 2. Flower-powered crystal pins (detail, top left) from Monty Don, London. 3. A faux gold-and-pearl pin ornaments a hip at Chanel. 4. A jeweled Baroque pin by Martine Sitbon finishes off a velvet vest. Details, last pages.

1,2, top left CLAUDIO BASSO; hair and makeup, Joe McDevitt for Pierre Michel. 3,4 GUY MARINEAU

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Answering this season's call for hair that's short: a blunt cut from the Joseph Fleischer wig collection.

ELLEN FORBES BURNIE, hair and makeup, Sandrine

With today's **well-made wigs**, you can have your hair and cut it too. LESLEY CUNLIFFE tracks the trend

NEAT, SWEET, PETITE LITTLE HAIRCUTS TURNED HEADS in New York's fall/winter collections—most notably at Ralph Lauren's and Calvin Klein's shows. But Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis went one better and topped *his* girls out in neat, petite little wigs. The message seemed to be "get your wig hats on your head; we'll deal with the high-heeled sneakers later."

It was an idea whose time had come, and the catalyst was the hairstylist Oribe of Oribe at Parachute. Apparently Oribe, Marc Jacobs, and Francois (who does the makeup for the Perry Ellis shows) sat chatting one day and decided "wigs are more modern and clean—we wanted a streamlined, more geometric look."

Hair as hat? Hair as accessory? Why not? For this collection they wanted the models to look like animated mannequins, so they "streamlined" the models' individuality with identical wigs. That Perry Ellis show set a trend and served to remind us that there is a time and place for disguise. Wigs instead of hats. Wigs instead of hair. Frankly wiggish wigs beautifully cut: just so.

For skiing Schiaparelli wore a special aerodynamic wig of her own design. It featured curly ear flaps. Today Moschino plays the wag in his fright wig; he only does it to annoy.

Wigmakers haven't had it so good since 1971, the heyday of modern add-on hair. Following Marc Jacobs's hint, factories should be tooling up. Tip to ►150

IMAGES: wigs

inside dealers: get into the hair—or synthetic fibers—market, because the wig is big—and gloriously fake ones have a style of their own. Many confident hairstylists custom-make wigs of synthetic fibers in the client's usual style.

Fleischer wigs has led what must be called the couture end of the wig trade for seventy-two years. Each year at Fleischer, Jerry Roman supervises the creation of undeniably superior wigs from start (the hair market at Palermo, Italy) to finish (the client's final fitting in the company's consulting rooms).

Fleischer wigs start in Italy because that's where the best "virgin" hair starts, as far as Jerry Roman is concerned: "It all comes down to the pasta, the olive oil, the wine, the climate, of course—and a good sex life. That's what makes good hair." And a reasonably profitable crop it is, too, for the women who are paid in advance like winegrowers. They grow their hair by the foot and sell it by the ounce, according to length and color. The most valuable are twenty-six-inch Rapunzel-like blond locks, but whatever the variety, hair is cut to the scalp, weighed (four ounces of hair equals two ounces after washing and trimming) and parceled.

Within three months, Rapunzel's crowning glory may find itself decorating the lady who sits at the ambassador's left, a woman who will have paid $1,500 and up. Considerably up, in multiples of $1,750, in the case of one blond Washington, D.C., wife of a VIP Democrat. She orders six to nine Fleischer wigs a year: natural hair for day or evening; and for outdoor wear in hot and humid climates a blend of natural Italian hair and special synthetic fiber. Each will owe a great deal of its quality to Fleischer's color-blending room, which has what amounts to an artist's palette: bundles of hair in every possible shade—blond, titian, brunette, and anything in between.

This sounds like a substantial capital outlay even for a *grande luxe* Democratic wife. But someone in her position would be likely to pay at least $8,440 a year for cuts, sets, comb-outs, and color at the best hairdresser in the nation's capital; she will often travel and may wish to avoid the trouble of finding a good salon. In any case, such a woman would commonly have to invest at least 160 hours of her life every year at the hairdresser. For her, even the most expensive wigs make sense.

The less-expensive alternatives are not exactly cheap, but try one and you might begin to see how well it serves a need. Fitting is very good at Jacques Darcel, who supplies wigs to the theater from a pleasant shop in New York City. There the prices begin at about $165 for the short-cropped look that has recently caught our attention. Smart stylists and downtown types with more dash than cash seek out Theresa's Wigs, where prices range from $75 to $250; the shop's location until now has been a reasonably well-guarded secret. All of these provide a mail-order service, as does Ruth Regina, who has invented something called the Wig That Isn't for more blushing types.

So you pays your money, you takes your choice. But whichever you choose, "be loose as a goose about it—like *Today*'s weatherman, Willard Scott," says Fleischer's Jerry Roman. "Before he discovered toupees, he was just a 270-pound, ordinary guy who wanted to change his image." ▼

IMAGES ▶ 152

Runway model Naomi Campbell, LEFT, wears a wig by Sture Osten. Copper panne velvet and Lurex tank dress by Perry Ellis; hat by Patricia Underwood for Perry Ellis. ABOVE: An ice-blond, multilayered wig by Theresa's Wigs. Details, last pages.

Joseph Fleischer, 14 East Thirty-eighth Street, New York, New York 10016; (212) 686-7701. By appointment only.
Jacques Darcel, 50 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10019; (212) 753-7576.
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Ziggy Geike, 14318 Victory Boulevard, Van Nuys, California 91401; (818) 789-1465.
Renate Leuschner, 1059 Fairmount Road, Burbank, California 91501; (818) 768-9361.

Left: PIERRE SCHERMAN; *right:* ARTHUR ELGORT; hair, Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Sonia Kashuk

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IMAGES

Men hate **short hair,** love **short skirts.** True or false? WILLIAM GEIST explains how he feels about these changes in a woman's appearance

Short hair, short skirts everywhere you look. Here, haircut by Julien d'Is; raincoat by Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis. Details, last pages.

YOU KNOW WHAT MEN WANT.

They want to look at your legs—and they don't want to take no for an answer. Same as it ever was.

Bill Blass, Calvin Klein, Oscar de la Renta, and the others? They're no different from the rest—same type of guys your mother warned you about.

Men want to run their fingers through your long tresses, too—don't they? That's always been the assumption. But short hair has broken out of marine boot camps. You can see it on female models everywhere.

Men aren't supposed to like short hair, but I don't mind it at all. Although there are the unflattering extremes that make women look like they're going in for brain surgery or that they made a terrible mistake and washed their hair with the depilatory cream last night.

I don't have to run my fingers through a woman's long hair. Just so they get to run somewhere, or at least jog a little every day.

Other men feel differently. Women know this. That's why Barbara Walters has been struggling with this haircut decision for years. It's why ponytails are popular, and wig sales up. But I'm not sure it's because they're worried about what men will think. Women just *know* that to look great with short hair, it helps to be cuter than hell, and that long hair can help a lot in terms of enhancement and distraction. Really short hair, on the other hand, can make women look like one of the "few good men" the marines are looking for. Women certainly don't mind if marines take an interest in them, but marine recruiters are a different story.

There will definitely be domestic unrest, skirmishes, and even some major battles this fall between women and their men over hair.

On the legs front, renewed fighting is expected to break out between platoons of designers and the consumer resistance movement. The designers are engaged in something of a military pincer movement, simultaneously pushing necklines down from the north while attempting to drive hemlines up from the south, thereby exposing the consumers' flanks.

Designers are expected to meet heavy resistance in the south, where consumers successfully fought off this hemline assault only two years ago, while inflicting heavy casualties on retailers.

"I won't go to work looking like Tina Turner!" snaps my wife. "This spring the designers decided to show women's breasts, now it's thighs." I was experiencing déjà vu. Was I back in the sixties?

"If they're so intent on wanting to see our underwear," says a woman at my office, "tell them to get a Sears catalog. We can't come to work looking like cheerleaders or go-go dancers or cheap sluts."

Alas, I thought. "Of course not!" I said.

"I find miniskirts at the office distracting," a man in the office chimed in.

Are we working with molten steel here, or what?

Retailing strategists are still trying to figure out why the majority of women didn't take to the miniskirt two years ago. A few of the enlightened have said that minis catered to youth and did not appeal to the "broader market." Broader, indeed, certainly more so than the last time there was a market for minis, in the 1960s.

Some experts say that to understand why minis sold so well then, retailers must look to the sartorial-anatomical symbolism of women's emancipation. Others point to pantyhose. They doubt it can happen again.

Yet there *is* cause for cautious optimism on the part of men, like myself, with pubescent tastes. Rumor in the fashion world has it that some women are opting not only to *shorten* their skirts but to take them off *altogether* (wearing only leggings or tights)! Isn't this what we've been fighting for all along?

Yet, somehow, out in the broadening market where I live, I rather imagine I'll be seeing fewer minis than muumuus. The sixties were one thing. We are older and wider now.

IMAGES ▶ 154

PETER LINDBERGH; makeup, Stéphane Marais

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IMAGES: beauty answers

For fast, short-term **skin firming and toning,** there are now a multitude of interesting products to choose from. For real long-term improvements, however, there's no magic potion—yet

NOW THAT ANTIAGING CLAIMS HAVE made a hasty retreat from skin-care labels, the big beauty buzzword is *firming*. Cosmetics companies are increasingly introducing products—masks, ampoules, day and night creams, neck and eye creams—designed, they say, to firm and tone the skin. The implication is that these products will make skin appear less wrinkled, younger.

Are firming claims valid? "If you're looking for a temporary effect, the answer is yes," reports Diane Baker, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology at Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland. "What are not substantiated are claims that these products cause skin to be firmer in the long term. When companies give credit to 'active' ingredients in firming products—yeast, plant and animal proteins—there's no scientific proof that they can cause skin's collagen fibers to become stronger or more elastic, which is the improvement needed for long-lasting skin firming."

So how do firming products make skin appear and feel firmer? One method is by causing slight dilation of blood vessels, which can make skin feel tighter and look pinker. (Lancôme's Forté-Vital Firming Eye Cream, for example, contains a small amount of caffeine, which might produce this effect.) Other products deliver a tingling, tightening feeling by actually causing very mild irritation, inducing a slight inflammation that in many cases tends to "smooth out" wrinkles.

"These products tend to be excellent moisturizers," Dr. Baker continues. "Simply by hydrating the skin, you can cause a plumping-up effect." Products such as Stendhal's Protective Firming Base, Estée Lauder's Re-Nutriv Firming Plus for Face and Throat, and Clarins's Multi-Tenseur Skin Firming Concentrate are light enough to use under makeup and suit oily skin too. Others, Aida Grey's Masque Sanguinee and Erno Laszlo's Total Skin Revitalizer (works as a night cream too), are designed not to irritate sensitive skin.

"You can't do much about the consequences of natural aging, but you can preclude, minimize, and even reverse in some cases some of the problems of photo-aging, which account for the greatest percentage of wrinkling and sagging, simply by using a sunscreen or block whenever you go in the sun," says Gerald S. Lazarus, M.D., professor and chairman of dermatology at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. "The only other proven antiaging strategy is the use of retinoids, specifically Retin-A. These drugs assist the body in repairing damaged connective tissue, which can result in skin appearing firmer, smoother, and younger." (See page 346.)

"There are products out there that claim to do the same thing as Retin-A simply because they contain vitamin A or vitamin A derivatives," says Dr. Lazarus. "There's no proof that vitamin A alone in a product can help skin, and there are some retinoids that have no biological effects or are not targeted to the skin. Consumers should beware of the retinoid junk out there. They should check with their physicians before investing in products that don't work."—**LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

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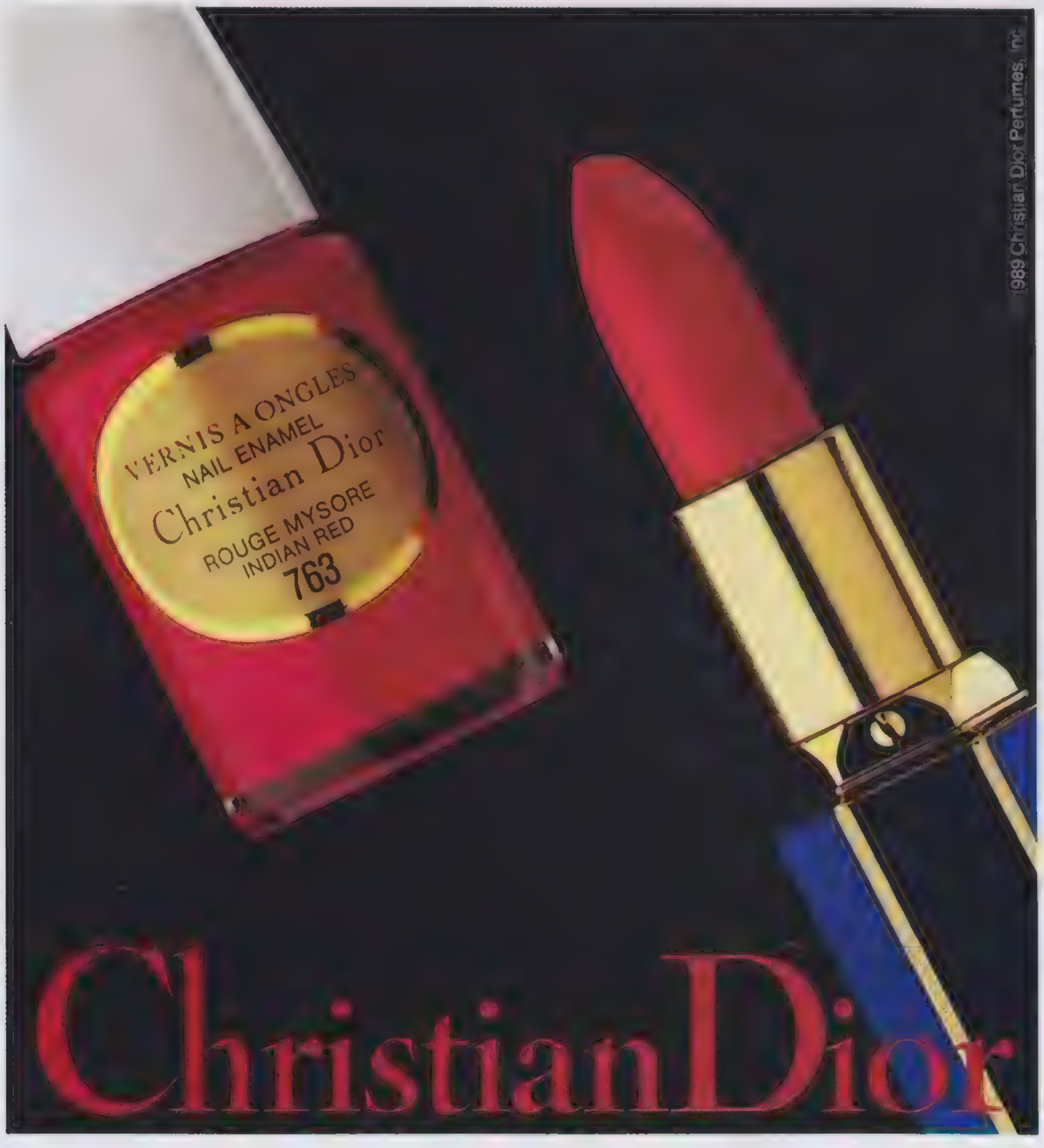

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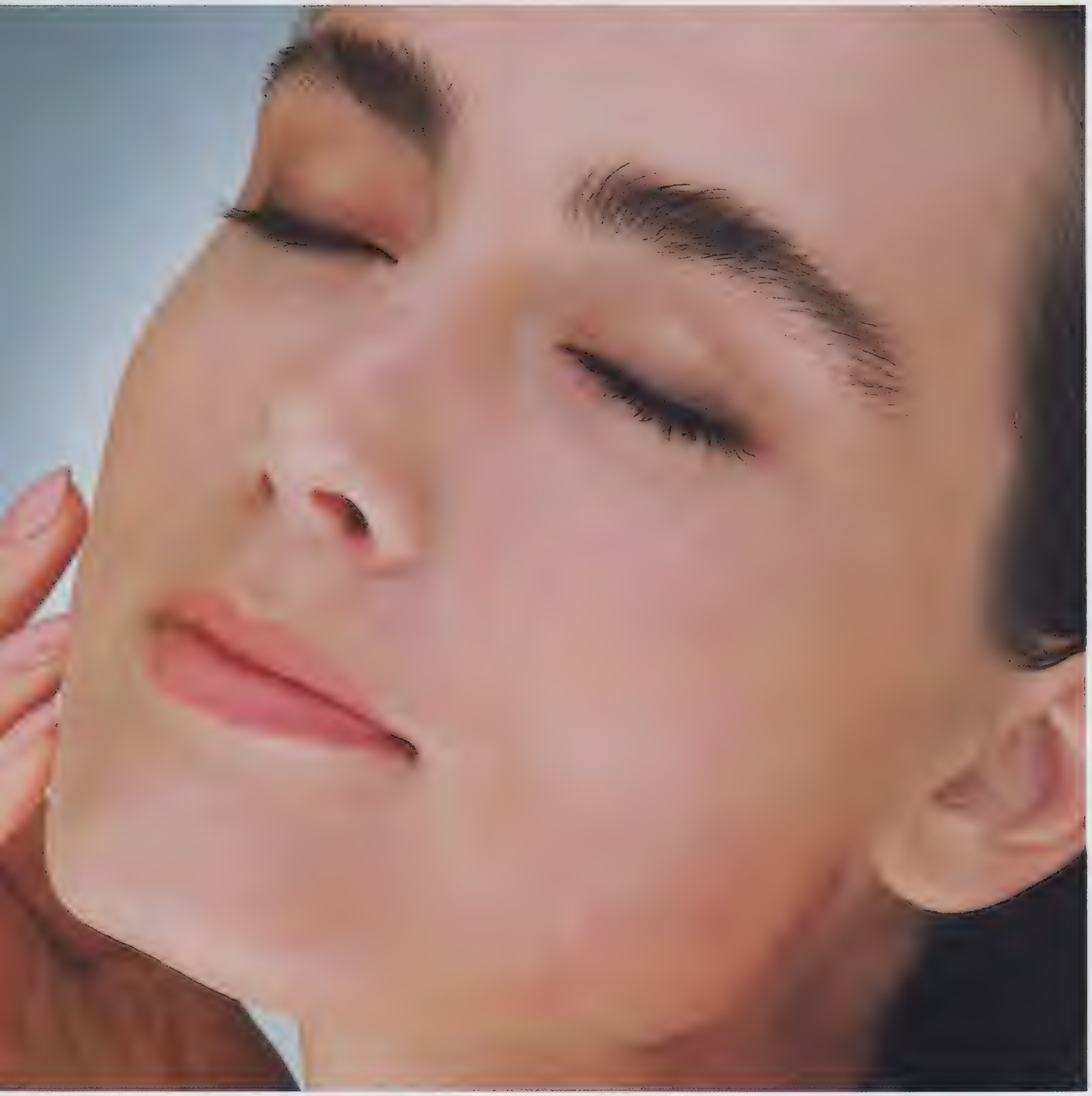

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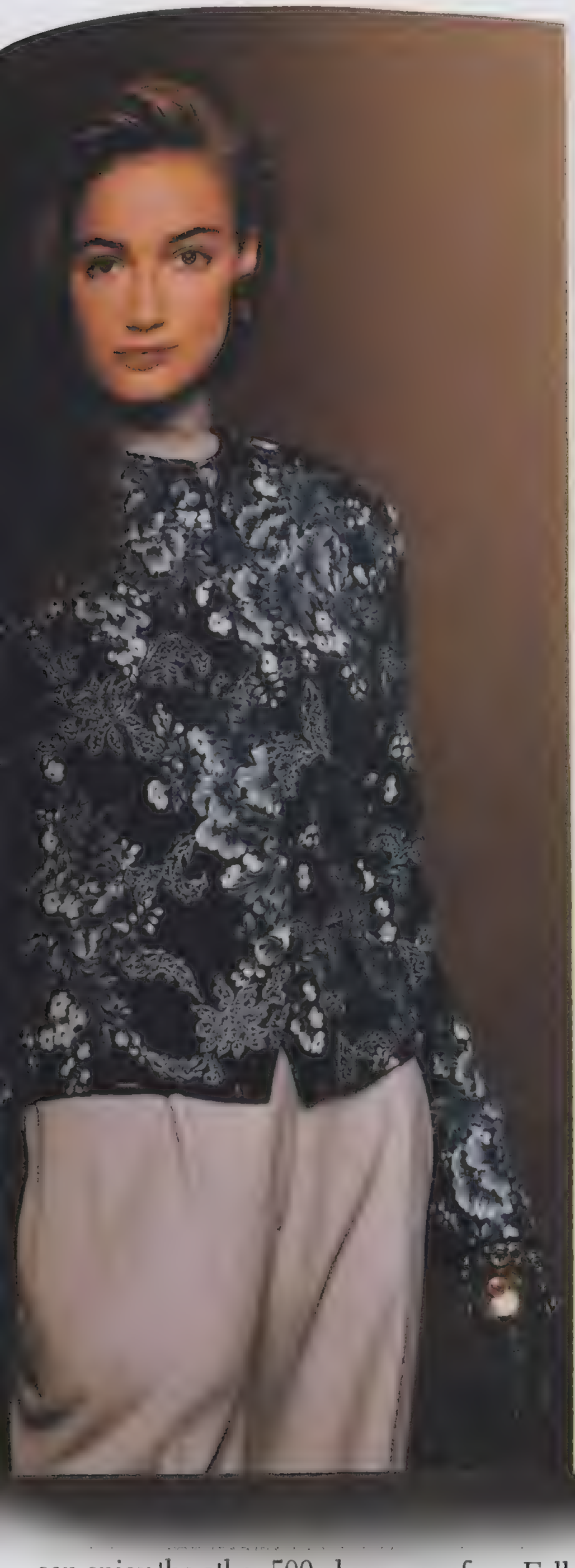

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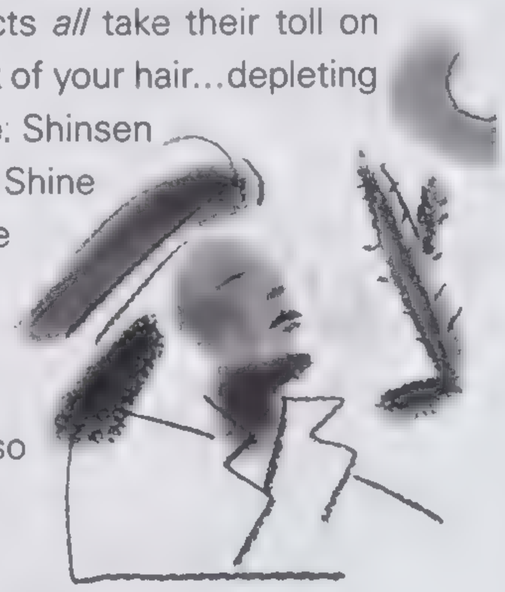

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IMAGES: hair answers

Misuse can cancel out many benefits of today's hair tools. Here, proven **hair boosters**

IT'S A MODERN PARADOX THAT MANY TECHNIQUES OR TOOLS for boosting the look of hair—perms, color, blow-dryers, curling irons—can often, through misuse or overuse, cause hair to end up looking dry, dull, worse than before. How can hair be livened up without damage?

"Start with a great cut and have trims every four to six weeks," says Michael Rasser, co-owner of the Michaeljohn Salons in London and Beverly Hills. "One-length hair, free of split ends, has a better chance to shine and look lively. Layered hair has the added advantage of movement, which also tends to give hair life."

But it isn't only the right length and style that keeps hair from looking drab. It's the regular use of the right conditioners. Help comes from modern conditioning shampoos (Redken's new Shinsen Nourishing Cleanse) and styling products that condition and protect hair. (A new styling cream, Eclat Naturel, available at the Roget Resca Salon, NYC, is light enough to apply during the day to keep a style going strong.)

Hair in good condition has a normal pH of between 4 and 6, which means it's mildly acidic. Maintaining that condition with the right choice of products helps the look of hair, because a contracted (acidic) cuticle reflects light and thus adds shine. Overuse of chemicals can mean hair will reach a higher pH, becoming more alkaline and porous.

"Conditioners labeled 'deep' increase the look of natural shine by smoothing out hair cuticles, making them lie flat to reflect light better," says Tim Casey at the Pierre Michel Salon, NYC. Casey has his own homemade conditioner, using one quart of rainwater, one pint of lemon juice, and one quart of chamomile tea, to add moisture and bring out natural highlights. This is what our grandmothers used to do when they used vinegar or lemon rinses "to bring the shine back" following highly alkaline soap shampoos. They were restoring the acid balance.

Today, to color hair with minimal damage, colorists at the Minardi Minardi Salon, NYC, use a technique they call shine mending. Nonammonia, nonperoxide permanent colors don't take out existing color but only stain the hair cuticle, thereby avoiding possible problems. Although shine mending can't lighten hair, it can enrich or deepen natural color.

Semipermanent colors, sold mostly for home use, are another good alternative because they, too, only coat the hair shaft with colors that also condition (L'Oréal's Avantage, Clairol's Loving Care, Revlon's Young Color II).

James Viera, vice president/corporate technical director for L'Oréal, says, "Even permanent colors need not be completely avoided. Products known as hair glossers [L'Oréal's Majigloss] give hair a high concentration of subtle color to let the natural shade come through, which adds a look of life."

Viera continues, "If women want extra body, root perms, in which the solution is applied only to hair roots, can lift hair without damage." **—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY** **IMAGES ▶ 162**

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IMAGES: bicoastal beauty

Moving from the East to the West, as CLAIRE SCOVELL found out, doesn't just mean a change of climate. It's a different way of life. Here, her personal report

The Los Angeles woman's car is her home—and her office.

WELL, YOU DID IT. IN THE PURSUIT OF ROMANCE, EXcitement, and the old pioneering spirit, you packed your bags, left New York, and followed the setting sun all the way to Los Angeles. Now, as you prepare for your first job interview, you follow all those rules about dressing for work that your mother taught you:

Wear pantyhose. Never allow a glimpse of flesh to appear between the tops of your boots and the hem of your skirt. Keep your hair short and neat. Stay away from accessories, except for a classic strand of pearls.

So you go to your meeting and after you've been kept waiting for more than half an hour (this is Los Angeles, remember), a girl who looks about fifteen years old, wearing a miniskirt, tube top, innumerable charm bracelets, and fringed cowboy boots (above which her legs are bare—no pantyhose), walks up to you, holds out her hand with a little shake of long blond hair, and says with a smile, "Hi, I'm Jane. Come on in."

It isn't until you follow her to her office and she shuts the door behind you that you realize this *isn't* someone's assistant. This *is* the person you've come to see. She surely has to be close to thirty; she only looks fifteen. As you sink into your chair, embarrassed by the prissiness of your outfit, you wonder why your mother never warned you about Los Angeles.

Bloomingdale's offers a clue. They arrange storewide salutes to China and France, and then do the same for *California*. The implication? Deep down, New Yorkers really consider Los Angeles a foreign country. After all, it takes six hours to get there by air!

It's hard to tell who's young and who's old in L.A. since they all dress like teenagers.

New York women also look the same, regardless of age, but that's because even the teenagers dress like matrons. (Remember Zoe in Coppola's short film, *Life Without Zoe*? And she was only twelve.) Female lawyers set the style in New York. If you're not wearing a suit, then you're probably unemployed.

Don't look for suits in L.A. Dramatic flair and creativity are highly praised, and the last thing an Angeleno wants to do is blend in. The New Yorker, however, wisely refrains from experimenting with her own attire, since anything too unusual is likely to stand out like a "Kick Me" sign.

Left: PEGGY SIROTA; hair, Carmen for the Flame Agency; makeup, Carol Shaw for Clouther. *Right:* ELLEN FORBES BURNIE; hair and makeup, Giorgio for Suga salon.

Los Angeles women like to pretend that no makeup has ever touched their healthy skin. Of course, it's not true. They've just studied hard to learn how to combine a subtle touch with natural colors so that they look unaltered, but also much better.

Conversely, a New Yorker is tempted to apply layers of color to her face as though salvation lurked in Ultima II's new makeup palette. My friend Claudia thinks she knows why.

"In New York," she says, "people pride themselves on how hard they work. There's nothing like a haggard face to prove your job is so important—and you're so good at it—that you don't have time to sleep. In Los Angeles, people brag about how they leave work early to 'catch a few rays at the beach.' The freedom to come and go as they please is what impresses their friends, so people in Los Angeles concentrate on looking well rested and youthful." Maybe that's the reason women there continue to wear their hair luxuriantly long. It looks so free blowing back in a convertible.

Of course, as the years start piling up, the youthful look doesn't always come cheap. Los Angeles matrons are now buzzing about an electrical shock treatment that supposedly tightens everything up—including, no doubt, unsightly folds in the brain.

Women in L.A. approach all aspects of beauty with one question: "Will this make me look younger?" Tell one that an herbal body wrap will give her youthful skin and suddenly there's nothing she'll like better than to smell like basil and chives.

L.A. women no longer jump into hot tubs at the drop of a name. They've learned it's too drying on skin that's already fragile from being fried during the barbaric pre-SPF years. They do, however, still like to be soothed inside as well as out (the reason given for hot tubs in the first place), which may account for the popularity of the herbal enema currently being offered by the Maharishi Ayur-Veda Medical Center in Pacific Palisades.

New York women are apt to be sensitive about their weight because they have the change of seasons and temperatures to contend with. After long months of wearing bulky clothing, they often realize when they peek underneath that what's been a secret had better stay a secret.

In Los Angeles, the temperature stays pretty consistently in the seventies, on gray days and in fog, too. That's why no one's figure is—or can be—much of a secret. Right now, even the more conservative are rushing to Spotlight Tattoo on Melrose Avenue to get a tiny rose etched on their left buttock or right breast—after all, everyone needs a little mystery in her life.

Unlike the intrepid New Yorker, the Los Angeles woman doesn't walk. *Anywhere*. Her car is her home, her office (she already has a cellular phone, but lately she's been thinking about installing a fax machine behind the stick shift), her fingernail-polish dryer (thanks to the ever-present sunroof), and, last but not least, her transportation. . . often to her health club for exercise.

Not surprisingly, exercise clothing is the quintessence of L.A. fashion. The L.A. woman will wear a leopard-spotted leotard to go to her sports club, then change into sweats for exercising there. While Imelda Marcos bought a few pairs of shoes, she probably never owned as many sneakers as the average Angeleno.

New Yorkers, of course, wear sneakers also, particularly for walking to work, and that special combination of Chanel and Keds can certainly out-bizarre any outfit Californians come up with.

So what's the verdict: are women living in Los Angeles really different from those who live in New York? Angelenos are busy jumping from gym to gym and salon to salon, drinking wheat grass juice, undergoing surgery for shape, enduring acupuncture, soaking in minerals, eating oat bran, rejecting coffee, consulting homeopaths, pumping iron, and examining their psyches in the all-encompassing search for youth. Meanwhile, New Yorkers are just busy working hard. Of course, Mother always said, "Deep down, we're all the same." Then, she was wrong about the pantyhose. BICOASTAL LISTINGS ▶ 164

New Yorkers pride themselves on how hard they work. Lunch at the desk; haircut and manicure, too. Here, Giorgio of the Suga salon performs.

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IMAGES: bicoastal beauty

Where to go on both coasts:

NEW YORK CITY

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Massage: Estée Lauder Spa at Bloomingdale's (212/980-9040); Catherine Atzen Institute (212/517-2400); Anushka Institute (212/355-6404); Bonnie Crellin of The Sports Training Institute (212/599-0576); Susan Ciminelli (212/861-7231).

Makeup: Elizabeth Arden Salon (212/546-0200); Il Makiage (212/371-3992); Raymond & Nasser Salon (212/737-7330); Dr. Ronald Sherman/Trish McEvoy Skin Care Center (212/758-7790); Wayne Webb Cosmetics (212/772-0200); Linda Mason (212/941-0459); Boyd Chemists (212/838-6558); Pablo Manzoni (212/355-5700). Regina McGowan at Georgette Klinger, uptown (212/744-6900).

Nails: Helen Lee Skin Care and Cosmetics (212/758-2727); Linda Tam Salon (212/757-2555); Yolanda at Louis Licari (212/517-8084); Frida at La Dolce Vita (212/980-3222); Carmella at Imo Beauty Salon, Regency Hotel (212/753-2326). For the deskbound: Execu-Nail comes to the office (212/371-7647).

Hair: La Coupe (212/371-9230); La Dolce Vita (212/980-3222); Vartali (212/935-4640); Bumble + Bumble (212/371-4100); Joseph Martin Salon (212/838-3150); Frederic Fekkai at Bergdorf Goodman (212/753-9500); Imo Beauty Salon, Regency Hotel (212/753-2326); Louis Licari Color Group (212/517-8084); Yves Claude Salon (212/319-2120); Angela Cosmai Salon (212/533-1605). Carlo at René, the Pierre Hotel (212/838-7950), also makes house calls.

LOS ANGELES

Skin Care: Ernie Benson's Face Place (213/855-1150); Aida Grey (213/276-4681); Ole Henriksen of Denmark (213/854-7700); Aida Thibiant (213/278-7565); Beverly Hot Springs (213/734-7000); Nance Mitchell (213/272-3889); Max D'Ifray (213/271-5824); Mila Moursi Institut de Beauté (213/274-1602); Vera's Retreat in the Glen (213/470-6362).

Massage: Aida Grey (213/276-4681); Beverly Hot Springs (213/734-7000); Maharishi Ayur-Veda Medical Center (213/459-5531); Julie Chertow (213/475-1125); Massagemobile (213/735-0592). Massage at home: Anita Zubère (213/306-9143); Seva-Simran-Siri Kaur Khalsa (213/271-3950).

Makeup: Tramp (213/936-3983); Allen Edwards (213/274-8575); Cassandre (213/273-9918); Russell Durkee, Prescriptives at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills (213/550-5900, ext. 2262).

Nails: Elizabeth Arden Salon (213/273-9980); Jessica Nail Clinic (213/659-9292); Georgette Klinger Salon (213/274-6347); Michaeljohn Salon (213/278-8333). At home/at the office: Deborah Esposito (213/655-9015).

Hair: Michael Villella Salon, Sunset Plaza (213/657-4756); Doyle Wilson (213/658-6987); Umberto (213/274-6395); José Eber (213/278-7646); Cristophe (213/274-0851); John La Joie (213/273-3858); Bill Palmer Salon, Beverly Hills Hotel (213/278-2011); Char Salon (213/274-0808). ▽ BICOASTAL FITNESS ▶ 166

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FITNESS

On the **West Coast**, fitness has moved beyond the pursuit of the perfect body. The new ideal: a combination of mental and physical power. HOPE HANSEN surveys the scene

FITNESS WAS BORN ON THE WEST COAST. THINK OF California, and what comes to mind but tanned skin, bleached hair, and lean bodies. Although the tanned/bleached look is falling out of fashion for Californians (says L.A. dermatologist Arnold Klein, M.D.: "Sun worship has diminished—people are much more religious about using sunscreen"), fitness is still very much a way of life. The great weather is one reason: Californians are easily able to incorporate fitness into their daily schedules. While East Coast fitness aficionados battle the elements and squeeze quick gym workouts between appointments, Californians take a more holistic fitness approach. The emphasis is on toning mind as well as muscle.

Touted as the exercise of the nineties by Denise Dubarry, owner of the Malibu Yoga Retreat, yoga—stretching and balance for the body, combined with a meditative concentration for the mind—is making a comeback. Centers are popping up all over Los Angeles, and private instruction is available. In many regular exercise studios, classes now end with visualization or meditation.

The new mind/body consciousness has hit Californians where they ultimately live: in their cars. On the freeway, it's not Madonna on the stereo but a tape called A Course in Miracles, by Marianne Williamson—a look at visualization, healing oneself, and being happy. If you're stuck on the Santa Monica freeway, Autorobics is sure to make the minutes in traffic count.

Even preventive medicine is battling it out with *L.A. Law* in the ratings: the radio talk show *The Health Connection* is currently as popular as prime-time TV.

With everyone in L.A. so immersed in the pursuit of fitness, it's understandable that workout gear is worn on the streets. Thong leotards in bright colors, bare midriffs and cropped tights are everywhere—and the more baring the better. Why not? California companies like Body Glove and Hind have been defining fitness fashion for years.

Sports fanatics

Cross-training is the name of the game in the West: hiking, mountain biking, skiing, and swimming are all sports of choice. And fitness enthusiasts—not just elite athletes—now participate in triathlons and biathlons, taking sports workouts to a more sophisticated level.

Mountain biking was invented just south of L.A. And today, the L.A. Police Department ▶ 168

PEGGY SIROTA; hair, Bernhard Tamme; makeup, Carol Shaw. Details, last pages.

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Bloomingdales

maintains a fleet of Raleigh A-T cycles for cruising the hills.

L.A.'s answer to NYC's Central Park reservoir running path is a three-and-a-half-mile stretch under the famous Hollywood sign. Another popular spot to trot: the UCLA track, where joggers can huff along with Olympic runners.

Grand-scale options

Personal training may be big in New York, but in L.A. it's done on a loftier scale. Whether he's pumping up with Madonna in her Italian-villa dressing room or with Tatum O'Neal in her bedroom, personal trainer Rob Parr sweats alongside his star clients—many of whom work out five days a week for one to two hours each day. Parr also takes clients to jog on the beach or climb mountain trails. Another star trainer, Dan Isaacson, of Winning Results, works out with clients on movie sets.

Even health clubs have that California twist. The Sports Club/LA, for example, is famous for more than good workouts: valet parking, haircuts, a car wash, and laundry facilities are just some of the services. When clubgoers are working out, the indoor machine of the moment is the Stairmaster.

Other options: for $100 a workout, you can join the stars at Santa Monica Body Building Center. The club is run by George Pipasik, who has created handmade weight equipment for Sylvester Stallone, Tom Cruise, and Julianne Phillips. The Sporting Clubs of America, headquartered in San Diego (other locations include Denver and Atlanta), feature a 110-foot rock wall, aerial rope-climb challenge, and 1,200-foot kayak run.

Fit food

Where else but Los Angeles would the yolkless omelette be available on menus? Californians are among the nation's top health-food consumers and are the number-one consumers of bottled water in America. Organically grown vegetables, natural-grown beef, and "cruelty free" animal products are now regular fare. Restaurants that cater to health-conscious clients abound: The Artful Balance specializes in sugarless desserts; the macrobiotic Golden Temple is a Michael Jackson favorite.

Special markets on the West Coast cater to fitness-minded clients. Erewhon stocks organically grown fruits and vegetables; none of the items at Mrs. Gooch's Natural Foods Market contains refined sugar, white flour, artificial flavor or color.

The spa life

From mud baths to oil rubdowns, Californians have it all when it comes to spas. At the outdoorsy Rancho La Puerta in Baja, just south of the border, spa-goers have been enjoying the desert sun and hiking the mountain trails since 1940. Cal-a-Vie, near San Diego, combines European body-care treatments with state-of-the-art fitness.

Fitness guru Jane Fonda recently opened the Laurel Springs Retreat. Set in the Santa Ynez mountains above Santa Barbara, it lodges six guests at a time, at $2,500 per person per week. Canyon Ranch, located in Tucson, Arizona, offers stop-smoking sessions and early morning mountain-bike rides.

For a midweek pick-me-up, many of L.A.'s fittest relax at an urban spa. At Beverly Hot Springs, one can get a shiatsu massage and a full body scrub, as well as take a dip in the hot springs or ice-water pool. The popular Maharishi Ayur-Veda Medical Center features exotic treatments, including the "shirodhara" (a stream of herbalized oil flowing across the forehead).

And to get away from it all, there's always the Los Angeles–based Spa Spin, International—dedicated to whisking clients off to fitness adventures on foreign shores.

California clearly is ahead of its time. New Yorkers may turn up their noses at the summer camp–like life along the Venice boardwalk, but the image of Muscle Beach is here to stay. And while Californians may be fitness's true fanatics, it's not a joke. Just consider the landmark pollution plan that recently went into effect in southern California. Hailing it as state-of-the-art environmental protection, everyone in the country is now exploring similar legislation. EAST COAST FITNESS ▶ 170

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FITNESS

To **New Yorkers,** exercise is a no-frills business. Sweating it out in cramped health clubs, they want to get fit—and get going.

HOLLAND SWEET reports

SHAPING UP IN NEW YORK CITY ISN'T ALWAYS EASY. There's pollution, bad weather, and crime; a hurried career and social pace; and only one park in Manhattan really big enough to run or bike in. Despite these hitches, New Yorkers exercise, mostly indoors.

"New York is a gym culture," says fitness consultant Marianne Battistone. There's a health club every ten blocks, corporate gyms where staffers work out on company time (at American Express, HBO, and *Forbes*), and new residential buildings equipped with top-floor gyms.

Clubgoers are, for the most part, professionals—which explains why the best NYC gyms have business-like atmospheres. At Plus One, private changing rooms are equipped with telephones. In fact, portable phones are fast replacing Walkmans as the new fitness accessory for stationary bikes or treadmills.

Results-oriented New Yorkers schedule exercise the way they plan business meetings. Workouts take a no-frills, no-nonsense approach; gimmicks, such as isolation tanks, are never really taken seriously. "New Yorkers are not interested in fitness-cum-social clubs," says SoHo Training's Lidija Hauck. "Clients want to work up a sweat and get out." Which is why SoHo Training's forty-five-minute sessions attract actresses Isabella Rossellini and Ellen Barkin and artists Kenny Scharf and Keith Haring (who designed the club's "muscle" T-shirt).

At Madison Avenue Muscle, the weight rooms are organized to promote efficiency—equipment is grouped by "body parts." "Women like to work two major muscle groups and leave," says the club's owner, John Perretti.

Other signs of the streamlined approach: meals for exercisers looking to squeeze lunch into a workout. Three gyms that provide them: the Excelsior Club, Herald Square Fitness Center, and the Atrium Club. Many clubs, like the Cardio-Fitness Centers, also supply uniforms. Not just for convenience, these eliminate fashion competition on the gym floor.

Whether in a uniform or not, in general East Coast fitness dressing is low-key, geared to comfort rather than flash. "No one's ever color coordinated at the Central Park reservoir," says one runner. At Women's Workout Gear, NYC, across the street from Barneys, what's selling is "black, black, black. . . and cotton, cotton, cotton," says the store's owner, Paula Shirk, who hasn't ordered a Lycra leotard in a year.

Personal choices

Despite the potential risk of injury from high-impact aerobics, it's still a top choice among fast-track New York exercisers (a safer solution: more clubs now offer "combo classes," which mix high and low impact). Also popular are fitness "toys" to raise flagging interest. And while stationary bikes and treadmills are still popular, stair and rowing machines are gaining ground.

Still the big trend: personal training. More for convenience than status, personal training is the answer for busy execs who save time by exercising at home. NYC home gyms, however, tend to be spartan: one of the biggest challenges for trainers is designing gyms for tight spaces (Donna Karan's is a case in point: it holds four items—a reclining stationary bike, rubber ball, exercise mat, and weights).

Because at-home exercise, even with a trainer, can be cramped, the trend is one-on-one studios, opening all over town; almost every health club also provides personal training. The law firm of Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher, and Flom has taken corporate fitness to a new level: it hired twelve full-time personal trainers to work privately with attorneys.

New York is a gym culture, with clubs in offices and apartment buildings too

"Personal training is particularly attractive to executives working ten- to twelve-hour days," says Pat DeCelie of Definitions. "It's a solution for people who don't have time."

The most motivated exercisers are combining personal training with cross-training, says Michael O'Shea, Ph.D., of The Sports Training Institute. They're also looking for more unusual "urban" sports. One example is shadowboxing, offered at Pollan-Austen and Gleason's Gym in Brooklyn, where almost two hundred women, including many models, train.

Outside the gym, fitness is slowing to a walk. Donna Karan sends her car and driver to the office with her bags—while she walks to work. Walking is also the exercise of choice for Carolina Herrera, who eschews taking a taxi to the office. Even runners, once walking skeptics, are incorporating walking into their routines. Whether one walks or runs, though, safety—especially for women—is becoming an increasing concern. One top publishing executive who runs fifteen to twenty miles a week does what more and more female runners do in New York (although it's illegal in the state): she carries a can of Mace with her for protection. ▶ 174

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LIDIA'S PLACE, Miami Lakes

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PENNSYLVANIA
KAY COOPER, Harrisburg

SOUTH CAROLINA
SHOCKLEY'S, Florence

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BETTY NORTH, Arlington
CHARLCYE'S, Desoto
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THE COBBLE STONE, Tuscaloosa
VILLAGE SHOPPE, Muscle Shoals

ARIZONA
DESIGNERS TOUCH, Scottsdale
INTERNATIONAL PARIS MATCH, Phoenix

CALIFORNIA
ANN STUARD, Costa Mesa; La Costa
DEMILLES, Sacramento
SOPHISTICATED LADY, Escondido, La Jolla
SYLVIA STEVENS, Los Angeles

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TEXAS
ISABELL GERHART, Houston

VIRGINIA
ELAINE'S, Grundy

FITNESS

Leaner cuisine

In New York, *where* one eats is still more important than *what* one eats, although the power lunch of five years ago—martini, steak, and wine—has given way to pasta or fish, salad, and bottled water. "One used to have to call ahead with diet needs," says fitness consultant Barbara Pearlman. "Now most restaurants handle diet requests on the spot." Lutèce—where the food isn't known for being light—regularly gets orders from business executives who want to skip butter, cream, and salt. "We're very accommodating," says Lutèce owner André Soltner. "Today, we expect that kind of request."

To satisfy the ladies-who-lunch, some restaurants, including Le Cirque, have added light menus—the food is designed not so much to be dietetic as to be healthful. At The Four Seasons, which has been serving spa cuisine for five years, chef Seppi Renggli doesn't list calories on the menu; but the captain always carries a list of the spa selection's fiber, cholesterol, sugar, salt, fat, and calorie contents in his breast pocket.

City laws require no-smoking sections in restaurants now. But Steve Frankel, owner of Exterminator Chili, is going one step further. His new Varick Street restaurant, Nosmo King, bans smoking altogether and offers carrot juice along with vodka at the bar.

Spas, once located only out West, are now popping up all over the East Coast

Diet-to-go food services such as Deliteful Foods (212/228-4148) are New York's budding businesses. Even restaurants like Between the Bread (212/888-0449)—which delivers lunch to the offices of eat-at-their-desks professionals—have introduced menus featuring entrées that contain low levels of sodium, cholesterol, and saturated fat.

The stress factor

Most New Yorkers embrace fitness to counteract stress. However, more people are finding that exercise isn't always enough. Says one executive: "How do I handle stress? With a personal trainer, a psychotherapist, and a masseuse." One woman executive keeps a massage table in her apartment and has a rubdown every Sunday night.

"De-stress stops"—offering everything from reflexology to stress-management seminars—are all over town. Cyndi Lauper and Sigourney Weaver have been spotted having shiatsu facials at the Miwa salon. But "New Yorkers tend to be skeptical of the holistic approach," says Manhattan fitness pro Molly Fox. One such questionable phenomenon: "brain spas" (for example, SynchroEnergize on Broadway), where clients tune in to music and light, tune out the rest of the world.

Of course, the best way to beat NYC's stress is to leave New York City—which is why people get away to weekend spas. A favorite escape is Connecticut's Norwich Inn & Spa (two and a half hours from Manhattan). Another weekend stop: Miami's Doral Saturnia, where 65 percent of weekend guests are New Yorkers. In fact, spas—once only located on the West Coast—are now popping up all over the East Coast (Topnotch at Stowe Resort & Spa and the Canyon Ranch in Lenox, Massachusetts, are both scheduled to open this fall).

The good news: New Yorkers no longer have to go to California to exercise, relax, and unwind. ▼

FITNESS ▶ 182

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FITNESS

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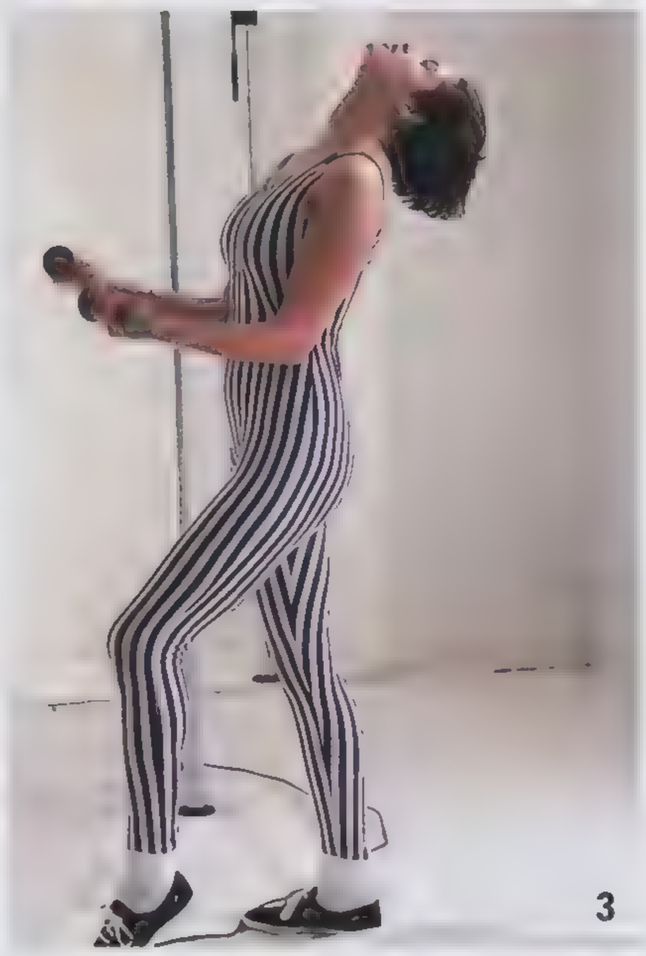

3

Unitards, the new fitness-fashion uniform, add up to comfort and ease. 1. Leotardo da Vinci's gym-to-street Black Watch plaid. 2. The skiwear walking out of stores out West: Hot Chillys' thermal, body-hugging unitard-cum-ski suit. 3. Robert Mannino's looser, striped stirrup unitard. 4. Leotardo da Vinci's animal-print version. Details, last pages.

The body-fitting **unitard** works in the gym and, with the right accessories, on the street—where it's now showing up in this fall's plaids and animal prints

Once the uniform of the modern dancer, the unitard is the new jean. Tennis player Anne White wore one, in white, at Wimbledon in 1985 and created a sensation in the tennis world. Skiers and skaters wore unitards at the '84 Olympics to cut down their times. Norma Kamali, one of the first designers to put unitards in her line, wears them herself: "You don't need to worry about fashion when you're running out the door." But fashion is what the unitard has become: sales have soared. New versions are out from Hot Chillys and Leotardo da Vinci, among others. "They become addictive," says one enthusiast. The way to wear them away from the gym: with a T-shirt or a jacket; piles of jewelry; flats or cowboy boots.

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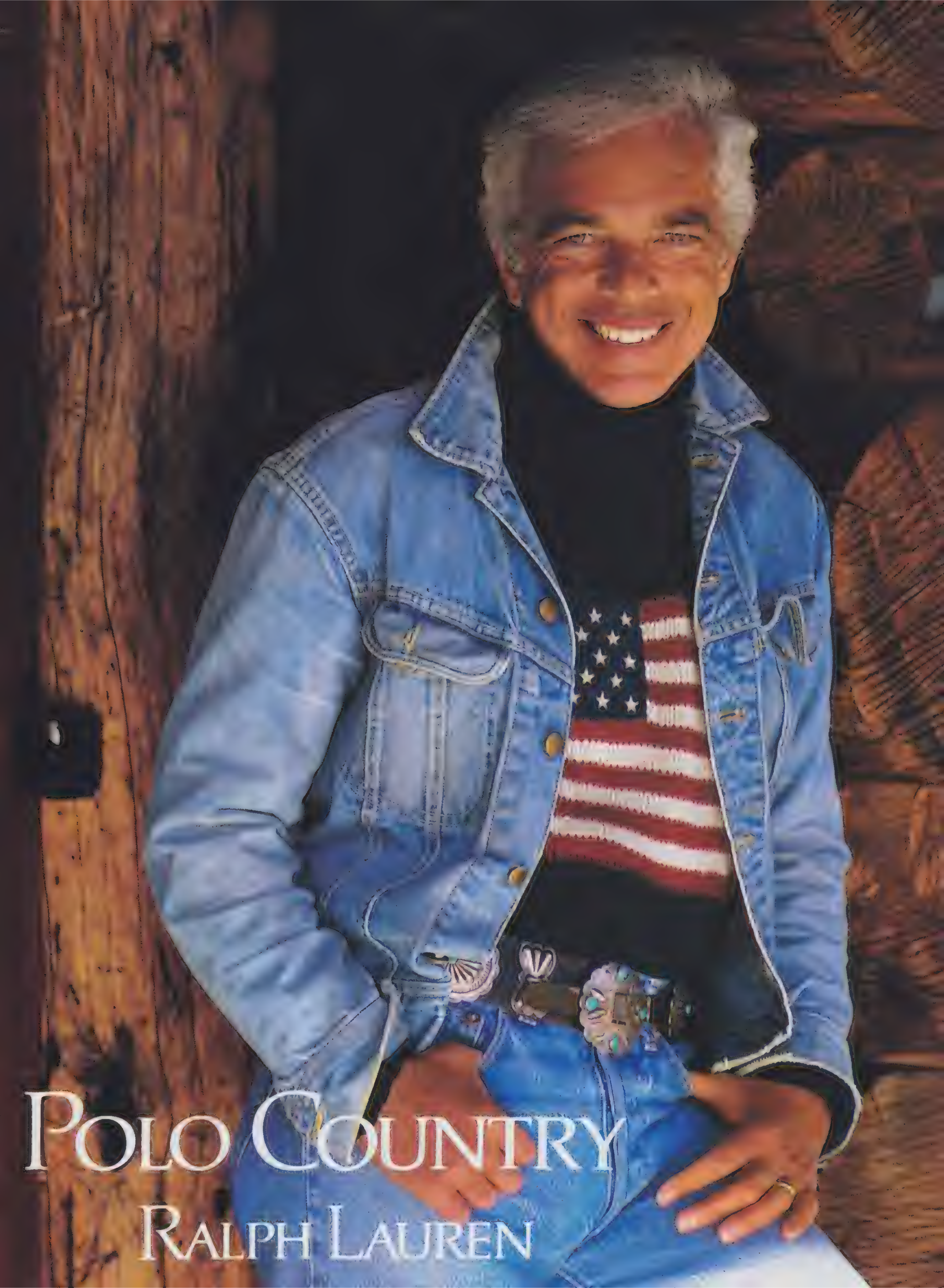

POLO COUNTRY
RALPH LAUREN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

DIXIE DIDEROTS Last spring, V. S. Naipaul joined the ranks of outsiders who've set their sights below the Mason-Dixon line with his affectionate *A Turn in the South* (Knopf); now the good old boys have opted to explain themselves. Produced by the University of Mississippi's Center for the Study of Southern Culture and nearly twelve years in the making, ***The Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*** (University of North Carolina Press) is an exhaustive work that weighs eight pounds, numbers sixteen hundred pages, and contains 1,260 entries on everything from rural poverty and violence in Southern life to **moon pies, nickel Cokes, and Leadbelly.** The book's very existence defends the notion—disputed by some scholars—that the South is indeed a unique regional culture, far different from the American norm. It also answers the question posed in Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!*: "Tell about the South. What's it like there? What do they do there?" Well, they buy more mobile homes and pickup trucks than the citizens of any other region, and at least forty thousand of them belong to the Possum Growers and Breeders Association. Their motto: "Eat More Possum."...**NIGHT CRAWLERS** Culture of a different kind can be observed at Brian McNally's expanding stable of Manhattan hot spots. The pied piper of **downtown's trendy masses**, McNally brought us Odeon, Indochine, and Canal Bar; now there's a restaurant at 150 Wooster Street and a bar next to Indochine. In addition to pretty good food and unpretentious service, a hallmark of the McNally touch is the low profile—if you can't find the front door, you don't deserve to walk through it. The Wooster Street place bears no name and no number, just a battered metal door. The anonymous Canal Bar, on a barren corner in TriBeCa, seems well marked by comparison....

BOOKWORMS The recent annual powwow of the American Booksellers Association produced further evidence that the publishing community has forgotten what Samuel Johnson called **"the common reader"**—the nonacademic who still values stories and characters and actually reads serious books. None of that here: among the most frequently feted attendees were Ed Meese, whose *Witness to History* is out next year from Henry Holt, and **Nancy Reagan,** whose October *My Turn* with Iacocca ghostwriter William Novak netted her an advance of $2 million. The book is aptly titled—she's also been appointed to Revlon's board of directors, and she's agreed to appear in Blackglama's "What Becomes a Legend Most?" campaign. Meanwhile, her husband gets $6 million from Simon and Schuster for his own memoirs. The last volume won't appear until well into the 1990s. Yes, it's going to take a stake through their hearts....**IT'S MY PARTY AND I'LL FLY IF I WANT TO** The TV-viewing public may be tired of glitz—*Dynasty*'s dead and *Dallas* is dying—but no one told **Malcolm Forbes**, who's taking 550 close buddies to Tangier for his already over-ballyhooed seventieth birthday party. The **media heavies** flying over on a specially chartered 747 and Concorde for the three-day affair include Kay Graham, Rupert Murdoch, and Al Neuharth, as well as the peripatetic Robin Leach, Bill Buckley, and Barbara Walters. And we wonder why the fun-loving Forbes gets such *fabulous* coverage in the press....**ALL THE RIGHT MOVIES** *The Stark Truth*, due next month from Houghton Mifflin, is already being billed as this year's *Presumed Innocent*. Penned under the pseudonym Peter Freeborn, the book has everything—**sexual obsession, insider trading, murder**—but good writing. No matter. Playwright and screenwriter John Guare will fix up the movie version for Universal, which has already bought the rights for $625,000. *Dangerous Liaisons*' Stephen Frears is set to direct. In the meantime, the producing team of Guber-Peters-Barris continues on its more literary bent. The team, which produced Alice Walker's *The Color Purple*, will film *The Bonfire of the Vanities* and *A Bright Shining Lie*, Neil Sheehan's Pulitzer prize–winning Vietnam epic, and recently optioned Tobias Wolff's affecting memoir, *This Boy's Life*, for $525,000. —**JULIA REED**

SMOKE SCREEN

If at first you don't succeed....RJR Nabisco has gone back to the drawing board after the nasty failure of its Premier "smokeless cigarette," while Philip Morris is already quietly testing its own "virtually" nicotine-free version. Unlike Premier, which utilized a metal cartridge to keep the thing burning, the Philip Morris version will have a standard filter and will burn like a normal cigarette. The company has borrowed technology used by its General Foods division to decaffeinate coffee—the tobacco is de-nicotined before being rolled into the cigarette. "This is a real cigarette," says a spokesman. "No funny business." Undoubtedly the surgeon general will agree.

BAD TIMING

It had to happen. Krazy Time in Simi Valley, California, is manufacturing a Dan Quayle watch, with the vice president's tie serving as hands. Nota bene: Another veep immortalized on a watch was Spiro Agnew, whose timepiece bore the slogan "Spiro is my Hero." We all know what happened to him.

RALPH LAUREN

COUNTRY

James Bond's archnemesis Ernst Blofeld, the mastermind of SPECTRE, capitalized on cold-war tensions to become the most resilient Bond villain.

Immortalized by Anthony Perkins in *Psycho*, the knife-wielding psychopath has fallen victim to overexposure and a surfeit of imitators.

Bringing depth and menace to the *Star Wars* trilogy, Darth Vader advertised the value of classical role models—Faust, in his case.

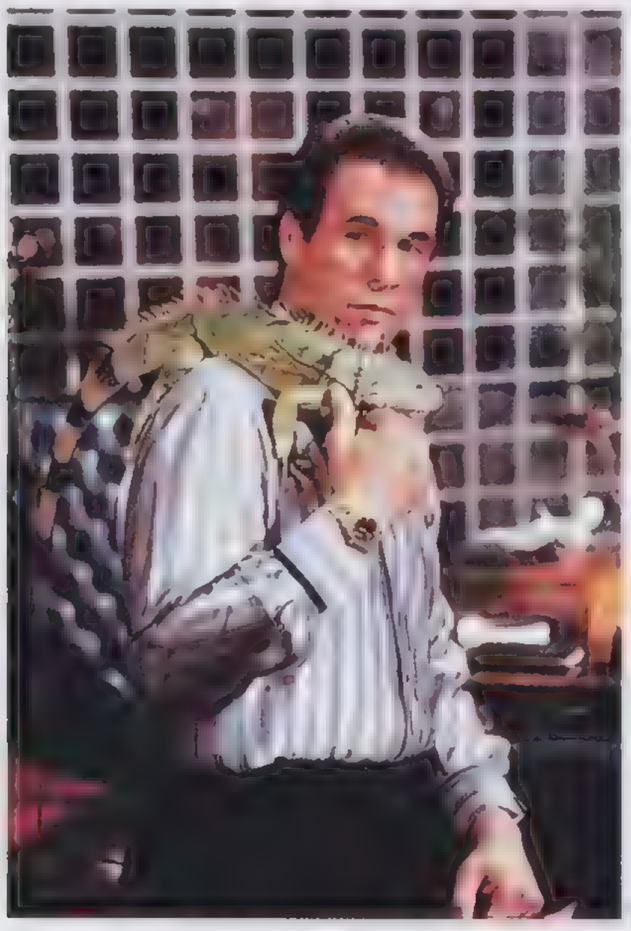
Kept afloat by sequels, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*'s Freddy Krueger, LEFT, and *Friday the 13th*'s Jason have become Hollywood's most popular villains. But popularity has its drawbacks.

A bad egg who just gets rottener and rottener, Jack Nicholson's Joker plays like a thrilling blast from the melodramatic past—back when villains were truly villainous.

MOVIES

Movie villains were once the equal of their enemies; now they're copycat clichés.

GREGG KILDAY reports on the regrettable demise of the bad guy



In the latest Bond movie, *Licence to Kill*, Robert Davi takes on a familiar role: the Central American drug baron.

Even in concert, the villains in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* are no match for Harrison Ford.

Dolph Lundgren's Russian pugilist in *Rocky IV* may be the last-ever cold-war warrior.

Heightened sensitivity to ethnic stereotyping created the Euronasty; here, *Die Hard*'s Alan Rickman.

HAIL THE CONQUERING VILLAIN! With hair an envious green, complexion drained of blood, and a smile permanently contorted in a curdled frieze of laughter rictus, Jack Nicholson's Joker is something more than a manic comic foil for the shadowy heroics of Michael Keaton's Batman. Slashing and spray-painting his way through Gotham City's Fleugelheim Museum, the oh-so-vain Joker pauses just long enough to gleefully announce, "I'm the world's first fully functioning homicidal artist!" Unlike the Phantom of the Opera, that other disfigured menace of the moment, this Joker doesn't stoop to unbecoming sentimentality; he's unapologetic in his villainy, a modern-day Lucifer luxuriating in his fall.

Compared to the pallid, copycat heavies that have stalked the movies in recent years, the Joker plays like a thrilling blast from the melodramatic past—back when villains were truly villainous. "If you've got a spectacular hero, you've got to have an equally spectacular villain," says Sam Hamm, the screenwriter who resuscitated *Batman* for the big screen. "It's not terribly impressive to see an unstoppable force come into play against a movable object—which movie villains often are."

Indeed. Notable villains have become so rare in Hollywood movies they may well be in danger of extinction. In their place, movie after movie has come to rely on the same stock characters: Latino drug dealers, corrupt politicians, cutthroat businessmen, psychos wielding kitchen utensils—all of them familiar, few of them threatening. Even the summer's blockbuster sequels, dependent on their heroes' abilities to outdo previous heroics, show signs of duress. Witness the antagonists who take on Harrison Ford in *Indiana Jones and* ▶ 198

MOVIES

the Last Crusade: a standard-issue nefarious American tycoon, a regulation sadistic Nazi, and a prototypical femme fatale. In concert, they're no match for Indy. Even his face-to-face encounter with archvillain Adolf Hitler, who obliges with an autograph, is played more for laughs than menace. In this movie, the real rats are, quite literally, rats.

But at least they're not drug-dealing rats. In *Licence to Kill*, the latest James Bond adventure, Timothy Dalton faces off against that television staple, a Central American drug baron. "I play him as if he were the protagonist," insists Robert Davi, the actor who plays the role. "There's a likability, a depth to the character that you don't usually see." The people behind *Lethal Weapon 2* chose to take out a second insurance policy on *their* drug baron—by handing him a South African passport. "We make South Africa the heavy," director Richard Donner recently explained. "It works just wonderfully."

How much longer even this can work is uncertain. Over the past decade, movie villains have been steadily eliminated by our changing perceptions of the world. Almost overnight, détente has deprived Hollywood of a long-standing and highly fertile source of bad guys—the evil Communist empire. While *glasnost* has obvious advantages—such as global peace and a vast new market for Hollywood movies—it appears to have derailed the careers of Sylvester Stallone, Chuck Norris, and the other right-wing blowhards who flourished in the Reagan era. Although Stallone squeaked by with *Rocky IV* (Dolph Lundgren, his adversary, may be the last cold-war warrior we shall ever see), *Rambo III* had stranded him in Afghanistan just as his enemy was, in real life, retreating. Even Vietnam, the scene of some of this decade's most glorious movie victories, has a dubious future. Taking a cue from the epilogue of *Platoon* ("We did not fight the enemy. We fought ourselves"), new movies such as Brian DePalma's *Casualties of War* are using the war as a forum for moral debate rather than a jingoistic shoot-'em-up.

Movie villains have been steadily eliminated by our changing worldview

Heightened sensitivity to ethnic stereotyping has shut off a bountiful source of movie villains. As far back as 1963, prescient United Artists executives requested that Lotte Lenya, James Bond's steel-toed nemesis in *From Russia with Love*, portray a Russian *defector*, to protect the movie's chances of one day playing in the Soviet Union. At home, the protests over *Year of the Dragon* in 1985 appear to have put an end to Chinese-American villains in Hollywood movies. And there hasn't been a truly forbidding Mafia chieftain since Al Pacino was left brooding at the conclusion of *Godfather II*; from *Married to the Mob* to *Spike of Bensonhurst*, the criminal element among Italian-Americans has been reduced to harmless buffoonery. Aside from South American drug dealers—overplayed but still, apparently, fair game—the only foreigners deemed safely beyond the pale are the kind of interchangeable Euronasties who recently provided target practice for Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry and the straight men for Eddie Murphy's wisecracking Beverly Hills cop. Unfortunately, the scariest things about them are usually just their accents. When a superstar-size ego commands all the best lines, there's little left for the villains to do but pose in Armani suits.

That other recurrent movie menace, the drooling, knife-wielding psycho, met his obsolescence elsewhere: on the evening news. The rash of real-life serial killings in the late seventies appeared to wipe out the genre overnight. At the very least, it cooled the enthusiasm of all but the most hard-core slasher fans. Tossed onto the scrap heap, the psycho has been subsequently reassembled (literally—crucial body parts are usually missing) by a younger generation of filmmakers, more interested in pure horror than psychological motivation. The summer's most protracted sequels, *A Nightmare on Elm Street 5* and *Friday the 13th, Part VIII*, are both relying on the enduring appeal of their respective villains, Freddy Krueger and Jason. Oddly enough, these villains are now so popular they've taken on a perverse dimension of heroism. "It makes me a little uneasy that kids are going around thinking Freddy's a hero," admits Wes Craven, his creator. Having abandoned Freddy to his sequel heaven, Craven is working on a new monster, to be unveiled this fall in *Shocker*. "A villain in a horror film must speak to the unknown in the human psyche," he explains. "When he becomes too well known, and when the actor is on talk shows, you're never again going to be in that state where you don't know what the hell is going on, what the villain will do next."

What will villains do next? Sparked by *Batman*, comic-strip bad guys are a guaranteed fixture of the next few years; among the dozen or so comic-derived movies now headed for production are *Batman II* (Robin Williams was approached to play the Riddler) and *Watchmen*, based on Alan Moore's sci-fi tour de force. After two decades of movies that routinely substituted violence for villainy, a sense of playfulness is long overdue. "So much of what makes a villain good is humor," says John Glover, whom critic Pauline Kael dubbed "the supreme rotter of the eighties" for the gleeful malice he displayed as a second-rate blackmailer in *52 Pick-Up* and the besotted stepfather in *Masquerade*. Along with such other young actors as Ray Liotta (*Something Wild*) and John Turturro (*Five Corners*), Glover has shown that a dark, malevolent wit is as important a component of villainy as well-toned biceps. One can only hope that Stallone now sees his destiny clearly: it would be pleasant to watch Sam Kinison beat the crap out of him in *Rocky V*. MOVIES ▶ 200

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MOVIES

in brief

NEARLY EVERYONE IN **Parenthood's** large and excellent ensemble cast (led by Steve Martin, Dianne Wiest, and Mary Steenburgen) becomes a parent. Written by graduates of prime-time television and directed by Ron Howard, this celebration of procreation gives sitcom subject matter a sophisticated edge. The film is a cute but singularly funny story of four families, each struggling to raise perfect kids in an imperfect world. Actually, there are five families—six, if you count Martha Plimpton, Keanu Reeves, and a teenage pregnancy. But really they're all one big family, with Jason Robards as the unworthy patriarch.

Distant Voices, Still Lives, a beautifully and methodically filmed memory play by writer-director Terence Davies, is less a story than a collection of scenes. Stringing together images like snapshots in a family album, Davies resurrects his working-class upbringing in Liverpool in the forties and fifties. The slow cycle of melancholy and misery—a brutal father, a mother who suffers and smiles, children who repeat their parents' mistakes—is broken only by music: family and friends constantly rousing into communal song at parties, weddings, and the local pub.

Although the movie **Wired** is about John Belushi, Bob Woodward, the author of the book, takes a surprisingly central role (doubly surprising since the two never met). In fact, the only character fleshed out in this blatantly derivative movie is Woodward, whose investigation assumes the importance of a calling. He comes off here as a self-righteous prig, wandering through the film making insightful pronouncements like, "There's no question; he did it to himself." Though the unknown Michael Chiklis makes a fine John Belushi, a good imitation is all he can give: among the myriad limitations of the script, Chiklis gets lines like, "Bob Woodward, I've always wanted to meet that guy," and the embarrassing death rattle, "Breathe for me, Woodward." —**JEFFREY SHERMAN**

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COMPLICE

THEATER

Bill Irwin and the rest of the New Vaudevillians are **rescuing performance art** from a decade of pretension. RANDALL SHORT offers thanks

THE PERFORMANCE-ART SCENE IN NEW YORK CITY during the early eighties involved—well, it involved a lot of things. A cab ride to Alphabet City, for example. The fearless renunciation of such outmoded concepts as character, plot, and narrative. The question of how *exactly* that young woman encased in Saran Wrap and reciting from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* was breaking through the bourgeois envelope of traditional dramatic structure. Things like that.

Originally, the new performance strategies of a decade ago had a laudable aim: they wanted to free the pleasures of acting from the tiresome conventions of cause-and-effect dramaturgy. Hard, really, to argue with that—no one was exactly looking forward to spending another three hours in a Broadway theater for the purpose of being informed that We're All in This Together, or Love is the Answer. After a couple of years, though, it became increasingly difficult for even sympathetic admirers to deny that most of the stuff on tap on the Lower East Side had done little more than replace tiresome old conventions with tiresome new ones. Could performance art, we wondered, be rescued from the exaggerated sense of self-importance that threatened to do it in? Well, the good news is that, from

FAR LEFT: Fusing vaudeville and mime, Bill Irwin dances with a tripod. NEAR LEFT: Tom Noddy, the Bubble Guy, whose many talents include blowing dodecahedron bubbles.

the Greek satyr plays to *Forbidden Broadway,* theater people rarely miss a chance to satirize pomposity in their own ranks. And if several recent shows are any indication, the P.S. 122 crowd has finally been declared fair game as well.

The best of these pieces is currently on view at Broadway's St. James Theater, where Bill Irwin's *Largely New York,* an alternately affectionate and biting take on art in the age of technology, must have given momentary pause to more than one limb-twisting disciple of Merce Cunningham and Twyla ▶ 204

Left: JOAN MARCUS

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VIDAL SASSOON

THEATER

Tharp. Since May, the show has been enthralling critics (who say it's important) and audiences (who simply like it) with a strange, wordless, and wonderful amalgam of acrobatics, low-comedy circus gags, several wryly dissected styles of dance (modern, buck-and-wing, break), and high-tech video high jinks, all welded together in the service of a Chaplinesque love story. *Story,* in fact, is the key word here. In using this bag of sideshow tricks to tell a tale with beginning, middle, and end, Irwin may well have provided Broadway with its most significant innovation since *Oklahoma!* proved that songs could be used to advance a show's plot. "When we're having a good night," observes Irwin, "vaudeville meets narrative."

Irwin is perhaps the best known of the loose confederation of jugglers, tap dancers, fire-eaters, and assorted shtickers whose activities are usually described under the rubric of New Vaudeville. (Just don't use the phrase in conversation with them; they regard it as a meaningless generalization that glosses over the differences between wildly disparate styles of work.) If there's a single thread that ties together the sort of thing all these performers do, it's probably what San Francisco New Vaudeville Festival producer Sue Ann Hirschberg describes as their "basically anarchist" impulses—irreverence as an art form. And, whether by accident or design, the pomposity that attends performance art seems increasingly to be on the receiving end of their barbs.

If there's a single thread that ties together these performers, it is their basically anarchist impulses—irreverence as an art form

New Yorkers probably don't need to be reminded of Penn and Teller, who mock throughout their show the silliness of any kind of performance, including the one they're conducting (Penn described New Vaudeville to *The New Yorker*'s Calvin Trillin as "a bunch of aging hippies looking at old pictures of W. C. Fields"). Or of the Flying Karamazov Brothers, one of the relatively few juggling troupes in recent memory that can quote *really authoritatively* from the modernist European novelists while simultaneously keeping aloft a bowling ball, a tennis racket, and a small stuffed cat. And coming up on the horizon are acts like the Kipper Kids' *Into the Box, Out of the Box* (they go into and out of boxes a lot, see), Geoff Hoyle's *The Fool Show* (a series of vignettes on the figure of the fool in Western culture, ranging from medieval cap-and-bell gagsters to arts administrators), and Tom Noddy's Einstein-quoting Bubble Guy (figure it out for yourself), each of which pointedly debunks the overseriousness of the performance scene.

"You can always satirize best what you really love," says Irwin, and it's true that the kidding he and his colleagues engage in tends to be gentle rather than derisive. No movement, artistic or political, stays vital for more than a few years if it fails to develop a sense of humor about itself; that's why Marxism is on the ropes and Wendy Wasserstein's *The Heidi Chronicles* represents new hope for feminism. If performance art can be joked out of its worst excesses by shows like these, downtown may be in for a renaissance. If not. . . well, stock in Saran Wrap is *always* a good investment. ▼

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MUSIC

Wynton Marsalis journeys to the heart of New Orleans.

BRIAN CULLMAN enjoys the ride

Wynton Marsalis finds his identity in the New Orleans blues of his childhood.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND VISIBLE JAZZ musician of the last twenty years, Wynton Marsalis is still better known for his appearance than for his sound. Hold up a photo of a dapper young black man wearing an Armani suit and wielding a trumpet, and his name immediately springs to mind. Put on one of his records and close your eyes—don't look at the cover—and the image isn't quite so clear. While there's a consistent musical intelligence there, a perfect tone, and flawless phrasing, there is no strong identity, no stab of recognition.

Because of his age (he's twenty-seven), his outspokenness, and his success, Marsalis has earned himself an inordinate number of detractors, most of whom complain that his music is long on technique and short on passion, that there's a coldness and a lack of emotional depth at the heart of his work. In short, that he may be talented but he's not Miles Davis.

Marsalis shrugs off these attacks; not only is he uninterested in a Godzilla vs. Mothra style showdown with Davis, but the two players recently performed together in New Orleans, finding common ground in the blues and in the New Orleans grooves that Marsalis grew up with and learned from his father, Ellis Marsalis, a piano legend and music teacher.

The New Orleans of his childhood runs through the heart of *The Majesty of the Blues*, Marsalis's new record. The album seems designed to silence his critics and win him new respect, even as it begins to establish a solid identity for him. Musically as well as emotionally, it's the richest and most satisfying work that he's recorded, an evocation and a rethinking of New Orleans blues and jazz that goes back to its beginnings, both in the church and the brothel. In the grooves, the shuffles, and the marches; in the pleasure of the horns, and in Marsalis's new use of economy; and in the welcome use of New Orleans elder statesmen Danny Barker, Teddy Riley, and Michael White, the album manages the near-impossible task of being serious and joyful at the same time.

"That's the New Orleans sound," Marsalis says. "It doesn't matter where the musicians are, where we record. It's like Louis Armstrong going all around the world bringing New Orleans to people. If you're from there, it's in everything you do. The music is about the experience—it's not about standing on a street corner, it's not about eating chicken, it's not about a C^7 chord. It's about finding ways to filter that experience through a blues sensibility.

"When I was growing up, New Orleans music was considered something like Uncle Tom music, or worse, a bowing down. And I believed that, just like everybody else in my generation did: 'That's old, we don't need to listen to that; that's for tourists.' But that's what I come from. And it seems like the biggest question for our generation is: how do we reconcile ourselves with the traditions of our country and get back to the finest things that make us what we are?"

Marsalis has a bit of both the professor and the preacher in him, and he can be by turns maddening and inspiring in his need to redirect and reevaluate the history of American music; but his earnestness is as undeniable as his appetite, as his need to make connections, to find links between his own music and the work of Ellington, Jelly Roll Morton, and nameless journeymen players who carried on the tradition. On this record, relaxing into a blues mode, Marsalis seems capable of asking new and at times extraordinary questions, living those questions in his music, where in the past it often felt as though he was solving musical equations or looking for set answers.

"The search is what's of interest. That's what gives you authority," he insists. "The quest is the most important thing. And that's what the blues is in the mythology of America. The whole proposition of the blues is that you *play* the blues to keep the blues at bay. But you know, in your heart, the blues are going to come back anyway." ◉

MUSIC ▶ 208

CHRIS CALLIS

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MUSIC

in brief

Soul II Soul, *Keep on Movin'* (Virgin). These New Age entrepreneurs make clothing, jewelry, and the most seductive dance music of the season. Merging African and reggae grooves with house beats and a ton of bass, Soul II Soul drops science and philosophy into its incredibly fluent disco singles.

Merle Haggard, *5:01 Blues* (Epic). A storyteller who too often succumbs to mawkishness, Haggard sings here with the clarity of an adult who is freezing to death. By now he's been dumped more times than even he can remember, but when he gets it right, his songs feel like one continuous, crushing blow. He gets it right here.

Jackson Browne, *World in Motion* (Elektra). A decade after he stopped being manna to the teenage girls of suburban America, Browne makes the great seventies album for the late eighties. Even the predictable politics have bite, and the music, a panglobal folkie thing, swings like it hasn't in years.

The Cure, *Disintegration* (Elektra). For their eleventh album, the Cure sets out to make the oppressively gloomy music for which the band is routinely criticized. *Disintegration* is a thick stew, by turns atmospheric and shapeless, all redeemed by Robert Smith's hopelessly wimpy, deeply sexy voice.

Nicola Rescigno, *Bellini, Opera Arias,* June Anderson, Orchestre Philharmonique de Monte-Carlo (EMI CDC 747561 2). Although Anderson lacks Callas's declamatory power and Sutherland's stratospheric brilliance, she has a fastidiously clean technique, a sweet, supple voice with an even scale from top to bottom, and an extension up to a high E flat. This lady has a right to sing bel canto.

William Bolcom, *Euphonic Sounds: The Scott Joplin Album* (Omega OCD 3001). Bolcom gives a straightforward, classical reading of sixteen of Joplin's ragtime dances. This unexpected objectivity emphasizes the poignance of these impudently raucous piano pieces. It also reminds us that for all its sly mirth, ragtime was born in whorehouses, saloons, and funeral processions.

—**JOHN LELAND** and **DAVID DANIEL**

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BOOKS

Thomas Friedman has written a vivid account of **life in the Middle East.** GLORIA EMERSON follows his unsentimental journey *From Beirut to Jerusalem*

A devastated Beirut in 1983: the fighting continued even on Christmas Day.

In his new book, *From Beirut to Jerusalem* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), the gifted *New York Times* correspondent Thomas Friedman writes what many of us know so well: "First, when it comes to discussing the Middle East, people go temporarily insane." Then Friedman, who won a Pulitzer prize for his reporting from Beirut and yet another for his dispatches from Israel, notes, "Second, a Jew who wants to make a career working in or studying about the Middle East will always be a lonely man: he will never be fully accepted or trusted by the Arabs, and he will never be fully accepted or trusted by the Jews."

But he has transcended all of this, and the book is proof of Friedman's immense intelligence and passionate interest in the Middle East. Hardly a typical Middle East correspondent, Friedman was fluent in Hebrew, had a master's degree from Oxford University in the history and politics of the modern Middle East, and had studied Arabic before becoming a journalist. Friedman says that on one level his book is "about a Jew who was raised on all the stories, all the folk songs, and all the myths about Israel, who goes to Jerusalem in the 1980s and discovers that it isn't the Jewish summer camp of his youth but, rather, an audacious and still unresolved experiment to get Jews to live together in one country in the midst of the Arab world."

It is a long and perilous journey Friedman takes us on, never a comforting or sentimental one. He will undoubtedly be accused, although a devout Jew, of being disloyal—or worse. So the courage to write this book is part of his achievement, and the cost to him must have been high. Even in the summer of 1982, when Israel invaded Lebanon and Israeli forces watched while Phalangist militiamen massacred the Palestinian refugees in the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps, a *Times* reader told Friedman's father-in-law: "Your son-in-law is the most hated man in New York City today."

Dear little Israel, brave little Israel: for decades this is how millions of Americans felt about the Jewish state. But Friedman is neither coy nor cowardly in pointing out Israel's mistakes or the suffering it has caused, despite his early attachment to the Jewish state. No one writes with more power, or sadness, about the killings at Sabra and Shatila, and Israeli complicity: "Afterward, the Israeli soldiers would claim they did not know what was happening in the camps. They did not hear the screams. . . . They did not see wanton murder of innocents. . . . What they saw was a 'ter- ▶212

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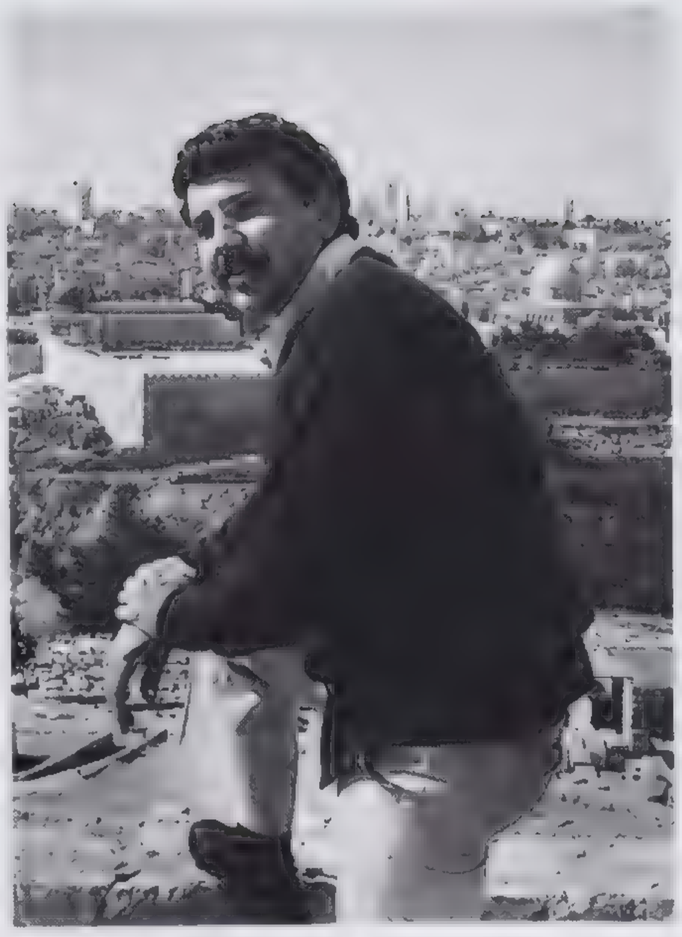
rorist infestation' being 'mopped up' and 'terrorist nurses' scurrying about and 'terrorist' teenagers trying to defend them. . . . In the Israeli psyche you don't come to the rescue of terrorists. . . . Terrorists are only killed, and that is as it should be.'' Red Cross officials estimated the total death toll to be between eight hundred and a thousand.



Friedman in Jerusalem

Friedman makes us see why Israel, in that awful year, thought it could once and for all ''solve'' the Palestinian problem by attacking Lebanon. He writes of Menachem Begin, the Polish-born prime minister whose own life is a primer on the suffering endured by European Jews and Zionists: ''Begin loved the idea of Jewish power, Jewish generals, Jewish tanks, Jewish pride. They were his pornography. He needed a war to satisfy his deep longing for dignity and to cure all his traumas about Jewish impotence.'' What made Begin more dangerous, Friedman feels, was that these fantasies were combined with a self-perception of being a victim. ''Someone who sees himself as a victim will almost never morally evaluate himself or put limits on his own actions,'' he notes. ''Why should he? He is the victim.'' With the help of General Ariel Sharon, Begin intended to drive the PLO out of Lebanon, install Israel's ally Bashir Gemayel (who was assassinated) as president, neutralize Syria and the Lebanese Muslims, make Lebanon sign a peace treaty, and force the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza Strip to accept Israeli rule.

It was easy to ignore the years of reports from Lebanon, where the long civil war seemed too grotesque to comprehend. But Friedman makes us pay attention and at last understand what has made Beirut a place of ''all crime and no punishment.'' We see how former President Reagan and his advisers understood so little about the principal players in Lebanon that they sent in the marines to support our new man, the Phalangist Amin Gemayel, thereby becoming part of the problem. The marines who died there, says Friedman, were victims of the ignorance and arrogance of the ''weak, cynical, and in some cases, venal'' Reagan administration officials whom he names.

And then, too, he illuminates the Arab world in such a way that we can no longer dismiss millions of people as ''those terrorists'' or ''hijackers'' or ''ruthless millionaires.'' His history of the PLO and the reign of Yasser Arafat helps us understand the Palestinian national movement, which came back to life so spontaneously in December 1987 in the West Bank and Gaza. The *intifada* now has the world's attention. Israeli brutality against civilians has upset not only Israelis but Americans as well. *From Beirut to Jerusalem* portrays the two enemies with such accuracy and insight that many readers will feel pain. But this is not a despairing book. Mr. Friedman is not a man to let the puniest joke escape him, and he ends with a reminder of what the good Lord tried to tell Moses: tomorrow can be different from today. ◆

Gloria Emerson, *a journalist and author, has lived in Gaza.*

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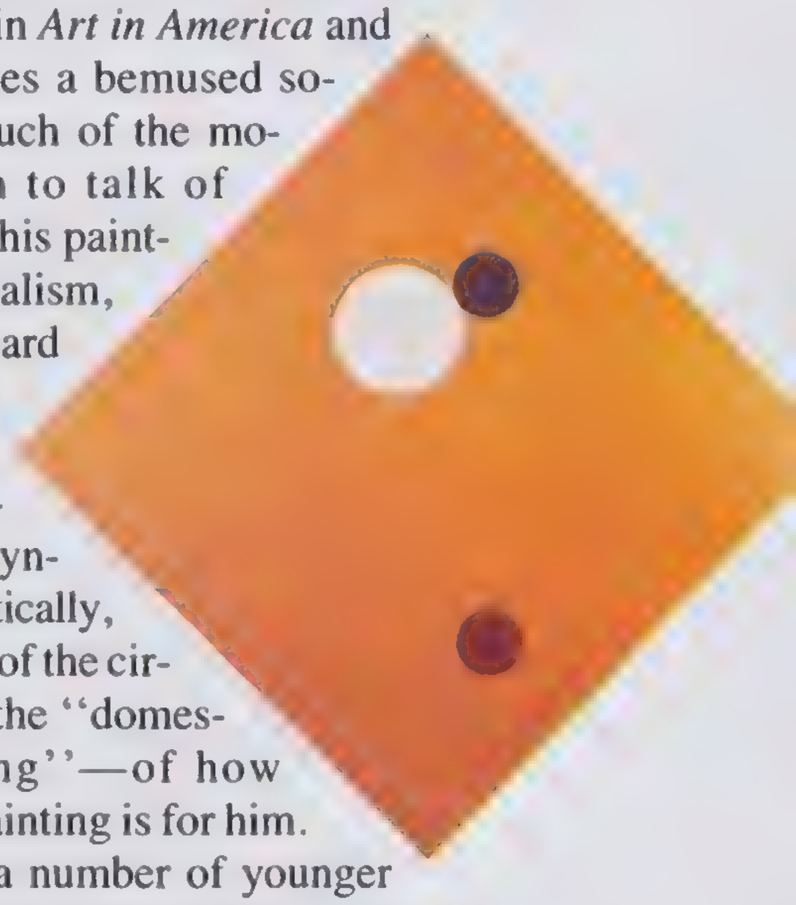
ART

In the latest abstract painting, **the old is new**. But the return to geometric and biomorphic forms by young artists is not merely nostalgia, says JED PERL

AT FIRST STEPHEN WESTFALL'S PAINTINGS—COLDLY elegant geometries presented in a disarmingly plain-spoken way—may strike one as smooth, dispassionate. These stark, poker-faced canvases are composed in muted tints: khaki greens and mustard yellows; or brick red, with that same yellow, and gray and navy blue. But after a while little quirks and eccentricities emerge, Westfall's attention getters. Amid the rectilinear grid of *Honey in the Trees*, he introduces a single diagonal, an intruder form. The two diamond canvases that make up *Days and Nights Without End* are splashed with polka dots, some poised slyly at the edges, as if to announce that they'll disappear any instant now.

Westfall, whose writings about contemporary abstract art appear regularly in *Art in America* and other magazines, cultivates a bemused sophistication that's very much of the moment. One expects him to talk of Mondrian and Malevich—his paintings invoke their spare idealism, their shapes that point toward some purer, better world. And he does talk of modern masters, but Westfall also speaks more idiosyncratically and impressionistically, about the "clownishness" of the circles in some paintings, of the "domestic pleasures of painting"—of how comfortable and sensual painting is for him.



Westfall is just one of a number of younger American artists who have spent the history-conscious eighties psyching out classic European abstraction. Andrew Spence is another homegrown Constructivist whose purist abstractions have impure origins. Spence talks about doing paintings that "even the super in my building can relate to. He looks at an abstraction and realizes it's based on the stairway in the building." His *Ivy Window*, a bold green grid punched up with four black rectangles, hung prominently in the lobby of the Whitney Museum during the recent Biennial. It's based on the view from an ordinary window. The serenely mysterious blue ovoids in *Swivel Chairs* are exactly that—silhouettes of modern chairs.

There seems to be a loose-knit tribe of artists in ▶ 216

The hard-edge precision of the past becomes an element of contemporary expression in Michael Young's 1988 *Messons*, TOP; Andrew Spence's 1988 *Blue Canoe*, detail, LEFT; and Stephen Westfall's *Pumpkin Field*, 1987, ABOVE.

Top: courtesy of Blum Helman Gallery Inc., NYC; left: collection of W.S.B. Foundation courtesy of Barbara Toll Fine Arts; right: courtesy of Daniel Newburg Gallery

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ART

their thirties and forties who might be called the New Purists. Their work includes the somewhat dour tan, black, and red cruciform compositions of Michael Young; the molded plywood constructions of Christopher Lucas, which look like outtakes from a De Stijl nursery; and the emptied out, extremely elegant grids of Harvey Quaytman. Yet another group of artists is going as deep into the biomorphism of the 1930s as Westfall, Spence, and company are delving into the Constructivism of the 1920s. David Storey's brightly colored biomorphic compositions are populated with surreal humanoid configurations; newcomer Li Lin Lee paints boomerang forms that meet and mate like the amoebas in a high school filmstrip.

Peggy Cyphers's *Biological Impressionism #17*, 1988

After decades in which the development of art has been presented as linear—moving from Picasso and Matisse to Pollock and de Kooning to Judd and Stella—at long last there's a new view of artistic succession. Now artists expect developments to be loopy and circuitous. Geometric and biomorphic abstraction, which Clement Greenberg and the postwar formalist critics dismissed as passé, turns out to be important unfinished business. Westfall refers to Constructivism and Surrealism as styles that are "lying in wait" for artists, ripe to be rediscovered. In a way, we're in a period of neoclassicisms. We want to revive all sorts of classical moments. "Abstraction," Westfall points out, "has been around for eighty years. It's a rich tradition."

So abstraction, which used to be forward looking, is now taking on a retrospective tone. Spence announces, as if it were a matter of course, that he's trying to do "all the old-fashioned things." There's a slowing down: Westfall asserts, "We've passed through the period when everybody was an art star at twenty-six"; Spence speaks of working things through "from painting to painting."

Stephen Westfall plays with strict geometry in his 1988 oil *Mirage*.

Emblematic of this quieter pace is the work of Peggy Cyphers, who, at thirty-five, is one of the most intriguing of the new biomorphicists. Her lushly colored, tall, slender compositions, full of snaking seashell and flowerlike forms, unfold gradually, as if in the slow motion of a dream. Cyphers, with a complete lack of guile, wants to envelop us in a science-fiction universe that has overtones of such earlier artists as Georgia O'Keeffe and William Baziotes. She is creating a primordial haven from our high-tech world. But her work, which she terms "biomorphic impressionism," also has an autobiographical dimension: some of her inspiration comes from the geologic formations of the Chesapeake Bay region in Maryland, where she has taken nature walks with her father since she was a child.

The new geometric and biomorphic painting has less of a screechy, comic-strip tone than the tongue-in-cheek Neo-Geo of Philip Taaffe and Peter Halley, which hit the East ▶ 218

Top: courtesy of E. M. Donahue Gallery; bottom: courtesy of Daniel Newburg Gallery

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Village just before that art scene dissolved. Cyphers speaks of "our degradation by the industrial culture" and of abstraction as a way to "merge science and the mysteries." Westfall says he's passed through "Pop-ified" abstraction. He now rejects, at least for himself, the idea that abstraction can be turned into a Dadaist joke. He sees irony as a defense against really getting involved in painting and goes so far as to refer to painting as a "moral exercise"; he comments—perhaps a bit ruefully—that he's too "Episcopalian" to leave drips in his paintings.

At the end of the eighties, there's a widespread desire to re-embrace and re-experience—without irony—lost forms of transcendence and spirituality. Some of the most important recent exhibitions have focused on the historical dimension of this search: the Museum of Modern Art's 1985 show Contrasts of Form, a study of idealism and purism from Mondrian to Donald Judd; The Spiritual in Art, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art in 1986, with its exploration of occult and mystical thought in art from Kandinsky to Brice Marden; and this past spring, the retrospective of Suprematist Kazimir Malevich at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam. Walking through these shows, or leafing through the catalogs, many artists have felt they were breathing a clearer atmosphere.

Of course, there are dangers: tradition *can* mean stagnation, neoclassicism *can* mean nostalgia. The stakes in abstract art now are very high because we desperately want abstraction to feel fresh, relevant, alive. Talking with these artists, it's sometimes hard to know if they're making trends or just riding them. "Geometry doesn't feel strange anymore," says Westfall. "Geometric art can no longer feel utopian." And that creates a problem, because if geometric painting loses its sting, it turns into just another form of nostalgia—as banal as sepia-tinted photographs. When Spence says, "You end up bumping into art history all the time," it's hard to know if that's a good or bad thing.

Never has the authenticity of the artist's engagement with history mattered quite so much. Painters are looking for the future in the past. Many would agree with Jean Cocteau's observation, "The past is only the future grown old, and the present is the past still young." Idealism becomes nostalgia and then becomes idealism all over again.

At this history-conscious moment, artists who are extremely self-conscious have the edge. That's why Westfall, whose work combines the coolly critical style of the seventies with the back-to-painting ethos of the eighties, is finding his way to the center of things right now. The reviews and catalog essays he writes have become an important element in the art world's early-warning system. His paintings are part of an ongoing dialogue between thinking and feeling. "Basically," says Westfall, "we're still working out a romantic agenda." ▼

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tough choices

Decisions about birth control have grown more complicated. Erica Frank, M.D., reports new findings on the pill and other contraceptives

MY FRIEND, A DOCTOR IN HER LATE TWENTIES, had an abortion this fall. She was using a barrier contraceptive and had been conscientious about its use. She'd tried birth-control pills but felt lousy on them, and believed—correctly—that since she didn't see her boyfriend often, a barrier method was a good choice for her. My friend, though she was well-informed and intelligent, found herself caught up in the same unfortunate situation that about 1.5 million other American women find themselves in each year: with an abortion as her perceived best option.

It's become clear that, in 1989, there are no perfect contraceptive methods for women. To gain efficacy, a woman may have to sacrifice some safety; to avoid health risks, she may lose spontaneity.

The choices are difficult ones. Women who became sexually active using the pill in the pre-AIDS era may find it hard to reorient their thinking. In addition to the difficult contraceptive choices a woman must make now, she must also decide how to deal with the small but real risk of fatal illness from intercourse. No longer must women protect just their reproductive health; today they must also protect their lives (by picking partners carefully and insisting on condom use). Although partner choice is probably the most important health decision, condoms are requisite today if one is uncertain about a partner's HIV status. The reason is simple: the pill does *not* protect a woman against any sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS.

The pill: new pros and cons

The pill has come a long way. It has changed from the high-dose estrogen and progestin pill of the last decade to a combination pill that uses the lowest possible doses of estrogen and progestin to maintain efficacy and prevent spotting.

When birth-control pills (such as Enovid 10) were first introduced in 1960, the progestin used was a 10 milligram dose of norethynodrel and the estrogen was 150 micrograms of mestranol. Today, however, birth-control pills contain less than a quarter of the old dosages. Current birth-control pills also use different hormones (progestins such as ethynodiol diacetate and norethindrone, and estrogens like ethinyl estradiol). These changes—different hormones at lower dosages—have produced birth-control pills that may be less likely to cause cancer, have fewer adverse effects on cholesterol levels, and produce fewer skin problems.

How safe is today's pill? According to *Contraceptive Technology* (Irvington Publishers, Inc. 1988), a medical textbook, a nonsmoker's chance of death from taking the pill for a year is one in 63,000; one in 16,000 for a smoker. Compare these pill risks with the death risks per year of having a baby (one in 10,000), automobile driving (one in 6,000), and motorcycle riding (one in 1,000).

The real advantages of the pill are its low failure rate and its ability to prevent risks associated with pregnancy. While 90 percent of women who use no method of birth control will get pregnant within a year, only about 1 percent of heterosexually active women who use the pill properly will become pregnant.

Historically, women feared using the pill because of the increased risk of blood clots, heart attacks, and strokes; but the low-dose pills have done much to decrease such cardiovascular risks. It's now clear that these rare cardiovascular events occur primarily in older women (over thirty-five) who smoke and in those with other conditions, such as obesity, high blood pressure, diabetes, high cholesterol, or a history of cardiovascular disease. Also, warning signs such as headaches, visual changes, sudden shortness of breath, or severe chest, abdominal, or leg pain while on the pill have helped to signal potential problems for pill users.

The current health concerns with the pill: breast cancer and cholesterol. Recent studies—featured prominently in the press—suggest that pill users may be at higher risk of breast cancer. Although these articles have suggested an association between the pill and breast cancer, the studies themselves have several epidemiological limitations. Some of the birth-control pills studied were the original, high-dose pills, not the low-dose ones currently prescribed; experts suggest the cancer-causing potential of the high-dose pills may be greater. Additionally, the reasons for the increased breast-cancer risk

were disputed among experts. Some said duration of pill use was paramount; others cited a family history of breast cancer, early onset of menstruation, or bearing fewer children. It is important to note that most previous studies found no significant relationship between breast cancer and the pill. Furthermore, this newly reported elevated risk was suggested in young women, a group in which breast cancer (even among pill users) is extremely rare and for whom even the slightest increased risk makes scientists take note.

King K. Holmes, M.D., Ph.D., professor of medicine and director of the Center for AIDS and Sexually Transmitted Diseases at the University of Washington in Seattle, says, "We all hope the new studies linking breast cancer to the pill turn out to be false. However, this represents a good opportunity for women to reexamine whether they really require the low pregnancy rates that the pill provides. Some women may find that they'd rather use a method like foam and condoms, have better protection against sexually transmitted diseases, and not run the possible adverse health risks associated with the pill." Nonetheless, examination of all the evidence (the most responsible way for women and their physicians to make decisions) still indicates that the pill now being prescribed will probably represent, for most women, no substantially increased lifetime risk of breast cancer.

What about other cancers? Although experts continue to accumulate data, risk of cervical, skin, and liver cancers is probably not markedly elevated in pill users, as was formerly suspected. On the plus side, according to Robert Hatcher, M.D., senior author of *Contraceptive Technology*, "There is a good deal of evidence to suggest that the pill protects against both ovarian and endometrial cancers."

The pill does not protect a woman against any sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS

According to Geoffrey P. Redmond, M.D., a Cleveland Clinic Foundation endocrinologist specializing in hormonal diseases of women and children, the pill may also have variable effects on cholesterol levels. While different brands of birth-control pills contain estrogens that may vary little in their effect on the body's cholesterol level, they may contain very different types and levels of progestins, which are responsible for lowering the "good" (HDL) cholesterol and raising the "bad" (LDL) cholesterol. This cholesterol-raising effect of progestins is one reason (in addition to problems with decreased efficacy and spotting) to avoid the progestin-only "mini-pill." Dr. Redmond believes that in the future "birth-control pills will be selected according to their effects on cholesterol." He recommends that women use birth-control pills with low levels of "good" progestins (such as those found in Demulen-1/35, Ovcon-35, Brevicon, and Modicon). According to Michael Kafrissen, M.D., director of clinical reproductive research for Johnson Pharmaceutical Research Institute (associated with Ortho Pharmaceutical), new progestins that have even better effects on lipids currently "dominate the market in Europe and may be ready for use in the United States in the next two years."

Who should use the pill? The ideal candidate is healthy, young, sexually active, monogamous, nonsmoking, and does not wish to get pregnant now but would like to be able to conceive later. According to Dr. Hatcher, nonsmoking women who have no cardiovascular risks "may continue taking the currently available low-dose estrogen and progestin pill until as late as age fifty." He also points out that a combination of estrogen and progestin quite similar to that found in birth-control pills (estrogen replacement therapy in the form of Premarin and Provera) has been shown to help protect against osteoporosis and cardiovascular disease after menopause.

Other medical problems, such as severe headaches or illnesses requiring certain medications, may interact with birth-control pills; a recent fracture requiring a cast may also make pill use inadvisable. If a woman falls into any of these categories, she may still be able to use oral contraception, but should discuss it with her doctor.

A substantial number of women (as many as a quarter of those who try using the pill) cannot tolerate the pill's side effects. Women may not feel well on the pill and may experience spotting, acne, breast tenderness, increased frequency of yeast infections, depression, fatigue, headaches, water retention, rash, hypertension, nausea, decreased sex drive, or weight gain. But these side effects do not affect all women (and can disappear if a woman switches to another pill formulation), and they may be countered by other benefits—for example, an improvement in sex drive, sexual spontaneity, menstrual regularity and predictability, as well as a decrease in acne and menstrual discomfort. Some data suggest that the pill can also help to protect against benign breast disease, heavy bleeding, iron-deficiency anemia, pelvic inflammatory disease, and ectopic pregnancy.

Barrier methods

For a woman who does not want to take the pill, other options are less than perfect. Although condoms are critical protection against sexually transmitted infections, the use of condoms only will produce a pregnancy in about 10 percent of typical couples who use the method for a year. Condoms, which are more effective as a method of contraception when used with a spermicide, usually fail because they're not used regularly. They also fail because they're not put on precoitally; they're used with petroleum jelly (which causes rubber to deteriorate); or they're reused, which makes them prone to breakage. In addition, condoms must have a one-inch sperm reservoir at the tip and must be removed immediately after orgasm. Similarly, although spermicidal foams, suppositories, creams, and jellies help to prevent sexually transmitted diseases (by killing infectious organisms), they typically fail as contraception; in couples using them for one year, about 15 percent of the time.

Methods such as the sponge, cervical cap, and diaphragm may permit more spontaneity than does the condom. These vaginal barrier methods, used with a spermicide, can be excellent birth-control options for women who have infrequent intercourse and are willing and able to use them. However, many women find them messy, uncomfortable, and inconvenient; failure rates are about 15 percent a year. It is ►222

noteworthy that much lower failure rates, as low as 1 to 2 percent a year, have been reported when women properly (correctly and conscientiously) used condoms or diaphragms.

Other choices

The IUD (intrauterine device) is making its way back into the American market. A few years ago, American women stopped using the IUD because they were frightened by the increased risk (especially for women with multiple partners) of pelvic inflammatory disease, a serious disorder that may cause, among other complications, infertility. More than ten thousand lawsuits stemming from Dalkon Shield–related pelvic infections virtually halted the IUD's distribution and promotion in this country by 1986. But currently a few IUDs are available in the United States; a new design eliminates the multifilamented tail (which allowed bacteria to enter the uterus). For carefully selected women, experts say some IUD devices, such as the Copper-T 380A, can be a safe and effective option. Women who are in a stable relationship; who need a highly effective method of birth control (about 1 percent a year failure rate for the Copper-T 380A); who do not wish to bear the inconvenience, cost, and health risks of other methods; and who are willing to face a somewhat increased risk of future infertility are candidates for IUD use. According to a recent American Medical Association study panel that evaluated the new IUDs: "When used by women in monogamous relationships [because risk of sexually transmitted disease (STD) is low], these devices are reliable in reducing pregnancy and have relatively few complications."

Some women opt for more permanent birth control. In this country, millions of people are sterilized each year: in 1987, 8.1 million women and 5.7 million men underwent the procedure. Sterilization for men and women is relatively safe and effective (less than .5 percent a year failure rate). Although doctors emphasize that people should not undergo this procedure unless they are *certain* they don't want more (or any) children, conservatively performed male and female sterilizations are potentially reversible through surgery about two-thirds of the time. Nonetheless, since repair requires expensive (about $10,000) and complex surgery, and resumption of fertility is not guaranteed, this method should be considered an irreversible form of birth control.

One of the riskiest options is the rhythm, or periodic abstinence, method (based on calendar charting of temperature, and quality of cervical mucus). It has an 18 percent failure rate in the first year of use—*when* a woman accurately charts data and then abstains or uses another method during the week or so a month when she is fertile. Withdrawal also has about a 20 percent failure rate in the first year, as well as the disadvantage of reliance on another person to prevent pregnancy. Even if one's partner cooperates conscientiously, pre-ejaculatory fluid may contain millions of sperm.

Postcoital methods are available in this country, but are controversial for political and ethical reasons and are not recommended by physicians as regular methods of birth control. Physician-prescribed high-dose hormones may be used as "morning after" pills up to three days after intercourse; failure rates are only about 1 percent an episode. Postcoital IUD insertion (for women who wish to use the IUD on an intermittent basis) and menstrual extraction (with delayed menstruation, suction of uterine contents performed *prior* to a pregnancy test) are available though discouraged. Abortion, at least for the time being, remains a last-resort option (for women who can afford it) in the first thirteen weeks of pregnancy and, for women whose health is threatened, up to the twenty-fourth week.

The future of contraception

Why don't American women have more and newer contraceptive options to fit their varied contraceptive profiles? The biggest factor is that it may take pharmaceutical companies up to fifteen years and more than $100 million to produce a birth-control method that is substantially better than those currently available. It also requires a willingness by drug companies to fight potential liability lawsuits. Johnson Research's Dr. Kafrissen says, "In general, new products have to be distinct therapeutic improvements over what's currently available, useful to a large segment of the population, and patent protectable long enough to cover research and development expenses. If you're looking for genuinely novel approaches to contraception, I think most of those options are years off."

Women who became sexually active using the pill in the pre-AIDS era may find it hard to reorient their thinking

Despite these provisos, an enormous number of new ideas are being pursued experimentally. The highly publicized abortifacient RU 486, or Mifepriston, has had some success in France. (This drug works by preventing the maintenance of the uterine lining during pregnancy.) However, RU 486 and other medical abortifacients (such as prostaglandins) will face considerable resistance in the United States from those who oppose abortion. Other methods that have already been tried elsewhere include long-acting subcutaneous progestin implants (effective for five years and already used in Finland, Sweden, and Indonesia) and monthly or bimonthly injectable hormones (employed in China and New Zealand). One new option, the female condom (a loose, intravaginal sheath that may help to prevent both pregnancy ► 224

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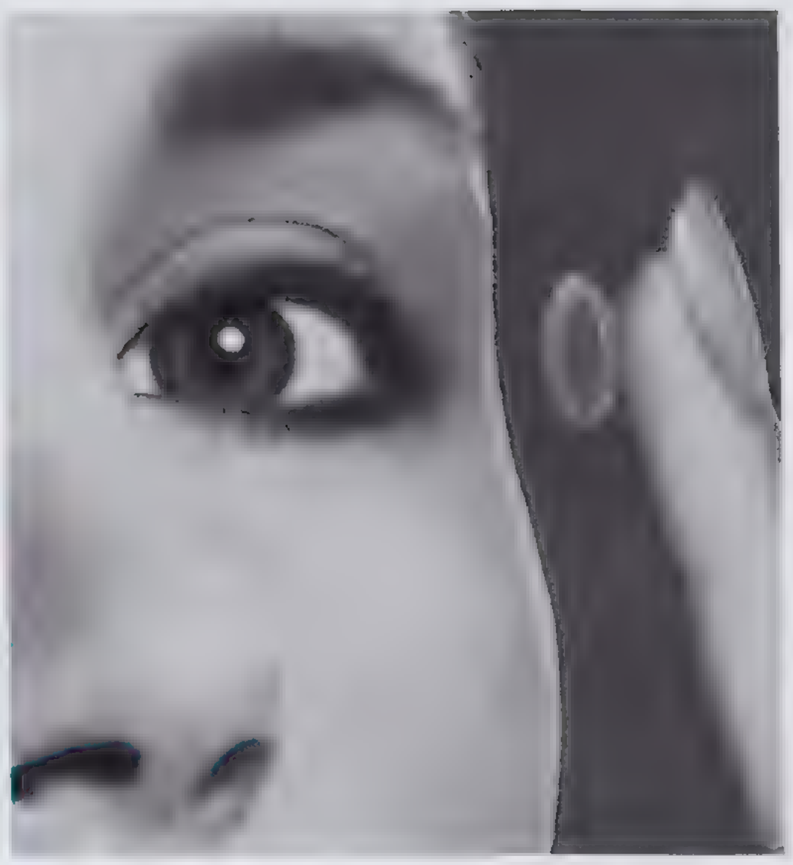

how to handle the touchy problem of wrinkles even if you wear contact lenses.

If you're concerned about wrinkles and crow's feet around your eyes, you know it makes good sense to moisturize that delicate area with an eye cream. But there's a catch. If you wear contact lenses, you can't take chances with anything that might cause redness, puffiness, bumps, or tears.

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and STDs), has recently been submitted for FDA approval. Some products, such as the oral contraceptive N.E.E. 1/35, an already available pill at a discounted price, and specially anchored and hormone-loaded IUDs, provide small variations on already marketed themes.

Being studied: experimental vaccines (using hormone, sperm, or ovarian-component antigens); egg-release inhibitors and other hormone-antagonizing compounds; intranasally administered hormones; hormonal vaginal inserts or transcutaneous patches; intravaginal sperm-enzyme inhibitors; intravaginal contraceptive drugs; and intracervical devices (including some that use a weak electrical field to immobilize sperm). These are all highly experimental methods, most of which will probably be found ineffective.

Although politics may be the reason that male methods are not more widely developed, it can be argued that the primary reason is physiological. Men produce millions of sperm every day for their entire postpubertal lives. Women have only one egg a month that requires manipulation. And the development of sperm (unlike that of eggs) depends mainly on the same hormones that govern sex drive.

There are, however, some investigational male methods. Ultrasound of the testicles, ingestion of a compound called gossypol (a cottonseed-oil derivative), which interferes with sperm production, or compounds that suppress sperm growth–stimulating hormones are currently being researched.

For couples' use together, new options being investigated include easier (even nonsurgical) and more reversible male and female sterilization methods and improved ways of determining the appropriate times for periodic abstinence (using, for example, the hormone content of saliva or urine as a marker).

Despite these new possibilities, women may be left in the end with the dilemma of my friend who had the abortion. There are risks and benefits to all contraceptive options. A woman picks the degree of efficacy she requires, the risks with which she can live, and takes her chances. HEALTH ▶ 226

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HEALTH NOTES

Contacts: a closer look

The latest contact-lens innovations—disposable and extended-wear lenses, as well as colored contacts—have been subjected to intense scrutiny by experts. Recent findings:

• Several studies have suggested that users of extended-wear lenses are more likely than daily-wear lens users to develop eye problems ranging from bacterial infections to a scratch on the cornea. The largest study to focus on the safety of extended-wear lenses has just been completed at Harvard Medical School. Oliver Schein, M.D., one of the five-member research team, says the study reveals that there is a significantly greater risk of developing ulcerative keratitis (a severe inflammation of the cornea) among extended-wear lens users as compared with daily users. The risk increases with greater amounts of overnight wear. As a result of the study, several contact-lens manufacturers plan to limit the recommended wearing time of these lenses to seven consecutive nights, even though the lenses have FDA approval to be worn for thirty.

• How do the new, throwaway lenses compare? "Disposable lenses, which are also extended-wear, are an improvement because they may reduce the protein deposits around the lenses," says Scott MacRae, M.D., assistant professor of ophthalmology at Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland and consultant to the FDA's Ophthalmic Devices Panel. "That's only if the patient is compliant and disposes of the lenses every seven days, as the instructions dictate."

• The most widely used colored contacts—DuraSoft lenses—may cause haziness in a wearer's peripheral vision. Michael Insler, M.D., an ophthalmologist at Louisiana State University Eye Center, and Clifford Hendricks, M.D., an ophthalmology resident at Tulane University Medical Center, reported in a recent study that patients wearing DuraSoft colored lenses experienced a significant reduction in the size of their visual field. Unlike other colored lenses, which are merely tinted, DuraSoft lenses are opaque (but a small transparent circle in the center of the lens allows light to enter the pupil). The researchers say that in wearers who have larger-than-average pupils (or in dim lighting conditions that cause the pupil to dilate), the opaque part of the lens could obscure part of the pupil, partially blocking peripheral vision. "The lenses don't cause permanent damage," says Dr. Hendricks, "and I don't discourage patients from wearing them. But they should be aware that in certain situations (for example, driving), they may not see as much as they need to."

Wesley-Jessen, the maker of DuraSoft Colors, disputes the findings—as do some eye-care specialists—claiming that patients quickly adapt to the lenses. Doug Brown, a Wesley-Jessen spokesperson, says, "Wearers of glasses would experience a similar phenomenon as wearers of colored lenses because peripheral vision isn't corrected. But eventually eyes adapt."

SPF T-shirt?

Next summer, when you reach for a favorite T-shirt, think again. A new sun-protective fabric will be available by next spring, thanks to work being done by Madhukar Pathak, Ph.D., of Harvard Medical School. Treated with chemicals that absorb ultraviolet rays, the fabric will have an SPF of over 60 (an ordinary T-shirt has an SPF of 12 or lower).

DNA fingerprints: genes and justice

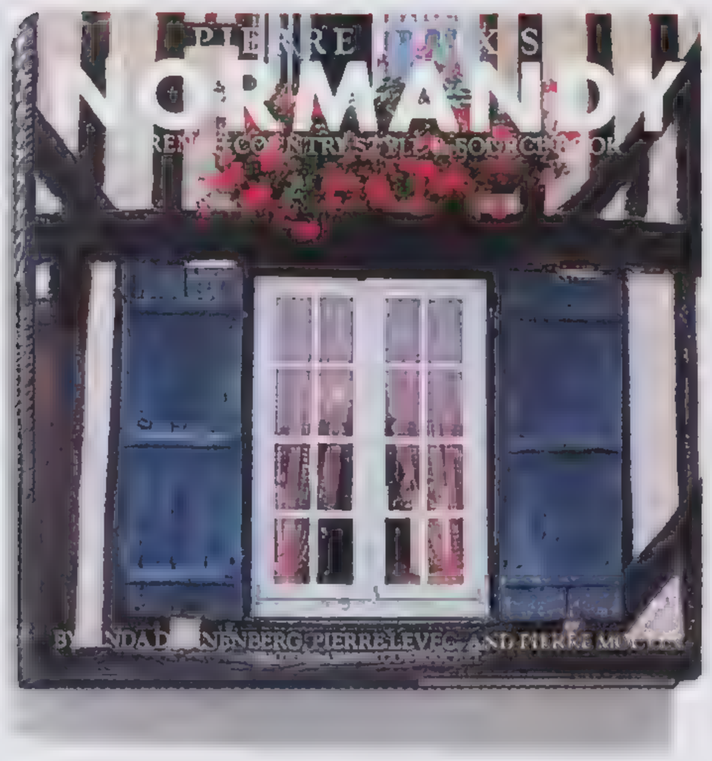
DNA fingerprinting—a state-of-the-art identification technology—is revolutionizing the legal process in rape and paternity cases. DNA (strands of genetic material that are minuscule human blueprints) has figured prominently in medical research for decades. Now legal experts are finding DNA analysis as useful in the courtroom as in the lab. And those who are most likely to benefit from this are women.

DNA exists in every nucleus-containing cell in the body; a matching DNA print, derived from a drop of semen or blood or a full strand of hair, is, according to many experts, definitive proof of a man's guilt of rape—or fatherhood.

"This is the first yes-or-no test," boasts John Huss, vice president of marketing at Cellmark Diagnostics, the company that pioneered DNA fingerprinting. In rape cases, classic ID techniques, such as blood testing, can be used to prove a man's innocence but not his guilt: millions of people have identical blood types. Genetic codes are unique. Experts anticipate that as DNA typing becomes more available, more women who are victims of rape will come forward (knowing their testimony will be backed by powerful evidence). Although some experts have challenged the reliability of DNA evidence, says Robert McLeod, a former Florida prosecutor, "When I had DNA evidence, I convicted."

The impact of DNA fingerprinting on paternity suits is also significant. The blood analyses that have traditionally been used to establish fatherhood only determine the *likelihood* of paternity. Typically, proof that the mother and defendant had sex near the time of conception is also required. "DNA fingerprinting says 'He is' or 'He isn't' the father," says Joseph DePrimio, Philadelphia's assistant chief district attorney.

ESCAPE TO THE COUNTRYSIDE



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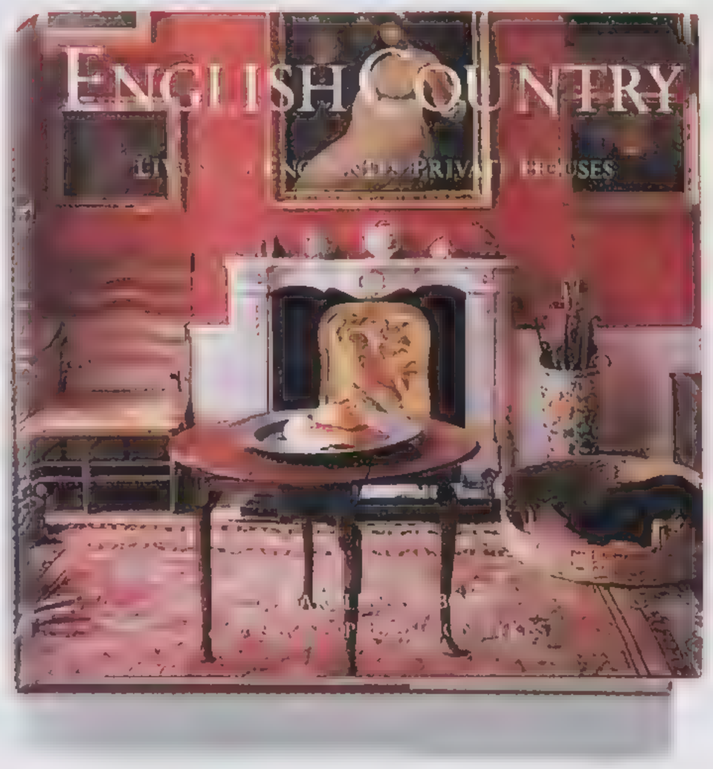

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MIND HEALTH

Do **negative emotions** cause disease? CAROL TAVRIS, Ph.D., reports on the current mind-over-body dispute

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, A *NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF Medicine* editorial lashed out against the "psychologizing" of illness. "At a time when patients are already burdened by disease," executive editor Marcia Angell, M.D., wrote, "they should not be further burdened by having to accept the responsibility for the outcome." Many physicians believe that psychologists have gone overboard on the idea that personality traits, emotions, and attitudes "cause" disease—and that the worst diseases can be cured with jokes or positive thinking. At the same time, the psychologizing of disease has escalated. Countless popular books state or imply that health is largely mind over matter. Workshops and seminars across the country market programs that are supposed to teach psychological strategies for avoiding illness.

Sick people are now made to feel guilty for having "brought on" their illness

Psychological factors are undoubtedly one link in a long chain of events that lead to illness, but researchers disagree about how important the link is. Mind matters, but is mind *over* matter possible? In studying the components of health and illness, are researchers overestimating psychological factors (such as optimism or humor) and underestimating economic and biological conditions (such as unemployment or disease)?

Consider the complex relationship between emotions and disease. Howard S. Friedman, Ph.D., and Stephanie Booth-Kewley, Ph.D., of the University of California at Riverside, observed that before one could conclude that chronically negative emotions directly cause disease, other explanations would have to be ruled out:

- The disease causes the emotion. Many psychotherapists and physicians see patients who are angry, depressed, or anxious because they are sick. It is an easy jump to the mistaken conclusion that the anger, depression, or anxiety *caused* the illness. In addition, some diseases or abnormalities, such as a brain tumor or an oxygen deficiency, can directly cause mood and attitude changes.
- Unhealthy habits cause the disease. Many studies that have examined the links between personality and disease did not take health habits into account. But before concluding that "an anxious personality type causes cancer," one would have to rule out the possibility that people who feel anxious are more likely to smoke or drink or eat poorly.
- Something else entirely affects both the emotion and the disease. Still another possibility is that a third factor—such as an underlying biological condition or a chronic social problem, like poverty—is responsible for a person's habitual emotional makeup and for the onset of illness. An overresponsive nervous system could lead to the development of frequent anger and, independently, to heart disease. A continuing sense of powerlessness (a common problem among the poor) could lead to anxiety or depression and, independently, to a failure to seek needed medical help.
- Personality leads to disease, which affects personality, which affects disease: the mind-body system. A single personality trait or emotion, Friedman and Booth-Kewley observe, is rarely the cause of disease. But chronic anxiety could lead to unhealthy practices, which could cause physical changes (influenced by one's genetic makeup), which could make the original anxiety worse, which could keep one from taking care of oneself, and so on in a continuing cycle.

In addition to offering other interpretations of the relationship between personality and disease, some researchers have become critical of the methods used in these studies. At the last convention of the American Psychological Association, Paul T. Costa, Jr., Ph.D., of the National Institute on Aging, criticized the tendency of researchers in health psychology to rely on anecdotal reports from patients rather than medical measures of health. "A measure of myocardial enzymes is much more sound than subjective reports of chest pains," he said. "Complaints may indicate that a person is neurotic and distress-prone, but not necessarily disease-prone."

Indeed, Costa and his associates, who have been conducting a longitudinal study of a representative sample of American adults for many years, specifically tried to find a link between neuroticism and risk of heart disease. They found no relationship. "You don't need to worry about worrying yourself to death," says Costa.

Yet researchers also face a problem when they rely solely on physiological measurements, such as changes in the immune system and hormone levels. "Physiology seems so solid after the elusive concepts of psychology," says psychologist James Pennebaker, Ph.D., of Southern Methodist University, who has been investigating the physiological mechanisms underlying his psychological finding that people who suppress traumatic secrets are at increased risk of illness. "But once you get into it, you find it's just as slippery, just as hard to measure and interpret," he comments.

For example, Pennebaker says, psychologists are often delighted when they find a relationship be- ▶ 230

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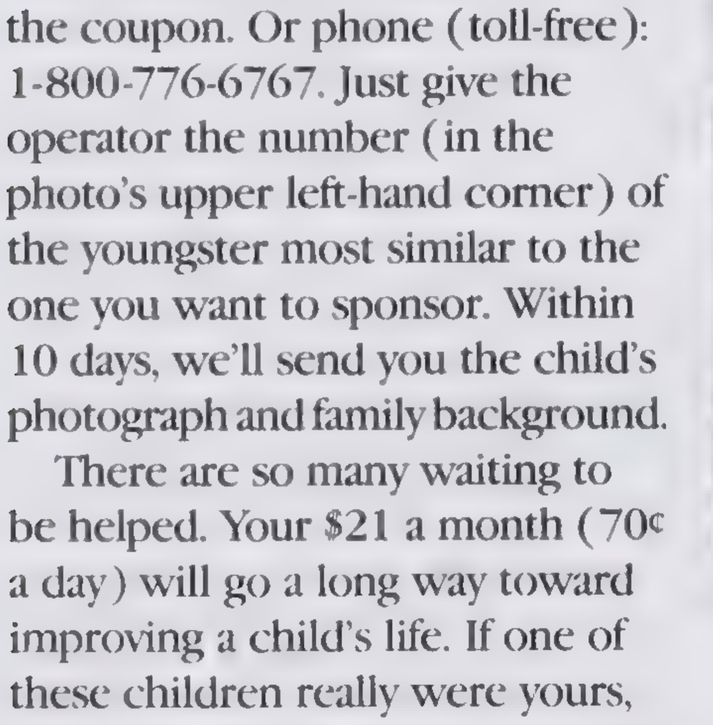

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MIND HEALTH

tween a psychological factor, such as pessimism, and a physiological one, such as a drop in the natural killer cells that are part of the immune system. But immunologists themselves tend to be skeptical of such findings, pointing out that a change in one part of the immune system is often compensated for by other parts of the system—or is completely independent of it. Moreover, says Pennebaker, "there is no clear link between immune function today and what your health will be next week. On the positive side, it's the only game in town—immune function measures, though still crude, are an objective measure of presumed health."

The complexity of the immune system, therefore, tends to be overlooked when a researcher gets a dramatic experimental result. For example, David McClelland, Ph.D., of Boston University, has been studying the health consequences for people who have what he calls Stressed Power Motivation Syndrome—a blocked or frustrated desire for power. McClelland finds that the natural killer cells in the immune systems of such individuals show a reduced ability to kill cancer cells. But even McClelland admits that no one yet knows whether short-term changes in the immune system—for example, reduction in killer cells' potency during a brief, stressful experiment—have any long-term health significance.

Researchers agree on one psychological factor important to physical health: a sense of control

Yet health researchers generally agree that one psychological factor stands out as being important to physical health and emotional well-being: a sense of control. People who feel powerless tend to respond to stress with anger, depression, pessimism, and drug use and other habits that are hazardous to health. They are less able to cope with physical pain. They notice and report more physical symptoms than do people who feel in control.

But as Judith Rodin, Ph.D., a psychologist at Yale University, observes, even the sense of control is not all in the mind—nor is it always desirable. "The path between control and health runs in two directions," she says. "Feeling in control affects health, but being healthy also affects how much control people believe they have." Moreover, if an unrealistically confident person tries to control the uncontrollable ("I'm going to be a financial success in sixty days!"), the resulting failure may lead to helplessness. It also doesn't help people to believe they have control over causing an event, Rodin adds, if they then feel unable to cope with it. One way to restore a sense of control after disaster or illness strikes is by taking responsibility for future actions while not blaming oneself for past ones. This way of thinking about illness allows a person to avoid guilt while gaining mastery.

The *New England Journal of Medicine*, it seems, was right in one respect: it is wildly premature for people to be berating themselves for having brought on their illnesses. Yet the *Journal* was wrong in another. Once a person is in a stressful situation or has an illness, some responses are better than others. It is better to take control than to wallow indecisively. People who use humor, hope, and optimism are better off than those who are overcome by depression and pessimism.

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HOROSCOPE

By Michael Lutin

Dear readers: From the moment the new moon in Leo gets its jolt from Pluto in Scorpio on the 1st, everybody will be feeling so intense and weird you'll swear a terrorist has spiked the drinking water. Scorpios will be squeezing Leos *very* tightly—could be love, could be murder. Jupiter moves into Cancer for the next year, which is basically good news for everyone. Judges soften and commute stiff sentences. Guardian angels come through to help push that boulder up the hill. On top of that, the moon's orbit highlights the Leo-Aquarius axis for the next year and a half, which is why some folks will insist on having love affairs that go absolutely nowhere. During this period, please try not to fall in love with Mel Gibson and then get depressed when he doesn't call or write.

LEO
July 23–August 22

This is a truly intense moment in your already overdramatized life. Brace yourself: in the coming months, you will rise above many compulsions and addictions. Whether you're sixteen or sixty, you're struggling with parent-child issues and obsessing over how far away from the tree the apple will fall. Thanks to the south node of the moon, many Leos will be flocking to plastic surgeons and laying in the Retin-A.

VIRGO
August 23–September 22

Uh-oh. Your heart's at it again. With the new moon in your twelfth house, you're only semiconscious at the moment. Although you do try to get into your back-to-school head, you probably won't really shape up until September. Isn't it funny that when your emotions finally *do* overtake you, which is what you are always lighting candles and praying for, you try to deny it's happening?

LIBRA
September 23–October 22

True, you've got a smile that could send people screaming for insulin, but in all truth you are quite caring. And as Jupiter culminates this year, people will acknowledge your kindness and competence. So even if you are not emotionally ready for it, be gracious about new opportunities to elevate your position in this world. The moon's orbit will now teach you the difference between lovers and friends: friends can tell you who they've been carrying on with and you still think it's funny.

SCORPIO
October 23–November 21

With Jupiter in the ninth house, eclipse in the tenth, this is the perfect time to contemplate, explore, and let your mind expand. If only you could take that sabbatical now. But how could I even suggest such a notion when we all know that if you take even five minutes off, the entire world will stop turning? *Please*. It would be therapeutic for you to get off this obsession with becoming a household word.

SAGITTARIUS
November 22–December 21

Travel plans are on-again, off-again, but knowing you, you'll probably go and at least *say* you had a great time. The big news, though, is Jupiter in your eighth house. Economic problems aren't totally over, but a helping hand appears. Expect a windfall—maybe from one of your previous lives. Of course, it wouldn't hurt to buy a few lottery tickets or butter up your Uncle Ernie so he'll change his will.

HOROSCOPE ▶ 235

While going west in 1892, Mr. Girard Clemons made sure all his prize possessions rode with him in the wagon. Out of consideration for his wife, Mr. Clemons drove slowly.

You've come a long way, baby.

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FEEL SALON BEAUTIFUL EVERY DAY

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HOROSCOPE

CAPRICORN
December 22–January 19

While the rest of the world is dancing, making merry, tearing the meat apart and licking fat off their fingers, you're strangely detached from it all. Passions that would once have floored you affect you much less—which is great since you've been spending so much time trying to prove you weren't repressed. August is a test of this newfound strength.

AQUARIUS
January 20–February 18

Mixed messages in the relationship house. One of you will be chasing intimacy while the other is trying desperately to get away from it. You can probably stabilize certain relationships temporarily, but eventually you have to learn that you cannot control people; you have to let them go. Try not to go the Shakespearean tragedy route and copy Romeo and Juliet.

PISCES
February 19–March 20

Working fiendishly to be creative, you've been trying to move away from the pressured career life. It's all too harsh and narrowing for a sensitive type like you. So why is job security an issue you obsess about even while dyeing your hair? Pisceans in childbearing years are superfertile now, so if you're not wild about feeding infants, sleep with the lights on.

ARIES
March 21–April 19

The guy who wrote the song that says that falling in love is wonderful, wonderful, certainly didn't have an eclipse in *his* fifth house. Why you would fixate on someone you can never have, why you thrill to the element of the impossible—these are questions that will soon be answered in the soap opera that is about to become your life.

TAURUS
April 20–May 20

Many Taureans are fabulous homemakers. They like to create a spotless showplace where all the in-laws can gather and barbecue those who are absent. What's behind this tremendous urge to take all your "Beautiful Home" magazines, draw the blinds, and hunker down in front of the air conditioner? Even when it's absolutely beautiful outside, you can find 802 reasons to stay indoors and do chores.

GEMINI
May 21–June 21

A year ago, car payments loomed like the federal deficit. Now finances don't intimidate you. It just goes to show you that when you face conflicts, they actually get resolved. The rainy season may not exactly be over, but at least now you have an umbrella. P.S. From the new moon on the 1st till the 15th, bear in mind that mental instability is just an illusion.

CANCER
June 22–July 22

Jupiter's arrival in your sign makes everybody appreciate you again. Maybe you're just complaining less so you're better company. Less resentful in your role as nurturer, you won't even cry while chopping onions. When you can sing "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin' " and mean it, you'll be completely evolved this year.

Note: Dates of astrological signs may vary according to your time and year of birth. Check with your astrologer.

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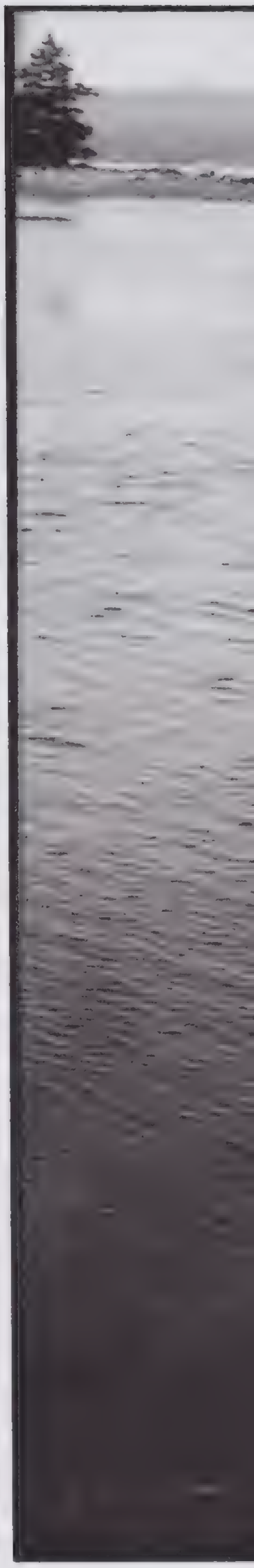
FROM HELENE CURTIS

maine stay

In a world of big cities and constant change, a journalist finds peace by returning every summer to her childhood in Northeast Harbor

By Frances FitzGerald



IN THE CITY, WHEN I CANNOT SLEEP, I IMAGINE MYSELF on the far shore of a certain island off the coast of Maine, ten miles out of Northeast Harbor. The island is thickly forested in spruce and balsam, but from the small lobstering village on its one harbor you can follow the deer trails through the woods, past a swamp where pitcher plants grow, to the windward side and the open sea. Near the shore you cross a small clearing protected from the ocean by piles of gray driftwood. On a sunny day it is warm there, and as you trample the bracken, the smells of bay and of sweet fern rise up around you and combine with the scent of balsam. Beyond the clearing is a cove with a beach of rounded stones the size of dinosaur eggs; on either side massive ledges of pink granite run straight down into the sea. There is a chilly breeze off the water, and above the sound of the waves you can hear the metallic clang of a bell buoy. At the water's edge the waves slap and suck with such force that they drag the big stones in and out with them, grinding them smooth. The sea is dark green and freezing cold. A hundred yards out, the buoy and a row of sea ducks ride the slow, heavy swells; on the buoy two cormorants draw themselves up to their full heights and shake the water from their oily wings. There are no boats in sight—the sea is empty to the horizon. Somewhere out there beyond the horizon is Mount Desert Rock, where the whales come to feed in the upwelling currents of plankton. But there is no other landfall until Portugal.

I did not choose Maine. I awoke to it one summer at whatever age it is that children become conscious of place. Doubtless I was on the gray porch of my Peabody grandparents' house in Northeast Harbor, looking out at the boats in the cove and feeling that particular contrast of hot sun and cold breeze—the sensation of baked Alaska. My great-grandparents, whom I do not remember, had a house not far away. My mother had spent all the summers of her childhood running back and forth between the two houses with a flock of brothers and cousins. She met my father at a party in Bar Harbor—the town on the other side of Mount Desert Island—one summer just before the war. After they were married, he took to Northeast as if he had been brought up there. Writing from somewhere on a march across southern China in early 1945, he described those houses and that cove in such detail that you knew he must have been living in them in his imagination as his battalion fought on through the heat and the mud. When he came home from the war, one of the first things he did was to buy some land on the water not far from Northeast Harbor. For many summers we swam and picnicked there every day. Eventually my brother and sister and I built a house on that land, and now the next generation of children is learning to swim and playing in the tide pools. The place has a hold on us.

Northeast Harbor—and indeed most of Mount Desert Island—has changed remarkably little since I was a child. There are some new houses, a new school, a new preacher at St. Mary's By-the-Sea. But most of the families after whom the mountains and coves are named still live here, and the same racing sloops still lie at their moorings in Gilpatrick's Cove. Neither the summer people nor the year-round residents rebuild or relandscape the way people so obsessively do elsewhere. In general, they see no need for improvement. Thus, walking to the tennis court behind the Peabody house, now owned by my uncles, I can see the very curbstone that I cut my knee on at the age of ten. At the fish market in town Mr. Stanley still keeps his gray sole, his halibut and lobsters in ice chests and punches down the keys of a cash register that must be fifty years old. Talking to him, my grandmother's friend, I wonder whether I am not still ten—or, alternately, how all the intervening years could possibly have passed.

Very little has changed in Northeast, in part because few people who have not grown up here can stand the cold water or the fog for very long. And the fog sometimes blankets the island for a week or more of the short summer. "It's very strange," an old friend of mine said when we met one day in the grocery store last July. "In Bar Harbor the other day I saw a couple looking out

Top: LINN SAGE; inset: Comstock

the window into a pea-soup fog and complaining bitterly. I couldn't imagine what they were complaining about. To me it was perfect weather. You couldn't see a yard in front of your face."

There are those—my old friend and my uncles included—who positively like to be caught out sailing in just such weather. They like the smell of the fog and the thrill of navigating in its dizzying swirl—even the moment when they find themselves within a few feet of fetching up on the rocks. I myself prefer to sail with a view—and without a slicker. But onshore I, too, love the fog, for it closes down the world and gives you time to yourself. As a child I would go to the little town library and read all day: the Red and Blue fairy books, *The Jungle Book*—anything I wanted. These days I build a fire, make soup, and settle down to work ► 238

Timeless summer: a young swimmer, TOP, contemplates the water on a marsh on Little Cranberry Island, Maine. ABOVE: Northeast Harbor lighthouse.

travel

G U I D E

Where to Go

1 ☐ **BAR HARBOR, MAINE:** General information from the Chamber of Commerce

Where to Stay in Maine and Bali

2 ☐ **ASTICOU INN & CRANBERRY LODGE:** Restored turn-of-the-century Victorian inn and guest houses located in Maine's Northeast Harbor

3 ☐ **THE CLAREMONT:** Traditional summer hotel and cottages on Maine's Mount Desert Island; listed in the National Registry of Historic Places

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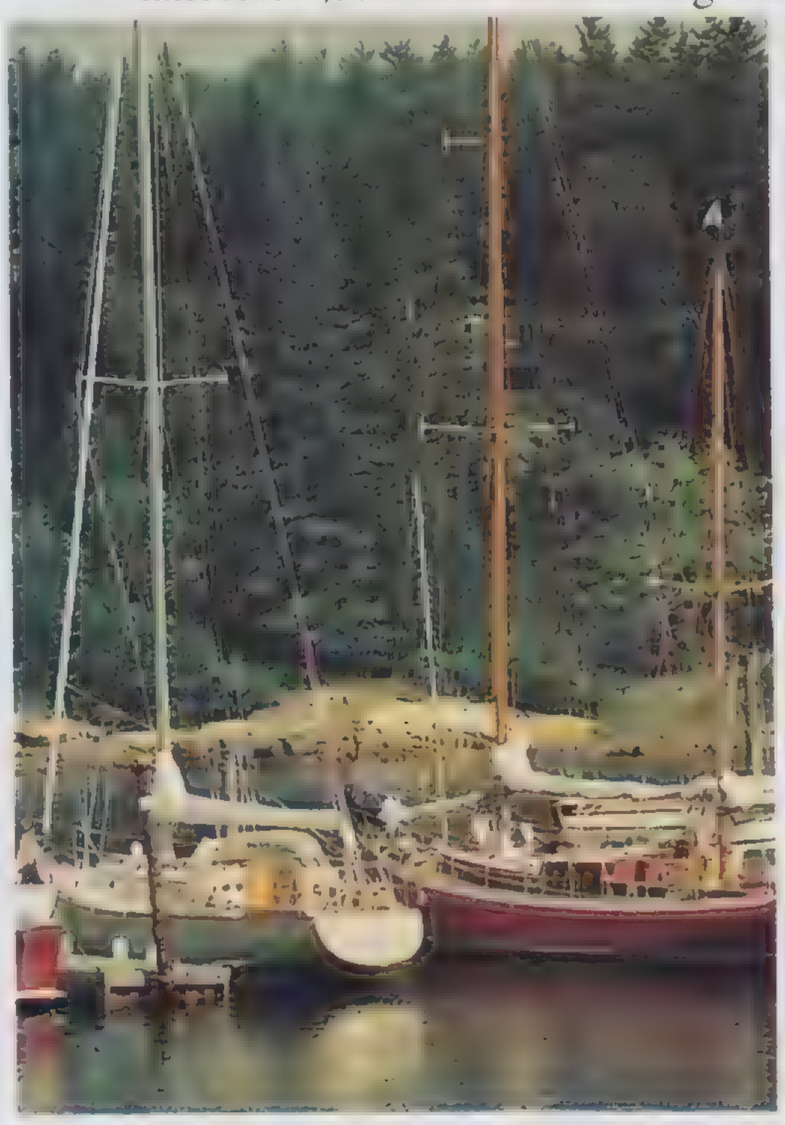
TRAVEL

in a leisurely way, knowing the phone won't ring and there's nothing else to do.

Then, too, the fog makes the blue days of summer all the more precious. And there is simply nothing, anywhere, so perfect as those days in late August when the northwest wind blows every wisp of moisture from the air, and the slanting golden sunlight burnishes each wave and each leaf separately. Those days bring an impossible dilemma: do you climb a mountain to look at a chain of offshore islands in a sparkling sea? Or do you take a boat out the Western Way for a view of the mountains?

Mount Desert is the only place on the Maine coast with mountains that come right down to the sea. They are not high—the tallest is 1,530 feet—but having been rounded by glaciers during the Ice Age, they are nonetheless dramatic. They have bald, rocky summits and forested slopes that plunge down to blue lakes—or to the fjord that cuts through the center of the island. The mountains have always attracted vacationers. The Penobscot Indians used to summer on Mount Desert long before the French explorer Samuel de Champlain "discovered" the island. Now the mountains belong to a national park, and multitudes of tourists come each summer. Still, the curious thing is that you can climb any mountain at the height of the season and see no more than five or six people on the trails. Possibly the Penobscot did not climb either. Yet there are chanterelles in the forests, blueberries on the upper slopes, and the trails are not arduous: just steep enough to give you some sense of achievement when you reach the summit—some sense of having earned the spectacular view.



Sailboats moored in forest-backed Northeast Harbor cove

One afternoon a few summers ago I was feeling that nice sense of complacency, having reached the top of a mountain, when I saw, coming up the other way, a lady I knew to be in her eighties. She was dressed as for a walk in her formal garden, and her two tiny dogs were winding their leashes around her elegant legs. "Oh, it's you," she said as she stopped to lift her dogs up a small cliff in the granite. "Such a lovely day. But you know you've come up the wrong way for the sunset."

People age well in Northeast Harbor. Like the landscape, they don't seem to change in looks from year to year or even from decade to decade. In some part this may be an illusion created by the agelessness of their clothes. In my closet in Northeast Harbor I have a pair of 1978 khaki pants and a 1979 sweater. But this is nothing. One of my uncles, I swear, has a pair of brick red trousers that he has worn sailing since I was a child. The trousers have not frayed—they are, as my grandmother would say, "perfectly good"—but they have mellowed a bit, like good ▶ 240

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TRAVEL

Bordeaux. I do not suppose that the silk-print dresses the ladies wear to church are the same they wore when I was young, but to an untutored eye they could pass for them. And the boys of Northeast Harbor still wear brown sneakers and long madras bathing trunks. There was a time in the late sixties or early seventies when I thought the style might change permanently. Kids listened to folk rock and wore tie-dye and jeans. But then a few years later the younger brothers of these kids turned up at dances in madras jackets—and their younger sisters in scoop-neck flower-print dresses. I wondered where they had found them. We are hardly fashionable. You might say that we are consistent to the point of atavism.

Clapboard classic: summer house with a view on Baker's Island, Maine

All this pleases me. There is enough change in the cities of my life that what I require for a month or two each year is an island where nothing changes: not a vista, not a curbstone, not a pair of shoes in the closet. Also I believe that by returning to the island every year I may in the end become something like my grandmother and her friends when I am in my eighties: that is, fit, tart, and a connoisseur of the skies. TRAVEL ▶ 244

Where to stay/dine on Mount Desert Island

Short of your own summer house, Maine's Northeast Harbor and Acadia National Park are perhaps best enjoyed from one of two venerable hotels on Mount Desert Island. **Asticou Inn,** 106 years old, overlooks the sleek yachts in Northeast Harbor and preserves a quiet, understated ambience. The Inn has detached guest houses, a swimming pool, and a comfortable dining room. Although ties and jackets are worn for dinner, faded polo shirts without logo are standard daytime garb. In-season rates (June 17 to September 17) run from $175 to $220 per couple and include breakfast and dinner; (207) 276-3344.

The Claremont Hotel & Cottages was built in 1884 and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. One of the Claremont's unique attractions is a nine-wicket croquet court, which hosts a tournament of considerable repute every August. The Claremont also has tennis and a restaurant specializing in seafood. From June 23 to September 17, rates range from $130 to $155 per night for a double with breakfast and dinner. Between September 17 and October 15, prices are lower; (207) 244-5036.

Arguably the best food in the area is served at **George's** in Bar Harbor. Grilled fish and an original lobster strudel are among the specialties. Phone: (207) 288-4505.

Also contact the Mount Desert Chamber of Commerce at (207) 276-5040, Acadia National Park at (207) 288-3338, the Bar Harbor Chamber of Commerce at (207) 288-5103, and the Southwest Harbor Chamber of Commerce at (207) 244-9264. —**DAVID OUTERBRIDGE**

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TRAVEL NEWS

By Richard Alleman

Mystery in the South Pacific: ancient monoliths on Easter Island

Private-jet adventures

Some of the world's most remote destinations, such as Easter Island, above, are the targets of the new adventure-tour outfit Private Jet Expeditions. Using a Boeing 727-100 aircraft—modified with all first-class seats, individual video monitors, and for many departures a library/lounge—Private Jet Expeditions has designed itineraries that range from fourteen-day Patagonia/Antarctic jaunts to five totally different round-the-world odysseys. Prices come to approximately $1,000 per person per day. For more information, see your travel agent, page 238, or call (206) 386-5801.

Mexican escape: Club Med's Sonora Bay

Considering Club Med?

For travelers who've never been to a Club Med, now is an ideal time to see if the club's prix fixe vacation formula is right for you. A number of Club Med villages have recently started welcoming guests for short stays instead of a one-week minimum. Among the sun spots offering Flexi-Vacations are Sonora Bay, Huatulco, and Playa Blanca in Mexico; Moorea in Tahiti; Paradise Island in the Bahamas; Turkoise and Caravelle in the Caribbean. Rates: from $90 to $130 a night. Some villages also have four-night packages that include airfare for as low as $599. Call (800) CLUB-MED.

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Next trip to California, take along a copy of Chronicle Books' new Backroad Wineries of California *by Bill Gleeson ($8.95). Covering ninety little-known vineyards and wineries throughout California, this well-organized guide has maps, history, tips on picnic places and wines to try.*

Big news on Bali

Set to open October 1 on Bali: a spectacular new resort—Amandari. Created by Adrian Zecha, whose Amanpuri on the Thai island of Phuket made news last year, the luxurious new property will cosset guests in Balinese-style pavilions with marble floors, exotic outdoor baths, private gardens. Amandari will also have a huge swimming pool contoured to blend in with adjacent rice paddies, a tennis court, and a health club. Rates are expected to be between $150 and $350 per couple per day, depending on the season. Call Reservation Systems, Inc. (212) 661-4540.

Clockwise from top: LARRY DALE GORDON/The Image Bank; WOLFGANG KAEHLER; ED COOPER

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Four-wheel-drive vehicles aren't just for outdoorsmen anymore. MICHAEL THOMAS examines the allure of today's more luxurious models

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE JEEP. THE ANCESTOR OF ALL four-wheel drives, it was built to go and get anywhere. It was as hellishly unpleasant to ride in as the terrain it was designed to traverse, not to mention unstable, noisy, and homely. But all of this gave it a certain cachet after World War II, when thousands of surplus jeeps became available for a market seeking not only the vehicle's utilitarian qualities but a lively, even poignant reminder of war's elemental estate.

Today's Jeep is built by a division of Chrysler and bears very little resemblance to its ancestors. But the allure remains: the undeniable sexiness of a tough, capable, outdoorsy car that not only can surmount the slickest or stickiest track, on or off the road, but that imputes something of its own qualities to its owner as well. Until now, the growing consumer lust for those qualities has been sated by Ralph Lauren Roughwear and holiday trips to Aspen. Now auto analysts predict that one in four car owners will switch to some sort of light truck within the next few years.

Few of today's four-wheel drives are destined to risk scars amid thorny bracken

Of course, few of those vehicles are destined to taste the deadly tang of saltwater or risk scars amid the thorny bracken. A trip in the morning down to the corner store to pick up a *Times* is more than adequate to provide the requisite thrill, and this is understandable. Postindustrial man's hands have grown cleaner and less calloused now that time away from the pristine business world has been reduced to weekends in the country and a month off at the beach. No one would dream of making a country ramble in an Armani suit, so why not slip into a more casual vehicle as well?

Fortunately, there is outdoor gear cut from cloth of every quality. At the top of the line, as measured by cost, features, and prestige, stands the Range Rover at $36,000. Descended from the Land Rover, itself the stepchild of the British army version of the jeep, the Range Rover summons the kind of associations that melt the shrill noise of city business dead away. It is made "by appointment," and its colors include Beluga Black and Cairngorm Brown. Lord Lichfield, fifth earl of Lichfield, takes its publicity photographs.

A serious challenger to the Range Rover is the new Laforza, a custom-designed all-purpose vehicle with a hefty Ford power plant and an elegant body designed by Pininfarina. Like the Range Rover, it seems too important and stylish to beat about in thistles and mud pits, so its makers boast of glove-leather seats and instrument panels and a turn radius smaller than the Porsche 911 Carrera's.

Not to be outdone, Jeep itself will introduce a luxury model in 1992. Chrysler, whose profits are heavily dependent on its Jeep and truck lines, has already made a $1 billion investment in the Jeep ZJ. Those who feel tentative about acquiring a rough-and-ready vehicle, no matter how stylish, would do well to consider Jeep's Cherokee Ltd. It can go anywhere, is less expensive at $26,000, and still boasts interior sophistication with leather seats and digital panels. Even more practical, and rougher by intent, is the Ford Bronco II, which is equal to the others in terms of function and handling but which seems to cry for a braw morning, muddy boots, and coffee sloshing from a paper cup as one sets off for the duck blind—or the day-care center. ♥

The Jeep Cherokee Ltd., TOP, has evolved from the army's original rough ride, while the Range Rover, LEFT, plays on more royal connections.

Bottom: LORD LICHFIELD

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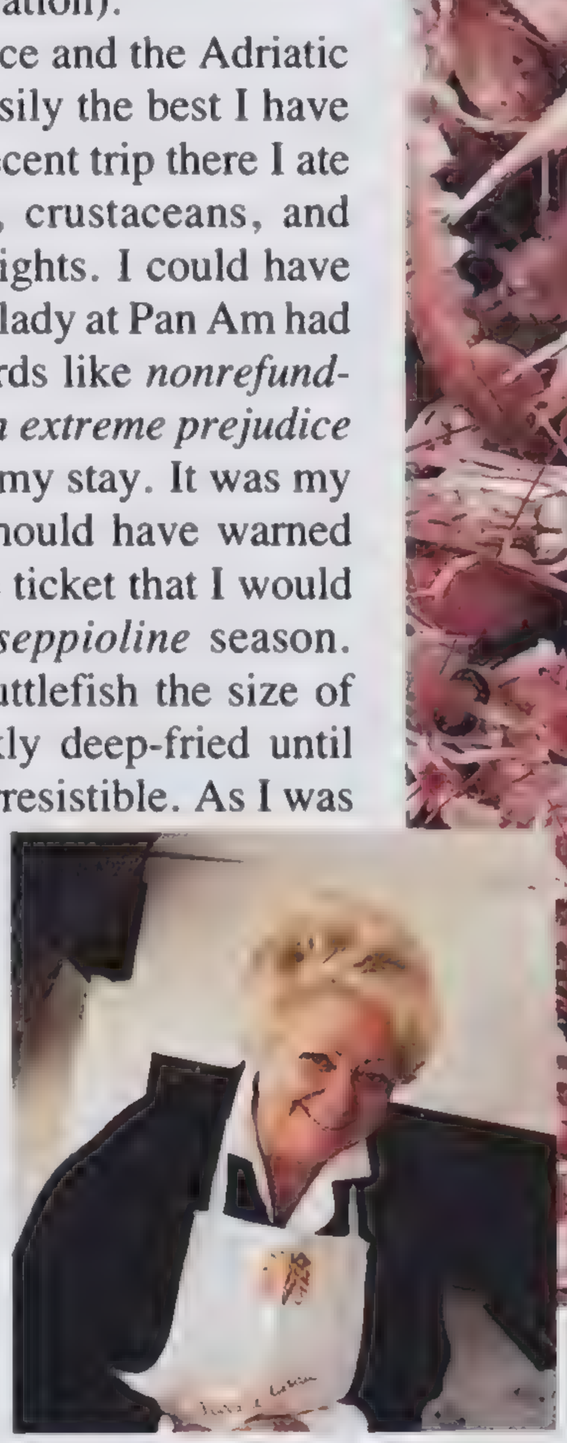
On a visit to Venice, JEFFREY STEINGARTEN learns the **mysteries of the deep** from an undisputed master of Adriatic seafood, Marcella Hazan

TO GET THE MOST OUT OF VENICE, A TRAVeler must master several local words and phrases. Two of the most useful are *Senta, portrei avere un altra porzione colossale di vongole veraci* (''Waiter, another gigantic bowl of those tiny little perfect spicy clams, please'') and *Ucciderei per un piato di cannocchie ai ferri* (''I would kill for a plate of those charcoal-grilled mantis shrimp,'' also known as squill, the sweetest crustacean in all creation).

The seafood of Venice and the Adriatic coast to the south is easily the best I have ever tasted, and on a recent trip there I ate nothing but mollusks, crustaceans, and fish for six days and nights. I could have kept it up forever if the lady at Pan Am had not thrown around words like *nonrefundable* and *forfeiture with extreme prejudice* when I tried to extend my stay. It was my contention that they should have warned me *before* I bought the ticket that I would completely miss the *seppioline* season. *Seppioline* are baby cuttlefish the size of your thumbnail, quickly deep-fried until they are crunchy and irresistible. As I was explaining this, the lady from Pan Am threw around words like *Ciao!* and the line went dead.



To say that I ate only seafood in Venice is an exaggeration. The Venetians have carelessly left many priceless paintings and mosaics in the churches for which they were created instead of collecting them conveniently in museums, and even a casual survey of the major works requires relentless trudging from church to church. This, in turn, ignites the appetite. Eating seafood in basilicas and museums is considered disrespectful, so you must bring along something else to tide you over. I recommend the roasted corn nuts sold throughout the Rialto market and the pungent, gaily colored licorice pastilles offered in every sweet shop. These put you in the proper mood to appreciate why the painters Carpaccio and Bellini truly merit the food and drink named after them.

Marcella Hazan tells me that nibbling is not Italian, and she is the reason I traveled to Venice. I had yearned to meet Marcella ever since feasting my way through her *Classic Italian Cookbook* in 1973 and *More Classic Italian Cooking* in 1978. (I am still working on *Marcella's Italian Kitchen,* from 1986.) It was Marcella who gave us the very first detailed instructions in English for making fresh pasta and our first generous helping of northern Italian home cooking. Along with a handful of others, she inspired the flowering of Italian cuisine that has transformed American eating. Do you remember what most Italian restaurants were like in 1973? Do you remember spaghetti and meatballs?

When the opportunity to meet Marcella arose ▶ 252

A profusion of *gamberi,* ABOVE, at Venice's Rialto market. LEFT: Marcella Hazan, the doyenne of Italian cooking.

ROBERTO GILI

PH. ALBERT WATSON

GIANFRANCO
FERRE

last January, I hurried over to the Hazans' New York City apartment. Our conversation turned to Venice, where Marcella and her husband, Victor, now live most of the year and where Marcella conducts her classes from April through October. They told tales of the remarkable creatures that dwell in the Venetian Lagoon and the Adriatic beyond: of clams the size of quarters and shrimp so small that four could fit inside each clam; of sea dates that burrow into underwater rocks, and fishermen who drag them to the shore, cracking them open to harvest the little mollusks; of sea truffles eaten cold and raw, and soft-shelled crabs two inches across and exquisitely sweet; of eel grilled slowly over charcoal until its fat becomes crisp and its skin crackles. Marcella offered to teach me all about Adriatic seafood if I met her in Venice. Her lesson plan would have three parts: buying it, cooking it, and eating it.

Three months later Marcella, Victor, and I strolled across the Rialto Bridge and down into the bustle of the marketplace. The Rialto market is bordered on two sides by water, and in the early morning small boats piled high with seafood and vegetables float down the Grand Canal and converge on the market. The *pescheria* itself spills out from under an open, colonnaded Venetian Gothic structure built in 1907 on eighteen thousand larchwood piles. By nine o'clock, thirty or forty fish sellers have spread their offerings on long tables for both housewives and restaurateurs to inspect. There are few fish stores in Venice, because everyone shops at the Rialto. It is among the best places to buy seafood in all the world. Though some critics consider the market hall entirely without architectural charm, it is for me "the building which occupies the center of the picture Venice leaves in the mind," as Bernard Berenson mistakenly wrote about the church of Santa Maria della Salute.

Everybody in the U.S. should grill eels on their barbecues this summer

I scribbled furiously as Marcella and Victor called out the names of every fish in sight, about fifty in all: iridescent sardines and anchovies flashing silver and turquoise, flying fish with pointed beaks and snails creeping nowhere in their glossy spotted shells, tiny gray shrimp jumping like crickets and huge blue shrimp too stately to move, clams with shells bearing Navajo designs and scallops as small as aspirins, delicate flatfish for grilling or frying and bony striped fish for soup or risotto, diamond-shaped turbot and broad fans of skate, ink-stained cuttlefish, octopus, squid. We watched a fishman gut and bone a pile of sardines with his hands. Nearby a boy played with an eel slithering in its tank while his father watched the fishman flay another as it wriggled. The Italians believe that eels must be kept alive until minutes before cooking, the way we behave toward lobsters.

For my first eating lesson, we walked to Da Fiore, probably the best seafood restaurant in Venice. The cooking is simple and austere, the ingredients of the highest quality, and the fish is not even washed until you order it.

At the *pescheria*, abundance and activity

Plates of *gamberetti* appeared almost instantly—crunchy three-quarter-inch shrimp fried whole in the shell with just a dusting of flour—and when I mechanically reached for a wedge of lemon, Marcella proposed that I try it both ways and compare. Her point was that lemon can overwhelm the delicacy of impeccable seafood, and without any doubt she was correct; some restaurants even refuse your request for lemon.

My first taste of *cannocchie* came next—a pink-gray crustacean found only in the Adriatic and Japan, about two inches wide, eight inches long, and flat as a ribbon, with false eyes on its tail and the sweetest flesh you can eat. They are arranged in one layer in a pan with just a little water, covered closely with a wet kitchen towel and a tight lid to trap the vapor, and briefly steamed. Half the shell is snipped off in the kitchen, and you pry up the white meat from the other half as you eat it.

"*Poppa*," I said proudly when the warm young octopi were brought out, demonstrating that I had learned some Italian in the market that morning. "*Poppa* is the breast of a woman," Marcella corrected, and looked around to make sure that nobody had heard me. "*Polpo* is octopus. Young ones are *folpeti*." When the Hazans were courting, octopus was sold on the street and eaten right out of the pot, doused with oil and a little vinegar.

Bowls of little clams were placed before us, *vongole veraci*—oblong and slightly pink, only an inch across, sweet and peppery and impossibly tender. Like everything else, they were cooked very simply: garlic is lightly colored in a little oil, chopped parsley is added, and then the clams, the pan is covered, the heat is turned high, and within a minute or two the *vongole veraci* have opened, surrendering their juice to the oil and garlic to compose a sauce. No salt or pepper is added, no wine or broth, no herbs. "We have a saying in Italy," Marcella told me, "that what you leave out is as important as what you put in."

Our lesson continued with cuttlefish risotto bright with peas and dark with ink, plates of shredded *granzeola* (the local spider crab), and grilled eel. ▶ 254

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From these I learned that cuttlefish ink is milder and sweeter than squid ink, that lemon is also too assertive for perfectly fresh crab, but that a little olive oil is ideal, and that everybody in the United States should grill eels on their barbecues this summer.

Mere hours after it had begun, the eating lesson at Da Fiore was over, and we made plans for my cooking lesson at ten the next morning.

The Hazans' apartment occupies the top floor of a small palazzo built in 1520 by a branch of the Contarini family, whose Ca'd'Oro on the Grand Canal, begun in 1424, was the finest house in Venice. Marcella's kitchen is white, with sloping dark wood beams and polished gray granite countertops, just the right size for her classes of six students but, as Marcella pointed out when I made a far-reaching mess later that morning, slightly too small for one of me.

Our menu was fried sardines and anchovies, grilled *cannocchie*, spaghettini with *vongole*, monkfish with red wine and vegetables, green tomato salad, and lemon gelato. My first duty was to zest two firm lemons with a vegetable peeler. Before long I had zested my thumb and gouged out deep chunks of lemon peel with the bitter white pith attached, about my average performance at this task. Marcella showed me how the zest comes right off if you move the peeler back and forth in a sawing motion. (One of Marcella's students told her this trick alone was worth the trip to Venice; I would agree if you throw in a *frito misto di pesce* or two.)

Marcella's teaching is not about kitchen tricks, but you pick up lots of them working alongside her. When sautéing onions or garlic, Marcella does not wait for the butter and oil to stop foaming before adding the vegetables, as we are all taught to do, and she can think of no reason why anyone would; once the butter stops sizzling, it may be so hot that the garlic instantly burns. After steaming mussels or clams, Marcella does not discard the ones that refuse to open; if this were an indispensable test, how could anyone eat raw clams pried open with a knife, she asks. Marcella says that the best gauge of a vegetable's freshness is its leaves, which wither and curl quickly after it is picked; this is why vegetables are sold with their stems and leaves intact at every Italian market. When Marcella has cooked a pasta sauce containing olive oil, she adds a little uncooked oil at the end to freshen the taste of the dish; for sauces cooked with butter, she adds a little butter.

Marcella showed me how to butterfly fresh sardines with my thumb, as the fishmen in the market do. Then she prepared the *cannocchie* for grilling by snipping away the meatless parts of the shell with kitchen shears and cutting the shell lengthwise along the top to aid in marinating and cooking. She turned the *cannocchie* in olive oil, bread crumbs, salt, and lots of pepper, and left them for an hour.

We gutted the anchovies together, and Marcella cooked the little clams for the spaghettini and the vegetables for the monkfish, a savory recipe from her third book. Our preparation took the better part of two hours.

Marcella began to fry the sardines, holding each one by the tail, dipping it in flour, and immediately laying four or five in a quarter-inch of hot vegetable oil in a skillet. They curled instantly because of their freshness. Soon a rhythm was established: when one sardine was done and lifted out to be drained, salted, and eaten with our hands, another was floured and laid in, perfectly maintaining the temperature of the oil. Marcella is a most distinguished fryer.

Victor joined us to help eat the sardines. Then he went to work on the *cannocchie*, arranging them in a flat, hinged rack that would go over the glowing charcoal. We moved to the south terrace adjoining the kitchen, where the Hazans have a wonderful grill made by a company in Rimini called Bartolini that supplies many of the best fish restaurants on the Adriatic. As Victor labored, we sat in the sun drinking wine and gazing over the rooftops of Venice, and when the *cannocchie* were done, we took them inside to the dining table and ate them with our hands, marveling at their sweetness, the pungency of the pepper marinade, and the charred bitterness of the shell.

Lemon is too assertive for fresh crab, but olive oil is ideal

My next eating lesson took place the following day at the restaurant Barbicani, where the syllabus included small whole squid, crispy from the grill, black gnocchi under a profoundly pink sauce made from four fish and four herbs, and grilled sole with a sauce the waiter made at the table by mashing the head and skin of the fish with olive oil and a touch of garlic and then pressing everything in a strainer to extract the juices. Marcella points out that unlike the French, Italian cooks rarely make a separate sauce for anything but pasta. Instead, they allow the main ingredient to create its own. Marcella considers Adriatic sole the world's finest flatfish, far superior to what passes for sole in the United States, which is really flounder. Her favorite Atlantic fish is striped bass because of its compact texture and delicate taste.

After leaving the Hazans, I practiced my eating lessons as often as possible, and I will mention two other fish restaurants of high quality: the famous Corte Sconta, where I ate *uova di seppie* and a perfect mixed grill of fish on newsprint mats, and Osteria Al Ponte del Diavolo on the island of Torcello, fifty minutes by water-bus from Venice and open only for lunch except on Saturday. When you have eaten like this for several days and then stumble into a place that boils its crab and *cannocchie* several hours ahead of time, the contrast is excruciating.

Speaking of excruciating contrasts: high over the Atlantic on the trip back to New York, I began to suffer from Adriatic-seafood-deprivation syndrome, the symptoms of which are too hideous to relate. ►256

PH. ALBERT WATSON

GIANFRANCO
FERRE

Ships laden with fresh fish and produce crowd the docks around the Rialto market.

Minutes after depositing my bags at home, I hailed a cab and toured the major fish stores of Manhattan, widely known as a great place to buy seafood. Twenty dollars in taxi fares later, I headed back home, dejected and empty-handed—the selection was narrow, the shrimp were frozen, the sole was flounder, the clams were huge, the scallops were larger, and the eels were dead.

When my depression lifted a few days later, I reviewed the sections of Marcella's books that show you how to cook Atlantic seafood the Adriatic way, remembered what I had learned in Venice, and went on to concoct a reasonably authentic

Grigliata Mista di Mare

(Mixed Grill of Sardines, Shrimp, and Eel)

Each fish is handled differently and each is delicious. The sardines and shrimp are adapted from *More Classic Italian Cooking* and Marcella and Victor's terrace. Marcella was not in a flaying mood when we cooked together and declined to skin an eel for me, but I watched two restaurant chefs grilling eel slowly over charcoal and tried it successfully at home.

You can use a little hibachi or a fancy barbecue, but the fuel should be hardwood charcoal, not briquettes, which are made from small particles of carbon glued together with distasteful chemicals and may contain resinous softwoods that make your food taste as though it were basted with turpentine. In each recipe, you arrange the fish in a flat, hinged rack; this prevents them from curling, allows you to turn them all at once, and leaves the skin undisturbed, at least until the last minute. Even if you use an oven broiler, the hinged rack is quite a help.

Throw a few bay leaves on the coals just before you grill the fish. Buy the best Italian extra virgin olive oil you can find.

Shrimp Grilled Like Cannocchie

Buy 1½ pounds of medium-size shrimp (about 24 to the pound), still in the shell but with the head removed, and fresh, if possible. Rinse them in cold water and dry with paper towels. Insert a sturdy toothpick into each shrimp along its back, between the shell and the meat, to keep it straight. Put the shrimp in a large bowl, add ⅓ cup of extra virgin olive oil, and turn to coat them well. Add a teaspoon each of salt and freshly ground pepper and ¾ cup of fine, homemade toasted bread crumbs. (These hold the other ingredients on the shells during marinating and cooking.) Turn them again and allow to marinate for 1-2 hours.

Put the shrimp in a hinged rack, gently shaking off any excess bread crumbs, and cook close to the hot coals for 2 minutes on one side and 1½ minutes on the other, until the shells are partly charred. Eat them immediately with your hands, peeling the shell and sucking out the meat as you go.

Grilled Eel

Have your fishman bone a long center piece of eel, or do it yourself by cutting around the backbone through the flesh side and removing it. You should wind up with a reasonably flat rectangular piece of eel with skin on one side and flesh on the other. Cut this crosswise into 4-oz. servings and place them in a hinged rack, latched tightly. Slowly grill the skin side at a good distance from the coals (I measured the temperature at 300°) until it is very crisp and bubbling and the fat under the skin has rendered and drained, about 20 or 30 minutes. Lightly salt and pepper the skin side, and cook the flesh side for 5 minutes, this time nearer the coals, until it is golden. Salt and pepper this side and serve. Lemon is optional.

Grilled Sardines

Marcella says that the silvery fish sold in the U.S. as sardines are probably small, strong-tasting herring or large Atlantic anchovies, but they work well in some recipes all the same. Or you can use small smelt. In any event, scrape and gut 2 pounds of fresh "sardines," each about 6 inches long, or have your fishman do it. Wash out the belly cavities, draining the sardines well. Dry with paper towels, and lay them on a platter. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of freshly ground pepper, and ¼ cup of olive oil, and allow them to marinate for 20 minutes, turning once or twice. Put the sardines in a hinged rack and cook them close to the glowing coals, 2 to 3 minutes each side. To eat, hold the head and pull the meat from the backbone with your lips and teeth.

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VOGUE'S SNIP 'N' SAVE GUIDE TO VENETIAN SEAFOOD

Clip this glossary and head for the Adriatic as soon as convenient. If it does not include everything edible in the waters and restaurants of Venice, it comes close. The Italian names are given first and the Venetian in parentheses. I use the plural for creatures you eat lots of, like *cozze,* and the singular for creatures you eat one at a time. The Venetian names will make you sound like a native within 25 km of San Marco, and probably like a Martian beyond that. If you think that I lifted this information from some book, just try to find one. After I had exhausted my notes from the Rialto market, *La Pesca Nella Laguna Di Venezia,* Alan Davidson's *Mediterranean Seafood,* and a gigantic Italian dictionary, Victor Hazan graciously filled in the gaping holes.—**J.S.**

***Acciughe* (sardoni)** anchovies, called *alici* around Rome

Aguglia garfish, sometimes found in the better sushi bars

***Anguilla* (bisato)** eel

Aragosta rock lobster, called *langouste* in France

***Astaco* (astise)** like Maine lobster, imported from Yugoslavia or France; *astice* in vernacular Italian

Bianchetti whitebait; also known as *gianchetti*

***Branzino* (bransin)** *bar* or *loup de mer* in France; Marcella compares it to striped bass, others say it's a sea bass of a different species from ours; *spigola* or *spinola* in Rome; delectable in and on any tongue

(Cagnoleto) very small shark, stewed with tomato sauce

Calamaretto baby squid, 1½ inches long, fried whole, incredible

Calamaro squid

Calamarone large squid

***Canestrelli* (canestreli)** minute scallops, tinier than bay scallops and spicy in taste; nearest U.S. cousins are Peconic and Digby Bay scallops; here as elsewhere (e.g., *schile*), Venetians don't pronounce the final *l*

***Cannocchia* (canocia)** squill, or mantis shrimp, found only in the Adriatic and Japan; pinkish gray and flat, 2 inches wide, 8 inches long; grilled or steamed, the sweetest crustacean you can eat; also *pannoccia*

***Cannolicchi* (capelonghe)** razor clams

Capitone a long, fat eel

***Cappe sante* (capesante)** large scallops, sweet and tender

***Cefalo* (lotregan, verzelata, bosega, caustelo, volpina)** varieties of gray mullet, the *cefalo durato (lotregan)* is the most esteemed

Coda di rospo monkfish; literally tail of the toad, though most of this fish is an extremely ugly head; formally, *rana pescatrice*

***Cozze* (peoci)** mussels; also called *mitili*

Datteri di mare sea dates, related to mussels; eaten in soup or spaghetti sauce; imbeds itself in rocks, which are hauled from the sea

Dentice sea bream

***Folipetti* (folpeti)** baby octopi, boiled and served warm with a drop of vinegar

Gamberetti small gray shrimp, jumping like crickets in the market

***Gamberi* (gambari)** shrimp; *gamberi di fiume* are crayfish

(Go) yellow and black, used for soup and as a base for risotto

***Grancevola* (granzeola)** spider crab, delicate and sweet; boiled and picked with the meat sometimes replaced in the shell

(Granzoporo) increasingly rare shore crab, small, somewhat furry, with powerful pincers; much sought-after in the south of France

***Latterini* (anguèla)** sand smelts, like long silvery sardines

***Lumachine* (bovoleti)** tiny sea snails, similar to periwinkles

***Mazanette* (masanete)** tiny crabs, a little larger than your thumbnail; boiled, chopped into two or three pieces, and served with chopped garlic; you chew on the shells to extract the flesh and juice

Mazzancolle large, blue-gray shrimp

Mazzola sea robin, pinkish gray and used in soup; Marcella says that the broth is as esteemed as capon broth; discarded in the U.S.

***Merluzzo* (merluso)** hake, small and gray; cooked as in recipes for whiting

(Moleche) soft-shelled crabs, 2½ inches across, like the smallest and most prized specimens in the U.S.; found nowhere but Venice

Mormora small striped bream, silver and black, excellent grilled

Moscardino small curled octopus, probably imported from Liguria

***Murici* (garusoli)** snails that live in a murex shell, unlike French snails or the Italian *lumache*

***Orata* (orada)** gilthead bream, called *daurade* in France; the highest attainment of the bream family; like the apotheosis of a U.S. porgy

***Ostriche* (ostreghe)** oysters, now rarely harvested in Venice

***Paganello* (paganelo)** small and creamy gray, used like the larger *go*

Pagello reddish sea bream

Papalina sprat, halfway between an anchovy and a sardine

Pesce spada swordfish

***Polpo* (folpo)** octopus

***Razza* (raza)** skate, ray

Rombo chiodato turbot, diamond shaped, with nailhead-like protuberances, prized for its delicate flesh

***Rombo liscio* (soaso)** brill, like *rombo chiodato* but less esteemed

***San Pietro* (sampiero)** John Dory; called *Saint-Pierre* in France; a dark mark remains on its side where St. Peter touched it; also called *sampietro*

***Sardina* (sardela, sarda)** sardine, sleek and silvery with turquoise reflections

Scampo *langoustine* in France, Dublin Bay prawn in England, unavailable here; rose-gray or pink, with claws and feelers like a small lobster; among the most delectable of all crustaceans, *scampi* are not large shrimp, as Italian menus in the U.S. pretend

(Schile) the tiniest of shrimp, they remain gray when cooked; increasingly rare; sometimes known as *gamberetti grigi* in Italian

Scorfano scorpion fish, bony, reddish, used for soup; *racasse rouge* in France and indispensable to bouillabaisse; slang for an ugly person

***Seppie* (sepe)** cuttlefish; 8 tentacles but more tender than octopi; their ink is sweeter and milder than the squid's in risotto and gnocchi; their broad, flat bones hang in bird cages the world over

Seppioline baby cuttlefish, as large as your thumbnail, irresistible when deep-fried whole; season begins in August

Sgombero mackerel

***Sogliola* (sfogio, porato)** sole, the world's finest flatfish, says Marcella, and unavailable in U.S., where flounder masquerades as sole

Tartufi di mare sea truffles, a kind of clam, usually eaten raw

Tonno bluefin tuna

***Triglia di scoglio* (trìa)** red mullet, called *rouget de roche* in France; larger and more deeply colored than the *triglia di fango* (*rouget barbet*), called *barbon* in Venetian

***Uova di seppia* (latticini)** the egg sack of the female cuttlefish

***Vongole* (bibarase)** clams, 1½ inches across, round, with a zigzag shell pattern; wonderfully tender and sweet; sometimes called *vongole gialla*

***Vongole veraci* (caparozzoli)** clams, larger and more oblong than *vongole;* with fine lines in both directions on the shell; the muscle has two little horns; more prized than *vongole*, but this is a competition among tiny culinary Olympians; known as *palourde* in France

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LIVING

Editor: Laurie Schechter

Newlyweds Ian Irving and Carolina Estrada have transformed a small house at the shore with **big-impact color.** JON ETRA gets the details

"I AM INTERESTED IN objects," confesses the just-married Ian Irving.

"I was exasperated by the little bits of porcelain," says his new wife, Carolina Estrada.

Opposites attract; it's the perfect match. He is a modest, tousled man shielded behind thick-framed glasses, perfect for an expert in silver at Sotheby's auction house. She—sleek, demure, and dark—is also at Sotheby's, in regional operations, specializing in Latin America. They met at a dinner three years ago. "June 11," Ian volunteers. And now domestic bliss.

The house near the beach in Amagansett, New York, that Ian has rented for the past seven years and that Carolina immediately began transforming is now a luminous gilded hut ("It's really quite minuscule," says Ian) and an important contributing factor to their happiness. "I am obsessed with houses," says Carolina. "Carolina changed the colors," Ian explains. "Everything was white; white walls and wicker." Not anymore. The walls are imperial: blues, intense reds, bright yellows. The dining room is pink, the living room periwinkle blue. Carolina did the stenciling by hand. "It took me six months for the small bedroom, figuring out how to do it. I started with a toothbrush."

Ian collects haphazardly. "Everything comes from everywhere," he says simply. "Nothing is massively expensive." Working at Sotheby's helps—rummaging upstairs, casing the sales on trips to London. He is most fond of his many drawings of silver patterns. "I can't afford the silver, so I buy the designs." Gifts help, too. The frame around the large mirror in the sitting room was donated by jewelry designer Kenneth Jay Lane, who purchased it as part of a late eighteenth-century portrait of the Duke of Gloucester. "He kept the por-

The newlyweds, ABOVE. 1. In the sitting room, a table is covered with velvet bought in Morocco. The chairs are early Victorian. The mirror was made from a picture frame. 2. The "abandoned garden" tent created by Konstantine Kakanias and Madison Cox.

ED ADDEO; portrait: GEORGE LANGE

3. The bed in the downstairs guest bedroom is covered with a Scottish tartan blanket. The two prints are silver designs by Giovanni Giardini. 4. In the sitting room, a painting by Will Howe Foote hangs next to a Suzani embroidery. 5. The dining room chairs are English Regency, with their original leather upholstery. The print is an Italian colored engraving.

6. Peonies and a blue-and-white ceramic lamp add more color to the sitting room. 7. A mix of summer, winter, and wet-weather wear hangs in a closet in a tiny entry hall.

trait and gave us the frame. It was too big for his house.''

A tough posterior is also of assistance. The English Regency dining-room chairs bear the original leather upholstery, heaving up like tectonic plates in collision: ''Until I can afford to redo them in horsehair,'' says Ian with a shrug, ''they stick to your bottom. I usually sit on the worst one.''

Though the house is as yet unfinished (''The work goes in spurts,'' says Carolina. ''The roof needs maintenance. We did one room at a time and have one room left to go. We could work hard every weekend''), it's not surprising that the couple decided to have their wedding celebration there. The reception for 150 was held within a fantasy tent created as a gift by two ▶ 263

CRYSTAL SHOWN: FANLIGHT.

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LIVING

of their friends, Konstantine Kakanias and Madison Cox, artist and landscape designer, respectively.

"It was an abandoned garden with fantastic garlands of ivy," says Konstantine, who has designed fabrics for Christian Lacroix murals and displays for Tiffany and Co. and Barneys in New York City. "We constructed huge pedestals holding candelabras like trees, branching everywhere, covered in ivy and moss, nothing else." Metal tubes were welded together to make tree forms, and the moss was glued on. "I was terrified the glue wouldn't hold," says Carolina, "and that all the moss would fall off."

8. In the sitting room, a study for the ceiling of the Luxembourg Palace hangs above a 19th-century club chair. The drawings are Victorian; the portraits are of George III and Queen Charlotte. 9. A bust in the wedding tent. 10. A French 18th-century silk hanging is bordered by stenciling by Carolina and Konstantine.

Both she and Konstantine adore Cocteau, the inspiration for the tent's vaporous necromancy. The tent was pure *Beauty and the Beast,* with perhaps an added fillip of *As You Like It*. Konstantine painted the cloths for the fifteen tables with seventeenth-century designs of gardens, lakes, streams, trees, and parterres. He created huge decorated panels for the backdrops and did portraits of the bride and groom in the manner of eighteenth-century Chinese silhouettes. Busts were dragged outside and draped with ivy. The forest of Arden was never like this.

After the reception, there was a huge demand for the decorations. "Everyone wanted a candelabra. We could have auctioned everything," says Ian. For two professionals, the temptation was surely strong. "Konstantine wanted to throw everything out the window," recalls Carolina. "He wanted to make a bonfire." Fortunately, all the decor now resides safely in the basement. "It can all be reused," adds Ian. "You can put spring flowers in the candelabras."

Cox, who did all the floral work, designed David Salle's garden in upstate New York and the gardens at the Franco-American Museum at the Château de Blérancourt in Chauny, near Paris. His book, *Private Gardens of Paris*, will be published by Harmony Books in November. He and Konstantine stayed in Amagansett for ten days, laboring. "It was a huge production. They couldn't believe it," Konstantine boasts justifiably. Of course, the lucky couple had other supporters. "Mother prayed to Saint Rita constantly for two weeks," reveals Carolina. Saint Rita? "The patron saint of desperate causes." ◆

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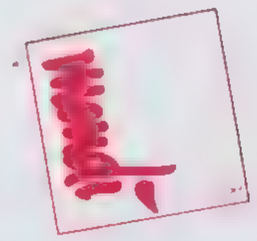

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Calvin Klein Jeans

VOGUE

POINT OF VIEW

style that works...

Every fall women end up in a quandary over what to wear to the office. Every fall they end up with the same solution: a suit. But this time the rules of dressing have changed. The horrifying little yuppie suit (which, with its copycat male pinstripes and flop-doodle little-girl bow tie, did more for making women look stuffy and drab than, as intended, male and "powerful") is now, thank the gods of Seventh Avenue, on the endangered species list. As women learn that they can indeed bring an important sense of feminine warmth and balance to the workplace, so they find that they can dress more femininely too. In this issue we've gathered together some of the **most stylish suits** made. But don't expect them to turn up in mousy gray tweeds or proper chalk stripes. These come in plaids—in big bold giant plaids—and in warm browns and greens. Many of these suits also have a matching coat—or a dignified sense of humor (Moschino, for instance, turns the pockets on his jacket upside down). And though we show the skirts thigh-high on our pages, they look equally attractive when lengthened to just above the knee. Notice as well the absence of a blouse. This season, even the most traditional tailored suit looks fresh when teamed with a close-fitting crewneck or turtleneck sweater . . . . In or out of the office, the most basic **basics are getting a lift with color,** pattern, or clever detailing. A conventional short, swingy day coat comes with a hood and a velvet lining; when a suit actually takes a blouse, it's one with an oversize collar that flattens out on top of the jacket. Traditional crocodile pumps assemble neatly with red or green stockings; the sweet little alligator handbag expands into a once-in-a-lifetime "investment" tote. . . . Throughout you'll notice an emphasis on jewelry. **Necklaces are large**, often in playful shapes (such as acorns); bracelets are encrusted with giant colorful stones; pearls are more popular than ever. In fact, accessories present a rich variety of choice . . . . And many accessories are undergoing an unprecedented role reversal. Satin handbags, chain link belts, and **gold-brocaded short boots** that we show put together for evening are now making forays into the light of day. The belts wrap around the waists of quiet tweed suits; the boots become decorative ornaments for a pair of black leggings and a black skirt . . . . And of course, no wardrobe for work would be complete without those great wrapped jackets, skirts, pants, and bodysuits from Donna Karan. In one of her best collections yet, she manages to merge **a sense of femininity with a sense of practicality**. A cashmere sweater, for instance, is cut with all the fullness and comfort of a sweatshirt; a blazer slips on over a sarong skirt; a unitard covers a narrow "bodyblouse" and takes a cashmere jacket on top. It's modern dressing for a modern woman at her best.

business class

No pinstripe suits need apply: working dress is now a matter of personal style

"Investment" shoes—in crocodile. THIS PAGE: Manolo Blahnik slingbacks, about $810. Bergdorf Goodman; Posh, Chicago; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Chanel bag. Danskin stockings. OPPOSITE PAGE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Crocodile pumps by Walter Steiger, about $775. Walter Steiger, NYC; Bob Ellis, Charleston SC; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Stockings by Fogal of Switzerland. Manolo Blahnik taupe suede pumps, about $350. Barneys New York; Posh, Chicago; I. Magnin. Donna Karan Hosiery. Watch, Van Cleef & Arpels. Mustard suede pumps by Maud Frizon, about $360. Maud Frizon, NYC and Manhasset NY, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

Two of the prime colors for fall coats:
pale taupe and rich khaki brown

Representing the new silhouette standard, OPPOSITE PAGE: Ronaldus Shamask's short wool swing coat with velvet lining (about $1,050) and narrow pants (about $425). Cotton shirt also by Shamask, about $210. Saks Fifth Avenue (coat available only in NYC); Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Savannah, Santa Monica CA. Chanel tote bag, about $1,680. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago. THIS PAGE: Calvin Klein's trademark pale palette, from head to toe. Short wool and cashmere car coat, about $1,195; suede skirt, about $670; cashmere turtleneck, about $430. Bloomingdale's; Dayton; Holt Renfrew of Canada. In this story: hair, Mitch Barry; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.

An accessory that's a once-in-a-lifetime purchase: the genuine alligator bag

Real or faux, any accessory in alligator is a classic. OPPOSITE PAGE: A real alligator bag by Donna Karan New York Accessories. Bergdorf Goodman. Wool jacket, pants, and coat by Carolyne Roehm. Jacket, about $1,095; pants, about $730; coat, about $1,865. Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Helen's Of Course, Seattle. Cartier watch. THIS PAGE: Newer than the traditional navy or black jacket—Sonia Rykiel's wool-blend plaid. Jacket, about $1,280; vest, about $620. Wool jersey skirt, also by Rykiel, about $365. Sonia Rykiel Boutiques, NYC, Houston; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Prada bag. Details, more stores, last pages.

Taking a bold approach, THIS PAGE: A swing coat by Patrick Kelly, about $1,070. Bloomingdale's; Auer's, Denver; Macy's California. Crocodile bag, DeVecchi by Hamilton Hodge. OPPOSITE PAGE: An extravagant version of the standard sweater-and-pearls. Necklaces by Chanel. Red necklace at Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Dallas. Necklace with green stones at Chanel Boutiques, Palm Beach FL, Chicago; I. Magnin. Bodysuit (about $290) and jacket (about $810) by Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. The natural makeup: Velours #933 on lips and Délicat Blush #929 on cheeks, both by Christian Dior. Details, more stores, last pages.

Complementing the new day looks: accessories that don't play it safe

An alternative to narrow stirrup pants and a jacket. THIS PAGE: A pantsuit in evergreen by Calvin Klein. Wool and rayon jacket (about $780) and pants (about $470). Bonwit Teller, NYC; Montaldo's; Swansons on the Plaza. OPPOSITE PAGE: One of the season's big, bold bags—Prada's quilted tote. About $670. Prada, NYC; I. Magnin. On the wrists: LEFT, Cameo bracelet by Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux; RIGHT, Concord Delirium watch and Chanel bracelet. Gloves by Portolano Products. Coat and skirt, Ronaldus Shamask. Details, more stores, last pages.

Style standards: suits in muted colors;
the roomier, constructed handbag

Strong suit options: pants with narrow legs,
a jacket done up in plaid

Accessories spark a Prince of Wales plaid suit, OPPOSITE PAGE. Suit (about $1,840), scarf (about $300), and blouse (about $900) by Giorgio Armani. Giorgio Armani Boutiques, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles. Bead choker, about $935. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Dallas, Beverly Hills. Gold necklace, about $775. Barneys New York; I. Magnin. Both by Chanel. Ebel Voyager watch. The polished makeup: Pink Cheek Color and Illusion Luxury Lipstick by Elizabeth Arden. THIS PAGE: New color for a suit: an off-green. Jacket (about $700), pants (about $545), and blouse (about $180) by Charlotte Neuville. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

night for day

Designers have come up with an inspired mélange, switching the roles of day and night accessories. The way to wear these dazzling goods: as punctuation for casual—as well as sophisticated—clothes

As far as fashion goes, fanciful, luxurious accessories have always been pigeonholed for evening, with serious accessories restricted to day. Well, listen up—today it's just not so. This season, the idea of what to wear when has been turned topsy-turvy, prompted by new accessories that blur the boundaries between A.M. and P.M. attire. A sampling: brocade shoes are made to be worn with blue jeans; a gold lamé scarf gets thrown over a tweed suit; daytime jewelry has an evening-inspired extravagance. Even the humble glove is adorned with embroidery. Clothes adopt the same spirit when ornamented with fringe, jet beading, braid. Making this lavishness work takes some restraint. For instance, simple clothes can take all-out accessorizing: "The dress should be a backdrop," recommends designer Isabel Canovas. In some cases, a little goes a long way. With elaborate evening clothes, the glitz should be downplayed to perhaps just one spectacular bag. . . . What triggered this taste for opulence? Some chalk it up to a rebellion against season after season of dark-colored clothes, or an allergy to the tried, true, and tired classics of investment dressing. Designers recite a litany of the most elegant inspirations, ranging from Venetian masked balls to the Baroque period to the artistry of sculptor Alexander Calder. Whatever the influence, these special accessories add a frisson of surprise—and contrast—to what's worn day or night. Of course, there is an element of risk involved in trying out this type of mixture. As designer Paloma Picasso—no stranger to extravagant style—notes, "Accessories have a longer life span than clothing. If you succeed in matching things that are not supposed to match, then it's much more exciting." —JODY SHIELDS

new mix: pearls teamed up with colored stones

A necklace of baroque pearls, OPPOSITE PAGE. Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux, about $900. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. More pearls—on a satin and velvet bag. Renaud Pellegrino, about $360. Bloomingdale's; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; I. Magnin. These ten pages: hair by Eric Gabriel and makeup by Laura Mercier, both for Oribe at Parachute. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer: Penn

even suede takes on brand-new decoration

The surprise of embroidery, THIS PAGE, on a suede scarf (about $535) and gloves (about $315). Both by Prada. Scarf and gloves at Prada, NYC. Gloves also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA. Over the arm, a grosgrain bag with an antique gold chain handle. By Renaud Pellegrino, about $435. Linda Dresner, NYC, Birmingham MI; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL. OPPOSITE PAGE: The short boot has a high profile this season. Here, Manolo Blahnik's lamb's wool and suede example, about $800. Bergdorf Goodman; Posh, Chicago; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

night for day

color scheme: jet black or gold

Nominee for the season's top necklace silhouette: the chunky choker. OPPOSITE PAGE: A jet-black beaded example by Isabel Canovas. At Isabel Canovas, NYC. Earrings, James Arpad, about $245. Bergdorf Goodman; Tootsies, Houston; Topp's, Omaha. Nude Lip Gloss and Plum Violet Eye Coloring Pencil by Prescriptives. THIS PAGE, TOP TO BOTTOM: Matte or shiny, gold is still the metal of choice. Alexander Calder–inspired Chanel belts. "C" belt, about $510; S-shaped belt, about $510; flower belt, about $625. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, San Francisco. Yves Saint Laurent Collections links, about $450. Bloomingdale's. Cuffs, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co. Norma Kamali scarves worn as a top and a skirt. Details, more stores, last pages.

night for day

the new focus: colored stones

A witty approach to real jewelry, OPPOSITE PAGE: A whopping, genuine uncut emerald (177.23 carats) set in a gold bracelet finely inscribed with words like *hamburger.* By Epix Jewelry. Paste cabochon earrings by Dominique Aurientis Paris, about $495. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. THIS PAGE: When a dress boasts spectacular embellishment, no jewelry is required—gem-struck T-strapped long dress by Mary McFadden Couture. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Gazebo, Winston-Salem NC; Suzanne, Boston. For a perfect back view: Clarins Exfoliating Body Scrub. Details, more stores, last pages.

gold-struck accessories for day or night

A baroque Beatle boot to pair with jeans—or more elaborate attire, THIS PAGE. By Willy Van Rooy, about $230. Tootsi Plohound, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Janis, Chicago. Fleur de Lis tights by Hue Legwear, about $15. Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus; Nordstrom, Orange County CA. OPPOSITE PAGE: Equally adaptable—Paloma Picasso's looks-like-liquid-gold silk shawl, about $525. Saks Fifth Avenue; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Daniel Foxx, Palm Desert CA. More metallics: Chanel's quilted bag, beaded and strapped with gold, about $940. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Chanel Boutique, Palm Beach FL. Details, more stores, last pages.

The one piece that Donna Karan says best represents her personal style: a completely unconstructed cashmere sweater that's as comfortable as a sweatshirt. THIS PAGE. Worn with stretch ski pants. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Rex. OPPOSITE PAGE. Karan has always championed the blazer. Here, she modernizes it. Donna Karan New York cashmere and wool blazer, about $1,100; cashmere top, about $750; wool-and-wrong skin, about $270. Hair by Peter Forrester and makeup by Vincent Longo, both for Pipino-Buccheri. Details, stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain

prima

ARTHUR ELGORT

A kid from Queens is now the Queen of Seventh Avenue. Donna Karan tells Stephanie Mansfield her all-American success story

Bianca isn't coming. She's ''somewhere strange. Like Bangkok,'' says the young woman manning the door. Ivana canceled that morning. But Kathleen Sullivan is there. So are Bernadette Peters and Fran Lebowitz, their heads bobbing up from the crush of fashion buyers and press pouring out of three elevators into the Seventh Avenue showroom of Donna Karan, the angst-ridden, fiercely driven designer who's been up for the past forty-eight hours frantically trying to finish her fall collection of stretch unitards, body-suits, opulent jackets, and brocaded bathrobes. ''Luxury sportsweyah,'' as Karan calls it.

It's high noon, and the natives are sporting ''luncheon'': little designer suits and giant scarves, Karan's signature fitted jackets, suede Belgian shoes with tassels. The older set wears Diana Vreeland power helmets and black glasses the size of rearview mirrors as they buzz about Beene and Blass, all for the privilege of sitting on hard plywood bleachers for thirty-five minutes, watching models strut down the showroom floor in Karan's new clothes while Joe Cocker's voice, like a backhoe in reverse, blares out from the loudspeakers.

Socialite Blaine Trump tries to bypass the

RIGHT: Karan got her appreciation for suit dressing from her father, Gabby Faske, a tailor; her gutsiness from her mother, Helen, a model nicknamed "the Queen."

donna

prima donna

The unitard is Karan's best-seller; she calls it her "bodysuit all grown up." THIS PAGE: In crepe, about $375. Body blouse, the one piece that she builds every collection around, about $445. Cashmere jacket (over arm), about $1,100. All by Donna Karan New York. Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; I. Magnin.

crush at the front door by sidling up to the off-limits office entrance. She is politely told to get back in line. If Blaine can't muscle her way in, even in her $2,000 side-wrapped blush wool crepe Karan pantsuit, what hope is there for the poor students from Parsons School of Design who just want to stand in the back? "Dis soot looks gohhrgeous on you," a zaftig woman tells Trump, who sheepishly returns to the line. Her equally chic companion says, "Last year they let us in that way."

But that was *last* year. Last year you could at least get a seat! Last year Liza and Candice and Diandra and Sigourney weren't given the sardine treatment. Last year Donna didn't have a chronically sore neck that necessitated the services of a private trainer. This year, coming off her highly successful lower-priced line, DKNY, Karan is so hot, so "wuhhndafuhl," as the designer herself would put it, that even her mother-in-law, Hilda, has to stand on a wobbly metal folding chair and peek through a cubbyhole to see the show.

The designer is standing near the curtain, fussing over the models. Part den mother, part drama coach, she holds up chunky gold earrings and cuff bracelets by Robert Lee Morris, putting them on and taking them off with abandon.

"Everything was at the last minute," Karan says several days later. "I had no idea what my show was about. The music was too loud. It was too crowded, too crazy." But this is not new. She always hates her shows. Says Mark Karan, her first husband and father of their teenage daughter, Gabby, "She's never satisfied."

Karan's winning formula: she takes a few essential pieces that busy women can't live without—and injects them with style

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

At forty, Donna Karan is a bona fide Seventh Avenue Cinderella story. Since its inception in 1984, Donna Karan New York has grown to 180 employees and includes her ready-to-wear collections and DKNY. There's also Donna Karan eyewear, hosiery, furs, shoes, and sewing patterns. Perfume and home furnishings are areas the designer would like to explore. She says she can't help it; she's a born entrepreneur. When she has an idea, it becomes a company. The entire business, not including the lucrative licensees, is expected to gross $100 million this year. In September, Bergdorf Goodman is opening a bigger Donna Karan boutique. "I think it's fair to say she's one of the top three American designers," says store president and friend Dawn Mello. And it's not only her drive and talent; it's her personality. "What Donna is comes through in the clothes."

Karan's professional rise has a lot to do with the current rise of "fortysomething" female executives, like herself, who want to look pulled-together but not prim. Mildred Pierce meets Murphy Brown. It also has to do with the fact that Karan is a woman. She wears the clothes. In fact, she designs for herself. "And she's the size of more women than Carolyne Roehm or Carolina Herrera is," observes *Washington Post* fashion editor Nina Hyde.

And while the fashion press may marvel at her controlled palette or streamlined silhouettes or the neutralized leg, the designer's flotilla of fans doesn't want to get technical. To them, the clothes, which tend to flatter females of all ages and shapes, are just plain sexy—and they really work. "Her unitards take inches off a woman's lower half," marvels Mello. Says customer Diane Sawyer, laughing, "You know there's a living, working, *suffering, struggling* person on the other end." Karan's clothes work for women on the go because, as the globe-trotting Sawyer says, "she knows what it's like not

CENTER: Karan designs clothes she needs, then tests everything she makes by wearing it. Here, she lounges in her own sweater, leggings. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Rex. RIGHT: Karan wears her husband's blazers for inspiration, then makes her own in the roomiest boxy shape. In tweed, by Donna Karan for Vogue Pattern #2391. Donna Karan New York velvet bodysuit shirt (about $680) and stretch ski pants (about $290). Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Photos LEFT and RIGHT: hair by Peter Forrester and makeup by Vincent Longo, both for Pipino-Buccheri. Details, more stores, last pages.

to have an hour in the morning to get dressed. It's grab and run.''

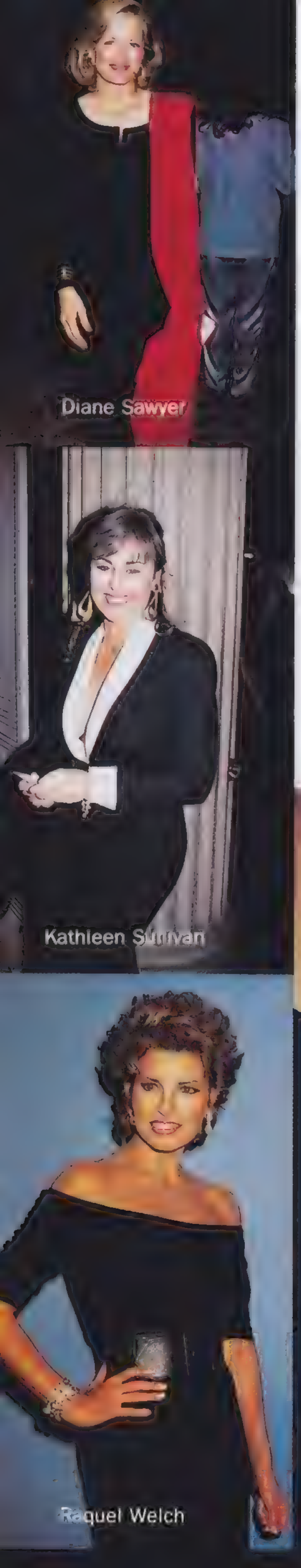
Three days after the fall collection show, the designer is slumped in an office chair. Her husband, Stephan Weiss, a sculptor and owner of a family business that handles theatrical supplies, is in Los Angeles for the week, and she is planning to leave for her semiannual, post-collection-show trip to an Arizona spa, where she will try to lose the weight she gained over the winter. It's mostly from stress, she says—''aggravation'': eighteen-hour days, constant business meetings, placating the partners, and trying to fit in phone calls from the press, weekly manicures, and regular appointments with her analyst.

Karan thrives on the pace. ''This business can kill you,'' she says. ''It really is scary to think about it. When people say they have drug problems or alcohol problems, it's so understandable here. I don't know any other industry where you're being looked at and judged four times a year. They're evaluating you every minute.'' She snaps her fingers sharply in the air. ''What's new, what's new, what's new?'' Karan has been in Freudian analysis since the age of eighteen. Her longtime shrink (''a fathah figure'') died last year, and she has now started seeing a woman. Ask her how many visits a week that entails, and she leans across the desk. ''How many times does Isaac [Mizrahi] say he goes?''

"I have always used gold as a base for everything," says Karan. "It's the greatest accent for colors." LEFT: Karan's gold-sequined silk chiffon pants, worn with the embroidered shoes she considers "collectibles"—pieces that outlast fashion trends. Donna Karan New York pants. Donna Karan Footwear, about $795. Barneys New York; Jildor, Cedarhurst NY. BELOW: Karan after her successful fall show—which all New York attended.

"I don't want a woman to say: 'How—and when—do I wear this?'" says Karan

WALTER CHIN



prima donna

The Karan fan club, LEFT. Typically, they're women in the public eye. RIGHT. Karan's casual take on evening—an easy, off-the-shoulder top, strong jewelry. Top by Donna Karan New York, about $665. Saks Fifth Avenue; Tootsies, Houston; I. Magnin. Jewelry by Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Cuffs, about $380 each. Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. Necklace, about $985. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Hair, Peter Forrester for Pipino-Buccheri; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, stores, last pages.

WALTER CHIN

A classic overachiever, she was born in Queens and raised on Long Island, the second of two daughters. Her father, Gabby Faske, a custom tailor who is said to have outfitted gangsters, died in a car accident when Donna was three. Her upwardly mobile mother, Helen, a Seventh Avenue showroom model who referred to herself as "the Queen," supported the family. She died in 1978. "Everything is no longer with me," says Karan. "My mother, my dog, my body."

She leans back in the chair and takes another handful of popcorn. (Her assistant has brought in two bags of it.) Her silky white bodysuit is open at the neck, revealing a lacy black bra underneath. She wears a blush-colored jacket, giant black glasses, and a noisy gold-and-black charm bracelet. Her long brown hair is swept back. She's a size twelve. "I have great shoulders. From the waist up, I'm quite good." She laughs heartily. "My shoulder size balances my hip size, so no matter how big my hips are, my shoulders are the same." She guffaws. "I think that's what one tries to achieve in life: to camouflage one's hip size. So I hide my hips. Most people are surprised I'm a size twelve. I have very long legs and long arms." As Donna Ivy Faske, a tall, gawky kid back on Long Island, Karan ▶ 370

Top and bottom: ARTHUR ELGORT

A comfort fanatic, Karan drapes herself in yards of a material, then thinks about designing with it

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

When Karan's daughter Gabby, BOTTOM CENTER, complained that nothing in her mom's collection fit her, "I knew it was time to design a younger collection," says Karan. DKNY was born. THIS PAGE: A DKNY sweater—in cotton chenille, with a hood. About $370. Stretch cotton and Lycra pants, about $235. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Perkins Shearer, Denver. TOP LEFT: Karan and husband Stephan Weiss. OPPOSITE PAGE: Typical of the Karan style—an even sportier interpretation of a sporty shearling. Donna Karan New York jacket. Wool ribbed leggings also by Donna Karan New York. Bergdorf Goodman. Hair by Peter Forrester and makeup by Vincent Longo, both for Pipino-Buccheri. Details, more stores, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

close-up

Despite a late entrance into films, Glenn Close has filled her movie career with some of the most diverse and memorable performances of the decade. Away from the camera, her personal style is every bit as bold and eclectic as her screen roles

Glenn Close began her film career at the age of thirty-four, when most actresses are considered middle-aged. The character she played was fifty-eight. Since that powerful debut (in *The World According to Garp*), she has earned five Academy Award nominations—about one every other film. Although her performances are consistently deep and intelligent, their diversity—from the nurturing earth mother of *The Big Chill* to the femme fatale (literally) in *Fatal Attraction*—is unrivaled. Her success proves that a streamlined figure and youthful, plastic features are not necessarily prerequisites for stardom. "I'm lucky to be a member of my generation, because we're the most populous," she says. "Maybe I'll be allowed to grow old and mature along with everyone else."

Close originally regarded her new picture, *Immediate Family*, as a tonic after *Dangerous Liaisons* and *Fatal Attraction*. Eagerly joining James Woods, another bad-guy veteran, she had looked forward to playing a normal, sympathetic person. But *Immediate Family*, due out this fall, turned out to be "a real emotional workout." It depicts the traumatic relationship between a couple unable to have children and a young, pregnant woman (Mary Stuart Masterson) who wants to put hers up for adoption. In real life, Close recently had her first child with her companion, producer John Stark. Annie, "the anchor of my life," was born just seven weeks before the *Dangerous Liaisons* shoot.

Of all her film roles, Close most identifies her personal style with that of *Immediate Family*'s Linda Spector, though her own wardrobe, composed of bits and pieces from previous movies, also includes the black leather coat Alex wore in *Fatal Attraction*. Today she is wearing jeans and sneakers—"*Immediate Family*," she explains, admitting that she has "never felt comfortable shopping, and I don't think I ever will. It was all I could do to comb my hair in the morning, so I cut it all off."

But Geoffrey Beene, who designed the dress she wore to the Oscars, describes a different Close: "When she first arrived at the studio, she knew what she wanted. The first words she spoke were 'black,' 'strapless with a covering.'" Of Beene's clothes, Close says, "You can move in them, without being aware of every gesture. My job involves constantly thinking about how I look. That's my work, so I don't want to worry about it in my private life. In Beene's clothes, I don't have to." —KATHY BISHOP

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen Photographer: Brigitte Lacombe

When dressing for herself, Glenn Close chooses clothes that are "effortless," that make her feel "completely unself-conscious." When she showed up for this photograph, she was wearing her own prescription for [illegible] herself: jeans [illegible] white shirt, [illegible] pumps and, [illegible] makeup, Linda Mercier for Oribe at Parachute. In this story: furniture from Niall Smith Antiques, NYC.

"A great dress is a great collaboration between it and its wearer," says Close. OPPOSITE PAGE: A perfect example—silk panne dress and bolero by Geoffrey Beene. Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL. Opposite and the next two pages: hair, Edward Tricomi for Pipino-Buccheri; makeup, Laura Mercier for Oribe at Parachute. THIS PAGE: Close reveres Beene's "beautifully cut, simple shapes." Here, the simplest buttonless mohair coat. Saks Fifth Avenue; Charles Sumner, Boston; Neiman Marcus. Hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.

close-up

At home, Close prefers to wear corduroy pants and men's rayon shirts from the forties. A similar desire for freedom of movement attracts her to Geoffrey Beene's unrestricting dresses at night. "If I ever needed a muse," says Beene, "her name might easily be Glenn Close." THIS PAGE: Beene's iridescent silk taffeta gown (about $1,950) with matching scarf (held by Close's daughter Annie). Saks Fifth Avenue; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. OPPOSITE PAGE: Close's beauty decisions are sometimes "more emotional than fashionable." Short hair is her "low-maintenance mode." Details, more stores, last pages.

close-up

suitable plaids

One of the biggest themes for fall: plaid suits—in oversize prints, textured fabrics, and autumnal colors. They're good office material. Newest way to wear them: over a sweater or T-shirt instead of a blouse; with a matching coat instead of a jacket

airtumnal
colors

suitable plaids

new arms:
in felt, velvet

suitable plaids

suitable plaids

a texture story

Perhaps no other woman in recent history has been as prepared for the role of first lady as Barbara Bush, who's made a career of being a political wife. OPPOSITE: A photo opportunity at campaign headquarters during George Bush's unsuccessful run for the Senate in 1964. THIS PAGE: In the West Sitting Hall of the first family's private quarters—the dress is a Scaasi but the pearls, she assures, are fake.

Editor: André Leon Talley
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

the natural

Even as first lady, Barbara Bush remains doggedly herself. Julia Reed visits her in the private quarters

Everybody loves Barbara Bush. Her husband loves her. Her children love her. The AIDS patients she holds love her, as do the homeless mothers she feeds. She says fat ladies everywhere love her, that they wrote in during the campaign to tell her so. Even groups not exactly wild about her husband seem to: blacks, Democrats, the press. She was declared the hands-down winner of the administration's first one hundred days on television's feisty *McLaughlin Group,* beating out the president and his entire cabinet. Last May, after she gave a rousing commencement address at the all-black, all-female Bennett College, one tearful mother gushed that nobody could've topped her, maybe not even Oprah.

"Barbara Bush," says Republican National Committee chairman Lee Atwater, "has become a folk hero in this country." And in a country that is notoriously tough on first ladies, that's not an easy feat. By the end of Reagan's first hundred days, Nancy Reagan had struck so many false notes—her priceless inaugural gown, the famous china—that only the attempted assassination of her husband could give her a brief reprieve. Eleanor Roosevelt served as a human lightning rod, deflecting criticism from her popular husband. But Barbara Bush has mercifully escaped all that by taking a piece of advice from Polonius: "To thine own self be true." No one is more doggedly herself than the current first lady, and the rewards have been great.

"People in this country are tired of bullshit," says Atwater, "and Barbara Bush is the most natural, most down-to-earth person who's ever held center stage in American public life, and people love it."

If the Reagans stood for glamour, opulence—indeed, excess—the Bushes go out of their way to be just one of us. After the inauguration, they threw their new house open to the teeming masses à la Andrew Jackson. At a function in the private quarters, guests spotted dirty towels on the bathroom floor. Barbara Bush boasts of having no antiques in the family's Kennebunkport house, and a member of her staff says the new first lady finds the pale yellow first floor of the family quarters, decorated by Nancy Reagan, too formal. When she and the president wash their much-publicized springer spaniel, Millie, they just yank her into the shower with them. There's not a citizen in America who doesn't know by now that she does her own hair and that her pearls are fake, that her husband plays horseshoes and loves take-out Chinese food. They wear their lack of artifice almost like a badge.

Mrs. Bush herself attributes her popularity to the fact that "I don't threaten anyone. That's because I am everybody's grandma. I mean kissing me is like kissing your grandmother." While she says that she "admires" her predecessor's perfectionism, it is not a quality she herself is interested in: "It doesn't bother me if something isn't just perfect. I am much more interested in people themselves."

"The subtext of all that," says Lewis Gould, a history professor who teaches a course in first ladies at the University of Texas at Austin, "is, 'I am not Nancy Reagan.' "

It is true that one can hardly imagine the former first lady taking off her shoe to rub a tired foot in the middle of an interview, as Mrs. Bush does, or marching briskly ahead of her staff to throw open some French doors. Barbara Bush is not strong on small talk, and she runs through her answers quickly—even a bit defensively—often before the questions are fully formed. She doesn't suffer fools gladly, so she appears to be hedging her bets.

At the end of our appointed time she jumps up with an abrupt "Shall we?" and proceeds to take some quick turns for the photographer. This is a day of appointments, and she wants to get on with them. On a card table in the West Sitting Hall, a single place is set for a working lunch. She is thinner than she was during the campaign—due to her thyroid or her mile-long daily swims—and she looks fit, polished. Her hair is cut shorter, in a more becoming frame for her handsome face. Yet on the balcony, posing, she says she's thinking of having her official portrait painted as she is now, with her dog, or, like Edith Roosevelt, with a hat. "I'll do anything I can to take the picture off the face."

It is typical of the kind of self-deprecating remark she has perfected. Earlier, she had rejected the notion that her five children might be remarkable, insisting that they are merely "normal"—an accomplishment in itself given the rigors of growing up in a political household. "No," she says firmly, "they are just like anybody else's children." When her husband says the only creature she indulges is her dog, one tends to believe it.

> "It doesn't bother me if something isn't perfect. I'm much more interested in people"

She is equally adamant about her new, more visible role. Her example counts for so much, doesn't she feel the weight of added responsibility? "I don't feel it *at all,*" she says. "Remember, I was second lady for eight years. It was very unsudden."

Certainly she is the most prepared first lady in recent history and clearly one of the savviest, possessing a keen public relations sense that serves her well. "She has as good political judgment as any I've ever come across," says Atwater, who managed her husband's campaign. Already she seems to have licked the thornier problems confronting a woman in her peculiar position.

Among the thorniest, says Gould, is that although "the American public seems to want a strong, self-reliant first lady, people don't want to see her get too close to the center of power." Rosalynn Carter sealed her fate when she gave herself a seat at cabinet meetings; Nancy Reagan after she almost single-handedly tossed out Donald Regan. Barbara Bush, on the other hand, simply issued a succinct announcement in the first weeks of her husband's presidency, saying that she would have no comment, ever, on government-related matters. She had been accused of influencing her husband's position on the sale of automatic weapons, and she didn't like it. "I do not want to dilute what influence I have by talking about

Their wedding in 1945, RIGHT: the bride wore white, the groom wore Navy blues. She married the first boy she ever kissed. FAR RIGHT: Still side by side, thirty years later in Beijing; Bush was the first American envoy to a newly opened China.

Campaign '64: George Bush lost the Senate campaign to Ralph Yarborough despite Barbara Bush's enthusiastic applause at a Houston rally, ABOVE LEFT, with daughter Dorothy and son Marvin. ABOVE: Casting ballots together. LEFT: Posing for family scenes at home, with children, from left, Neil, Dorothy, Jeb, and Marvin.

Top right: John Burns/People Weekly/© 1988 Time Inc.; *center left:* PAUL SELIGMAN; *bottom:* PAUL SELIGMAN.

things that I was not elected to do anything about,'' she says. Furthermore, ''I do not lobby my husband.''

Then there's the ''Jackie did it differently'' syndrome. No matter what they manage to accomplish, first ladies are invariably stacked up against those before them. Barbara Bush, however, has what Gould calls a ''counterprogramming style'' so forceful that it precludes questions about her way of doing things—it is simply the way she has always done them. None of her causes, for example, were taken up for the benefit of the job. She has been devoted to most of them throughout her adult life. She was, after all, born into that tradition of middle-class American women who give themselves to husbands and children, who join the garden club and the Junior League, who deliver Meals-on-Wheels between their tennis lessons and their Boys Club meetings. It is a way of life, a duty they would not dream of shirking.

Her attention to literacy was prompted by her son Neil's painful dyslexia. Her support of the Ronald McDonald Houses, which house seriously ill children and their families while they undergo medical treatment, as well as her interest in leukemia, stems from the death from leukemia of her daughter Robin at age three. She has picked up the banner of the homeless and AIDS victims more recently, but takes pains to point out that she visited the same New York City AIDS ward a full year before Princess Diana made headlines with her own visit last fall—''You [meaning the press] just didn't care.''

Mrs. Bush's self-imposed gag order has been particularly tough on the press corps, who had come to appreciate her frank wit and occasionally sharp tongue. None of them has forgotten her suggestion during the 1984 campaign that Geraldine Ferraro might be best described with a word that ''rhymes with rich''—a quick turn of a tough phrase that rolls off her tongue much more easily than her husband's. More than one political operative during the last campaign wished aloud, as her husband garbled his syn-

During the campaign, more than one political operative wished aloud that Mrs. Bush were the candidate instead

tax or stumbled over rehearsed profanity, that she were somehow the candidate instead.

It is not surprising, then, that she admires Bess Truman for "doing her own thing." Truman, who had great influence on her husband, also steadfastly refused to comment publicly on anything political, and once when her secretary told her a reporter wanted to know what she was wearing to tea that day, she said, "Tell her it's none of her damn business." Mrs. Bush herself retorted "Well, don't expect an answer" to a reporter who apologized in advance for a question that might have sounded impertinent.

Unlike Mrs. Truman, who resented the demands of her role, both Bushes are reveling in their new life. "It's been a long time since we've had a president's wife who seems so totally unfazed by what this is supposed to mean and what she's supposed to do," says Kay Evans, a friend who is married to the Washington columnist Rowland Evans. "They are finally there, and they're enjoying it."

They've given so many parties that Mrs. Bush has dubbed her husband "Perle Mesta Bush," after the legendary Washington hostess. He has been known to spring thirty-five guests on his wife at a day's notice. They have countless casual dinners and "movie nights" for politicians, reporters, and supporters—whoever's in town—and dozens more private dinners. Every weekend the private quarters are full of houseguests. "I *make* time to see [old friends]," Mrs. Bush says. One recent weekend, childhood friend Mildred Kerr (the dog's namesake) and two couples from Houston were ensconced. Two weeks later, daughter Doro and sister-in-law Nancy Ellis were down for the White House Correspondents Dinner, and "somehow," she says, "that got going and we ended up with eleven houseguests. I had a luncheon Friday, a dinner Friday night....This is all private. They were *our* friends—not that everybody isn't our friend," she adds, ever the diplomat, but "these were *old* friends." Son Marvin, who lives nearby, plays horseshoes on a team with his father in a White House league that includes the butlers and grounds keepers. Grandchildren are constantly underfoot, for birthday parties, egg hunts. Even guests in town for state dinners have been invited to stay the night. "There hasn't been anything like it since the Johnson years," says renowned Washington hostess and author Susan Mary Alsop.

Mrs. Bush is also no slouch at more public gatherings. She has spent almost as much time on the New York party circuit as any nouvelle society queen. After a Literacy Volunteers dinner, columnist Liz Smith declared that her presence had astounded the benefit audience, most of whom had never actually seen an honorary chairman make an appearance. When she's not entertaining or being feted herself, she's off to Maine to prepare the house for a last-minute visit from President Mitterrand, or to Arlington, Texas, to throw the first pitch for the Texas Rangers baseball team, a piece of which is owned by son George, Jr. She "adores to read," plays tennis twice a week, and devotes three hours daily to her mail—all "because I'm disciplined." Recently, she announced that in between all this, she intended to make time for at least one good work a day.

She enjoyed her husband's stint as vice president and now enjoys his role as president—these are jobs that have kept them very much together. "George Bush is a sharer [she almost always refers to him as George Bush], and that's very, very important for a happy marriage. So many husbands, I think, don't share." She says the most painful time for her was when her husband headed the CIA, a job, she adds ruefully, that he loved. "I said, 'Don't ever tell me a secret; I can't keep it.' It was right after we had come home from China, where we were together *all* the time. The children were gone, and George had a job I couldn't share. And that I found very difficult."

In an era when most women have jobs themselves, and more choices about their future, she still seems genuinely happy with her life—even if others question it. Jane Pauley once asked her, "Your husband is a man of the eighties, and you're a woman of the forties. What do you say to that?" and Gail Sheehy tried to intimate that the decision to quit dyeing her hair brown had been an unhappy turning point in her marriage. One is more inclined to believe Mrs. Bush herself when she says, "My relationship to George, not to mention the children we've had, would have made the whole thing worth it if we hadn't done all these other things....We had some financially hard times, contrary to popular belief. We had a child who died. But so do other people. You either make it or you don't. We were lucky. We believed in God, we loved each other, and we had the most extraordinarily supportive families you've ever known."

She says for a year she ran the Junior League shop in Midland, Texas, to help ease the pain of Robin's death. And she is not immune to the fact that the world has changed. "It's hard for women who are twenty years younger than I am to get their life in place, because you have to have priorities. I think any forty-year-old or any thirty-year-old who chooses to stay home worries."

Barbara Bush, however, "is not fighting anything," says Evans. "She's a strong personality, very self-possessed. There doesn't seem to be anything lacking there. I think she's liked her life, and it shows." She is, in that case, well equipped for the years ahead. "In the long run," says Gould of first ladies, "authenticity is the best way to go." ◉

Barbara Bush on the Truman Balcony with Millie—the only creature, the president jokes, his wife indulges

A DOG'S LIFE: Carter and Susan Burden, OPPOSITE, with their pugs in their former living room. Most of their collections are going with them to new Manhattan quarters. In the background, *Teton Noir*, 1961, by Kenneth Noland. THIS PAGE: Frank Stella's *Quathlamba*, 1964.

Editor: André Leon Talley
Photographer: Oberto Gili

baring the burdens

Amid Carter Burden's many and varied collections, he and his wife, Susan, make a place for themselves. **Rhoda Koenig** reports

baring the burdens

All the people I worked with then are in jail or dead,'' reminisced Carter Burden. It's a statement one might expect from a retired mafioso, not from a dapper forty-seven-year-old Vanderbilt relation whom his friend Brooke Astor calls ''a real scholar. I'm absolutely devoted to him.''

Burden was harking back to his brief but turbulent period in New York City politics, a time and occupation that seem utterly remote from his present status as a gentleman of business and incurable collector. But then Burden is a man accustomed to change. He has just sold the fourteen-room apartment on the East River, designed by Mark Hampton, featured on these pages, as well as some of his major paintings. But he still retains nearly seventy thousand rare books, bronzes, drawings, and works of modern art that, as another friend, Anne Bass, says, reflect ''the most developed taste, an inherited artist's eye.'' Indeed, it's developed to such an extent that the Burden home, crammed with curio cabinets and strewn with boxes and bibelots, had been in danger of coming to resemble a large and flossy antique shop. Only the drawing room, a long white-and-gold space dominated by a huge Frank Stella and a Franz Kline, boasted a table with an uninhabited top. ''That room was unusual,'' says Burden. ''It was the only one without any tchotchkes.''

Burden started collecting before he could read—toy soldiers, his first passion, remain assembled in his present home, and his first stuffed animal, an indeterminate and rudimentary black creature, still guards his bath. He is the son of Flobelle Fairbanks, Douglas's niece, and Shirley Burden, whose grandmother, Florence Twombley, was the granddaughter of ''Commodore'' Cornelius Vanderbilt. Home was a ''pseudo-Norman'' house in Beverly Hills—Shirley was a producer at RKO. But Burden *père* was also a connoisseur of still photography. ''When Steichen left the photography department at the Museum of Modern Art,'' says Burden, ''he asked my father to succeed him.'' Shirley didn't take the offer, but his brother, William, became the president of MoMA—on two separate occasions. In Burden's clutch of family photos, Uncle Bill poses between his wife and a Mondrian. Among the family pictures is a shot of the folks at Burden's childhood home away from home, Charlie and Oona Chaplin's. ''He was the only genius I've ever known,'' says Burden. Chaplin's daughter Geraldine was his first girlfriend.

Burden went to St. John's Military Academy—''God help me''—Harvard, and Columbia Law School. Shortly after he joined the New York State bar, a friend of a friend introduced him to Robert Kennedy, whose aide he became. The year after Kennedy was assassinated, Burden won his first electoral victory—to a seat on the New York City Council, where he remained for eight years. (Though much has changed in New York City and the world, Burden's politics are still liberal and Democratic.) In the evenings, he played poker with such colleagues as Bronx boss Stanley Friedman, now doing twelve years for bribery and corruption, and Queens borough president Donald Manes, who committed suicide in 1986 as investigators were closing in. ''I wasn't surprised to learn that Manes was a crook,'' Burden says now. ''There was always something furtive about him. But Friedman was very ingratiating. I suppose someone less naive would have realized otherwise.''

In 1977, Burden lost the race for council president and then decided to run for newly elected Mayor Ed Koch's congressional seat. He was nominated but lost the election, despite spending over $1 million of his own on the campaign. At the time, Burden was castigated for his extravagance, but this year cosmetics tycoon Ronald Lauder in seeking the mayoralty is dropping $7 million on the primary alone. Burden thinks Lauder's effort is similarly doomed: ''Every time that guy opens his mouth, he puts his foot in it.''

The year Burden left office also marked his departure from journalism. In 1970, he had bought into the vivacious antiestablishment weekly *The Village Voice*, which became a battleground when Rupert Murdoch sought to wrest it and its sister publication, *New York* magazine, from their owner, Clay Felker. Accusations of megalomania and wimpery traded sides, and in the end Burden sold his shares, paving the way for a Murdoch takeover. Burden's involvement in the media then switched to the quieter world of radio—he formed CRB Broadcasting, which owns and operates nine stations on the eastern seaboard. The remainder of his professional time is taken up with a partnership in the family investment firm, William A.M. Burden.

Before Burden became a political figure, he was known as a social one. At twenty-three, he married the beautiful Amanda Mortimer, stepdaughter of William Paley, and became half of a much-feted glamorous couple. Though a public success, the marriage had its private strains. The Burdens broke up in 1972. ''We were just too young,'' Burden says. A few months later he met his present wife, different from the first

PRINTED MATTER: Carter Burden's collection of books in a guest room, RIGHT, in the couple's New York City apartment.

DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN
DEAD AIR

"Collecting has a lot to do with the Oedipus complex and sex. The pipe comes into it, too"

CARTER'S COLLECTIBLES: ***The Chained Turkish Slave,*** **after Pietro Tacca,** OPPOSITE, FAR LEFT, **is an early-17th-century andiron.** OPPOSITE, TOP: **Franz Kline's** ***Bigard,*** **1961.** OPPOSITE, BOTTOM: **Collections spill into the bath. His first stuffed animal rests on an Art Nouveau marble and bronze bowl. The Napoleon III neoclassical bust is one of a pair. The marble obelisk is Louis XVI.** THIS PAGE, LEFT: **The book-filled upstairs hallway in their Manhattan apartment. On the walls are selections from his drawing collection, his most recent passion.** TOP: **In their Long Island bedroom are monogrammed linens, his great-grandmother's chaise longue, and 19th-century apothecary glass.** ABOVE: **The country living room features a 19th-century Chinese bronze horse, George III cut-crystal jars, and Gothic revival candlesticks.**

in all but one respect: Susan Burden is said to be considered by Bill Paley "one of the best-looking women in New York."

"Carter and I met at exactly the wrong time, according to my book," says Susan Burden, a very tall, very thin, and very tawny blond. The book she coauthored bears the less than catchy title *The Evaluation and Treatment of Marital Conflict*—Mrs. Burden is a family therapist. After five years together "to sort things out," they were married in 1977. Although her job often keeps her out late, Burden prefers it this way: "Women are much happier when they work."

In the mid-sixties, Burden began collecting modern art—a passion whose impressive fruits could be seen on his walls, sometimes slightly perversely arranged. An intense little Robert Indiana commanded "EAT" in a foodless sitting room. A rather grisly gray Francis Bacon nude, posterior foremost, hung just outside the dining room, and one of Philip Pearlstein's spread-eagled, anatomically correct nudes confronted diners within. "When my daughter was younger," Burden says, "she was embarrassed to ask her friends to the house." A more conventional David Hockney view of the south of France is, says Mrs. Burden, "one of the things we'd take if we had to move," and indeed, that painting is accompanying the couple to their new quarters.

Burden's art-collecting activities are limited now, the result of the stratospheric climb of prices to a level above that of mere millionaires. "I never spent more than $10,000 on a painting; that would be impossible now." He has instead branched out into drawings, including some of uncertain provenance. "This is meant to be a Géricault," he says of a lively little horse picture. Of another, "That's supposed to be a Romney."

Besides art, Burden is known for collecting all manner of objects. A large cabinet holds several shelves of colored-glass bells, a trophy of his divorce. "When I was married to Amanda, I felt she should collect something, so I got her these bells. Then, when we split up, she said, 'I have to tell you something—I never liked those bells,' and I said, 'Great! I'll take them.' " There are elaborately patterned snuffboxes, rows of ivory carvings, walls of Indian miniatures, old-fashioned ballot boxes with slots marked "Yea" and "Nay," and early Staffordshire figures by Obadiah Sherratt, a naive artist of great fanciful charm. Sherratt's exotic menagerie is inscribed "wonderfull birds and beasts"; Venus and Neptune arise from a seascape that could be a souvenir of Torquay. The Burden home also ▶ 372

NOTE WORTHY: In the Manhattan music room, OPPOSITE, an English breakfront holds 19th-century glass bells. A model of a flight of stairs and Venetian wooden monkeys sit on an 18th-century Italian table. LEFT: A detail of Francis Bacon's *Figure in a Room*, 1953.

brief interludes

Bruce Chatwin, who died this year, was not only a brilliant novelist and world traveler, he also recorded his reactions to some rare urban exotics, as in these excerpts from the forthcoming posthumous collection, *What Am I Doing Here*

AT DINNER WITH DIANA VREELAND

Her glass of neat vodka sat on the white damask tablecloth. Beyond the smear of lipstick, a twist of lemon floated among the ice cubes. We were sitting side by side, on a banquette.

"What are you writing about, Bruce?"

"Wales, Diana."

The lower lip shot forward. Her painted cheeks swiveled through an angle of ninety degrees.

"Whales!" she said. "Blue whales!...Sperm whales! ...THE WHITE WHALE!"

"No...no, Diana! Wales! Welsh Wales! The country to the west of England."

"Oh! Wales. I *do* know Wales. Little gray houses...covered in roses...in the rain...." 1982

THE DUKE OF M----

Long ago, when I worked at Sotheby's, the art auctioneers, two seedy Swiss brought in prehistoric gold treasure: torques, bangles, hair rings, plaquettes. They said it came from Middle Europe, but I knew it was Iberian. We gave a receipt and they left.

In the library we had a book on Iberian prehistory. I found several of the pieces illustrated, listed as the property of a Fundación Don Juan de Valencia in Madrid.

By means of the international operator I got through to the foundation and asked to speak to the curator.

"You have the gold?" he called in an excited voice. "This is wonderful! It was stolen from us. Keep it! We will tell Interpol...Excuse me, what did you say your name was? Mr. Cha?...Chat...? Chatwin! We will contact you. THANK you!"

Next morning, around eleven, the receptionist put through a call to my desk to say that the Duke of M---- was waiting in the office.

He was a white-haired grandee of the old stamp. He wore the black hat only a grandee can wear. I showed him into a waiting room and went to fetch the gold from the safe.

Trembling with excitement, the Duke of M---- picked up the objects, one by one. Nothing was lost.

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am," he said. "You have no idea what I have been through. These Swiss came posing as archaeologists and we allowed them to study the collection. They stole it. I am responsible for the foundation. I would be in terrible disgrace if the gold was not found."

We agreed it should go back to the safe, and we would wait instructions from Interpol.

The Duke of M---- gave me his card and asked me to call on him if I came to Madrid.

On the way out we passed the chairman of Sotheby's, who was talking to the expert on Spanish painting. I saw the expert murmuring to the chairman, who pressed forward to introduce himself.

"I've always heard about your wonderful collection of pictures...."

"Always" was thirty seconds beforehand.

"But you must come and see them," said the Duke of M----.

He took from his wallet a second card: "Whenever you come to Madrid, I shall be delighted to give you luncheon."

Several years passed. I quit Sotheby's—Smootherboys as a friend likes to call it. I spent one winter kicking around the Western Sahara. In April my wife joined me for a two-week trip in Morocco.

On the runway at Casablanca was the Royal Air Maroc Caravelle that would take us to Paris with a connecting flight to London. But there was also an Iberian Airlines jet due to leave for Madrid twenty minutes earlier.

"Quick!" I said to Elizabeth. "Let's go to the Prado and look at pictures."

The airport staff hustled us aboard.

It was freezing in Madrid. We stayed in a poky hotel and shivered. Next morning, I called the Duke of M---- to ask if I could see the Don Juan de Valencia Foundation.

"You must come to lunch," said the Duke of M----. "Can you manage today?"

"I don't think we can," I said. "We've come from the Moroccan desert, and we've got no respectable clothes."

"We'll find you clothes," he said. "My sons have plenty of suits. But what size is your wife?"

"She's short," I said, "and slim."

"We shall find something. We expect you at a quarter to one."

We pressed the doorbell. The butler showed us into separate bedrooms. In mine there was a selection of gray suits, a row of black shoes, shirts, socks, cuff links and silver silk ties.

I was dirty. I washed and dressed. I was terrified of mucking up the basin. I met Elizabeth in the hallway. She wore an emerald dress by Balenciaga. We went in to join the guests.

In the salon there were several paintings by Goya and, in the dining room, a magnificent set of Guardis. The conversation was brilliant, the lunch delicious. After three months of eating food with my fingers, my table manners were hardly up to it.

"I've left Sotheby's," I said to the Duke of M----.

"I'm glad to hear it," he smiled. "We had a most disagreeable experience with a man from there. Wilson, I think his name was. He called to ask if he could see my collection. Of course, after *our* agreeable experience, I invited him to lunch. But he started to tell me the price my Guardis would fetch at auction. I had to show him the door."

Excerpted from *What Am I Doing Here*, by Bruce Chatwin, copyright 1989. To be published in September by Viking Penguin, Inc.

"In the middle of lunch?"

"Yes."

"Tell me," I asked. "Did Interpol catch the thieves?"

"They did. . . ."

Afterwards, in our borrowed clothes—which we borrowed for three more days—we went to the house of a very old lady, who had been among the guests.

She was a famous art historian and expert on Zurbarán. She showed us into her bedroom. The walls were white. There was a four-poster bed with a white coverlet but no curtains. There was a crucifix. On the bed table were a rosary and a breviary. On the wall facing the bed hung a panel about four feet square: *Saint Veronica's Veil* by El Greco. 1988

MY MODI

It is 1944 in New York and Miss Lillie, alias Lady Peel, "Lady Parlequipeel," is sauntering down Madison Avenue in her inevitable embroidered mobcap. She is a big hit in the musical *Seven Lively Arts* at the Ziegfeld Theatre. The war is still on and the art business is slow. Showbiz is booming. I haven't a clue to what time of year it was. Let us imagine it was spring. She passes the galleries along Madison Avenue and a picture takes her eye.

"Lawdie Gawdie!" It's the Valentin Gallery.

She sweeps in.

The assistant sweeps her into Mr. Valentin's office. He rises to his feet. "Miss Lillie. I am honored you come to my gallery."

"The room," says Bea, "was covered in plum velvet and there was a plum velvet easel. Mr. Valentin," she begins, "my friend Vincent Price tells me you have a beautiful painting by M. . . Mo. . . Mo. . . ."

"Modigliani."

"Well, let's shorten it to Modi."

The assistant goes to the shelves behind the plum velvet curtain and pulls out a painting of a young Belgian boy. He has a mass of blond curls and rosy cheeks; he wears a sand-colored jacket; I forget the other details.

"Is that a Modi?"

"It is, Miss Lillie."

"I never saw anything so frrrightful in my life. If that's a Modi, I'm leaving!"

She sweeps out.

On the threshold she turns to Mr. Valentin.

"And how much were you proposing to ask me for the Modi?"

"Miss Lillie. I have always been a great admirer of yours. I was suggesting fifteen thousand dollars."

"Fifteen thousand *dollars*! You can keep it! I could offer you seventy-five hundred, but fifteen thousand!"

"Miss Lillie, if you really like the picture, I give it for seventy-five hundred."

She goes back to the plum-colored office and writes out a check. Since the war is still on, Mr. Valentin agrees to keep it and ship it when hostilities are over.

He shipped Modi in a crate. It went upstairs into the attic of Bea's house on the river at Henley-on-Thames and she forgot about it.

The first time I saw Bea and the Modi was in 1963 when the chairman of Sotheby's came into our office with Bea, the Modi, and Bea's American friend and protector.

He said we would store the picture indefinitely. It would be insured for fifty thousand pounds.

That Sunday I went for lunch and supper at Henley. We laughed, sang, and Bea played the piano. I was Noël and she was Gertie. We had perfect pitch:

If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy,
There would be such wonderful things to do.
There would be such wonderful dreams come true.
If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.

The last I heard of the Modi was a telephone call from the chairman's secretary about ten years later asking me if I knew the details of the insurance on the Modigliani and whether Beatrice Lillie signed the insurance form. Her protector had turned up one day at Sotheby's and asked for the picture back. The porter, supposing it to have been left there last week, let him have it. He took it down the road to Christie's, where it sold for over two hundred thousand pounds.

The money went to pay her nursing bills.

I hope that Bea in her dotage in New York remembered the rosy-cheeked Belgian boy.

When you have written five books, people begin to comment on your style. They have compared my bleak, chiseled style with Hemingway, Lawrence (D.H., thank God, not T.E.). Yes, they are my writers. For bleak passages I have also looked hard at *Hedda Gabler*.

But I was a boy who, at the age of eight, sang "The Stately Homes of England" to the wind-up gramophone. I sang "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" in falsetto: after puberty, having an extra male hormone or two, I couldn't get my tongue around Dig. . . arig. . . arig. . . arig. . . arig. . . arig. . . adoo. For writers who want to write dialogue, I can recommend nothing better than the breakfast scene in *Private Lives*.

Of course, I longed to meet the Master—and did so. It was his last lunch party in London before he crept off to die in Jamaica. The hostess was Anne Fleming, widow of Ian. The other members of the cast were Merle Oberon, Lady Diana Cooper, myself, and him. I laughed so much the grouse came down my nose. He and Lady Diana did a dialogue about how, in the 1920s, they appeared in Chicago, he in *The Vortex*, she in *The Miracle*. The impresario of both plays had a weekend house at Lake Forest, north of the city. Most people know of the Great Elizabethan Bed of Ware. The impresario had rigged up a room with two-way mirrors called The Great Bed of Wear. The guests looked on to watch what was happening, but he, Lady Diana, Iris Tree, and her Italian lover were convulsed with giggles.

On the way out from lunch he said, "I have very much enjoyed meeting you, but unfortunately, we will never meet again because very shortly I will be dead. *But* if you'll take one parting word of advice, 'Never let anything artistic stand in your way.' "

I have always acted on this advice. 1988

The author in his explorer guise

Photo courtesy of Diana Melly

Ashley Bickerton, at work in his Brooklyn studio, THIS PAGE, keeps his distance from his fellow CalArts alumni, but the school shows up in his art, literally. His *Tormented Self-Portrait (Susie at Arles) #2*, 1988, detail, OPPOSITE, FAR RIGHT, includes the CalArts logo. OPPOSITE, RIGHT: Animation students Bernie Peterson and Roger Webb fuel their experiments with vitamins and peanut butter.

Photographer: George Lange

Courtesy Sotheby's, NYC, and Donald Weinberg Gallery, L

liberal arts

The school Walt Disney founded has ended up an art "factory" wilder than Warhol's. But, asks **Ralph Rugoff,** is the avant-garde CalArts in danger of becoming merely the new academy?

Valencia is the kind of tidy suburban community where there's still an occasional cross burning. Best known in southern California as the home of the Magic Mountain amusement park, the area has another resonance for those in the art world. For it's here, ringed by wildly poetic mountains and idiotic prefab housing developments, that one finds the California Institute of the Arts, nestled just off Interstate 5 in the perfect spot for a fast-food franchise. These days the school's incongruous location seems appropriately ironic, somehow mirroring the situation of contemporary American art.

Geography, in any case, has never fazed CalArts. The salient art academy of its time, the school has functioned for almost two decades as a free-floating cultural satellite, a communications link between the art scenes of New York and Los Angeles. In the process, it has changed the complexion of both. Its alumni, who range from David Salle and Eric Fischl to Mike Kelley and Ashley Bickerton, have helped establish a new *Who's Who* for the art of the eighties.

"CalArts has been the largest and richest feeder of our enterprise for the last ten years," notes Richard Armstrong, associate curator of the Whitney Museum of American Art. "It has been far and away the dominant art school, comparable only to what Yale was in the sixties." At Los Angeles's Museum of Contemporary Art, the impact of the school's alumni has been especially conspicuous: in a recent survey exhibition devoted to the art of the 1980s, eleven of the thirty artists featured had taken a degree in Valencia. "CalArts graduates

Barbara Bloom's *Parrot*, 1987, TOP LEFT, uses photography to create site-specific art. TOP RIGHT: Allan Sekula, director of the photography program and a Marxist and post-structuralist theorist, evaluates student work with faculty member Jo Ann Callis. ABOVE: 1978 alumnus Mike Kelley's *Animal Self and Friend of the Animals*, 1987.

Top left: courtesy Jay Gorney Modern Art; bottom: private collection, courtesy Metro Pictures.

have a pervasive influence here," says MoCA chief curator Mary Jane Jacobs. "But their impact isn't only local, it's on a national level."

The high profile of CalArts alumni in concocting the conceptual curveballs and aesthetic upheavals of the last fifteen years has brought the school international renown. It's also prompted a bit of a backlash. As early as 1980, there was talk in New York art circles of a "CalArts Mafia," complaints of old school chums helping each other get a foot in gallery doors (it was no coincidence, for example, that Ross Bleckner, David Salle, Eric Fischl, and Troy Brauntuch all ended up showing at Mary Boone). A *New York Times* commentator accused the school of churning out a legion of hustlers. Similar gripes have recently been aired on the West Coast, as CalArts graduates have come to dominate the L.A. art scene as well. Yet the charge of "hustling" is one that most CalArtians take with a grain of salt, if not perverse pride.

"Most art schools are ivory towers, but at CalArts, the students learn about hard knocks and art-world politics real quickly," insists Mike Kelley. "They're savvy and practical—they don't think art is about having your head in the clouds with some romantic vision."

"When I was there," adds New York painter Matt Mullican, "the goal wasn't to get a degree, it was to become a famous and successful artist. But there was also a tendency to treat art making as a straightforward, common activity. John [Baldessari] used to call the art world 'the art factory,' and we saw ourselves as the workers."

The concept of artist/workers, although in a somewhat different form, had also appealed to Walt Disney. In the 1950s, Disney became interested in creating an interdisciplinary art school modeled after the California Institute of Technology. One early plan called for the school to be surrounded by a vast shopping mall, including theaters, shops, and galleries that would be fueled by the output of student/workers. Passing motorists could drop in and purchase "tomorrow's masterpieces at today's prices."

That particular plan never got off the drawing board. While Disney lived to oversee the 1961 merger of the Chouinard Art Institute and the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music (which were reincorporated as CalArts), his death in 1966 left the school's board of trustees with 45 percent of his estate and only the vaguest idea of how best to fulfill the founder's vision.

When CalArts officially opened its interdisci-

In the 1970s, the school offered no drawing classes, but the course catalog included seminars in joint rolling and witchcraft

A new crop of students is flourishing as CalArts adjusts to the eighties and prepares for the art world of the nineties. Kavin Buck, TOP, puts the finishing touches on a multimedia sculpture. ABOVE RIGHT: Dancer Dawn Stoppiello takes steps to help composer Mark Coniglio create computer music. ABOVE: In true CalArts tradition, film and video teacher James Benning swims nude in the school pool as student Tracey White sunbathes. RIGHT: Art students Mike Conner and Amy Jones in a dorm room adorned with tinfoil sculptures and citrus fruit.

GEORGE LANGE

"For the most part, it was total anarchy," says Barbara Bloom. "We were irreverent, drug-taking, smartass kids"

plinary doors four years later, it was modeled less on CalTech than a 1960s happening. The school offered no drawing classes (craftsmanship was considered passé), but the course catalog included seminars in joint rolling and witchcraft. Classes generally had no assigned meeting time but were considered in session whenever the instructor ran into a student on campus. When an art class held an orgy that first year, news of it reached New York.

Today it all sounds a bit like art camp for hippies, but CalArts was run by some of the most important artists of the time. Lured by the promise that the school was to be the Black Mountain College of the seventies, bankrolled by virtually unlimited Disney funds, people such as Nam June Paik and Allan Kaprow (who was installed as dean of the art school) journeyed west. Roberto Rossellini was recruited for the film program; Ravi Shankar and Morton Subotnick joined the music faculty.

"The whole society was up for evaluation at that time, and that included art," remembers John Baldessari, an original faculty member who taught at CalArts for the next sixteen years. "The idea wasn't to define art as this or that, but instead to create a giant laboratory where things might happen."

"For the most part, it was total anarchy," recalls Barbara Bloom, a 1972 graduate. "We were irreverent, drug-taking, smartass kids and we had a lot of fun." In one of her classes, Bloom and other students constructed an ersatz African hut and then enacted a ritual in which, after exchanging secrets, they slaughtered a chicken. "Maybe that was going a little far, but I was a city girl, and I still feel it changed my life to realize that I could kill a chicken," she says.

Rather than merely talk about the art issues of the moment, people were trying to live them. "At the time it seemed like total chaos," says Baldessari. "But looking back, there was actually a lot of structure. The school had its own sort of

Bottom: courtesy Sonnabend Gallery, NYC

organic growth.''

The trustees didn't see it that way. The conservative board (once chaired by H. R. Haldeman) cracked down, provoked in part by a faculty member's striptease (performed to protest a ban on nude swimming in the school pool). The school's left-wing administration was removed, its budget was slashed, and efforts were made to unload the troublesome institute on the University of Southern California and Pepperdine University. In the end, the board installed Robert J. Fitzpatrick, a dean from Johns Hopkins, as the school's new president, and under his impresario-like leadership, CalArts settled down and began to take on the appearance of a potentially enduring institution.

While the appearance of official memos horrified the school's faculty, CalArts's experimental character somehow survived its own institutionalization. ''There was a sense that it was an alternative—that it wasn't Yale—and that drew people who might have been stifled in a more academic environment,'' says Ross Bleckner, who graduated with an MFA in 1974. ''There was an intense amount of energy and activity and self-motivation. Nothing was taken for granted. You were forced to articulate and defend what you were doing. Ideas were taken very seriously.''

''One of the basic things you learned was how to talk about your art,'' adds Matt Mullican. ''The peer pressure was incredibly tough—there was a very high-end criticality that kept you on your toes. By the time you left, you were well prepared for dealing with New York.''

Led by Baldessari, Michael Asher, and later, Douglas Huebler, the conceptually oriented faculty emphasized ideas over skills. Critical theories (including French imports from ▶373

John Baldessari, OPPOSITE, ABOVE, who taught at CalArts for sixteen years, became a kind of inspirational guru for the school. OPPOSITE: Baldessari's *Object (with Observer)*, 1988. Extracurricular activities, RIGHT: Chris Miller videotapes Jody Wohl as Gerald A. Decker plays basketball in a dorm room; BELOW: Art student A. Lyn Miller in her studio.

fine & dandy

Patrick Kinmonth examines the urge for

The Dandy, that exotic flower with the habit of a hardy perennial, has cropped up in a new guise. This time round, he's a she. The male preserve of a vanity of tailoring of almost effeminate degree has been invaded by women who are wearing the trousers.

By doing so, they are joining a club with a long and illustrious list of members. The headquarters of this Wildean bunch has long been London, with a busy Paris office as well, personified by Comte Robert de Montesquiou, the model for Des Esseintes in Huysmans's novel *Against the Grain*.

The Dandies stood for elegance beyond the call of duty, sometimes with results beyond the canons of beauty. Oscar Wilde, in his frogged velvets and tight breeches and slippers, his silks and beavers and weird buttonholes, was astonishing rather than lovely. In this we have the éclat of Dandyism.

But the most famous and misunderstood Dandy of them all, Beau Brummell, lived elegance as a creed and elevated his appearance to a religion. Brummell was a fine eighteenth-century figure of a man. Nature, art, and accident made him so. The first gave him a torso and deportment that, if fate had not intervened, would have allowed him "to perambulate France from fair to fair, to personate the statuary of the ancients." The second, evident even in his early school days at Eton, where his grilled cheese on toast was ever remembered for uniformity of golden crust and immaculate division, he perfected upon himself to become the neatest thing in shoe leather. His cleanliness and crispness was like a body blow to a world of unwashed dukes, greasy duchesses, and stale linen.

An addict of what he called "country washing," the Beau scrubbed himself for two hours each morning with a hog's-hair brush to achieve an unrivaled pinkness admirably contrasting with kid gloves, the cut of which was entrusted to two makers, one a Michelangelo of thumbs, the other a Leonardo of fingers. His tailoring was a miracle of creaselessness, his neckcloth a triumph of control. Where others made do with a ragged bunch that bagged under the chin, the Beau emerged a harmony of unruffled folds.

As to accident, he owed it the greatest debt, far greater than those from the gambling that ruined his life and left him destitute. He had accident to thank for the circumstances that led to his being acceptable to the brilliant noble company that was quite beyond the modesty of his birth. Brummell was happily unembarrassed by modesty. He felt at least the equal of anyone he ever met. To cap it all, accident placed in his way the hoof of a horse, which kicked into shape an otherwise undistinguished countenance, giving his nose a pert tilt, with a twist of arrogance that fitted its owner for the job at hand.

That job was social climbing of Himalayan proportions. Brummell's amazing appearance blotted out his lack of a title. In a world where, after the French Revolution, fashion had fallen out of favor and style had troughed, he triumphed. During the revolutionary years, clothes themselves had been revolutionized. In England, the result was an abandonment of formality. Not until Brummell shook fashion by the coattails did the English have a right to be called elegant again.

Of the many contradictions surrounding Brummell, the greatest is that his reputation is for outrageousness of appearance, when in fact he was outrageous only in his meticulous avoidance of vulgarity. That he left to his imitators, who, much to his delight, got things wrong. Brummell had nothing in common with the fops and macaronis of the eighteenth century—apart from vanity.

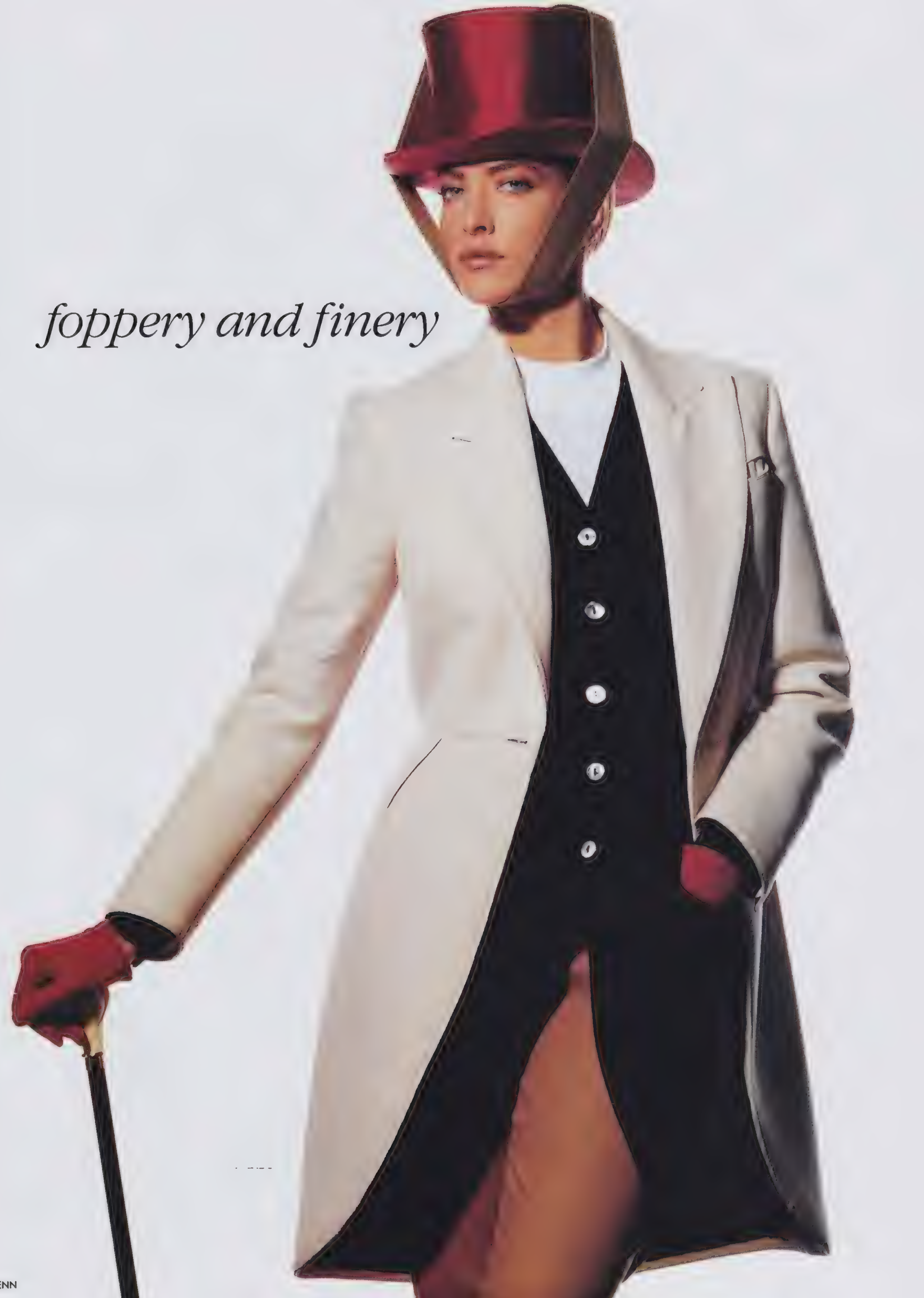
Brummell's first brush with style came shortly after his sixteenth birthday in 1791, when he left Oxford University with a full address book and took up his commission through the intervention of his new friend, the Prince of Wales. The regiment he joined, the Tenth, was the epitome of dash. They wore gold and scarlet, and the only hardship for Brummell was powdering his hair with flour, which he abhorred, on account of the mess it made of his collar. It was an extraordinary year. A drought had withered the wheat, and Brighton, where the regiment was stationed and where the prince would build his pavilion, sweltered. That year, no less than sixty-five hundred tons of flour were dusted over the heads of the British army—enough to bake more than three million loaves or feed fifty thousand mouths with bread for a year. Let them eat cake was one thing, let them leave off powdering their hair quite another.

Brummell needed starch for one of his principal innovations: the neat neckcloth. When the harvest recovered, he was wanton

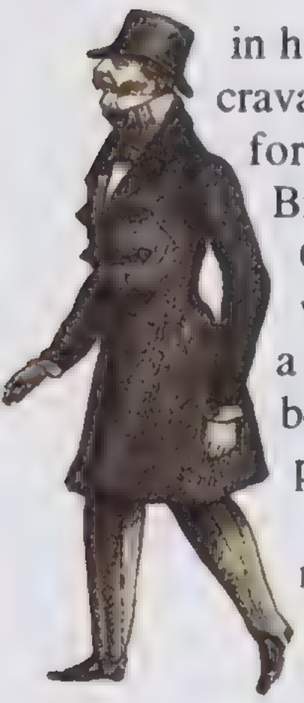
Extravagant dress is the dandy's signature. But even without the accessories—the top hat, cane—the dandy still cuts a dramatic figure. OPPOSITE PAGE: **Jean Paul Gaultier's dandy in a near-Edwardian jacket (about $1,185), sweater (about $610), bodysuit (about $195), pants (about $385), and hat (about $745). Charivari, NYC; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Cane, Georges Gaspar. Hair, Mitch Barry; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, more stores, last pages.**

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain

foppery and finery



PENN



in his pursuit of the perfect knot. If the cravat was not properly tied at the first effort, it was always rejected, recalls Brummell's first and best biographer, Captain William Jesse. "His valet was coming downstairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths and, being interrogated on the subject, replied, 'Oh, they are our failures.' "

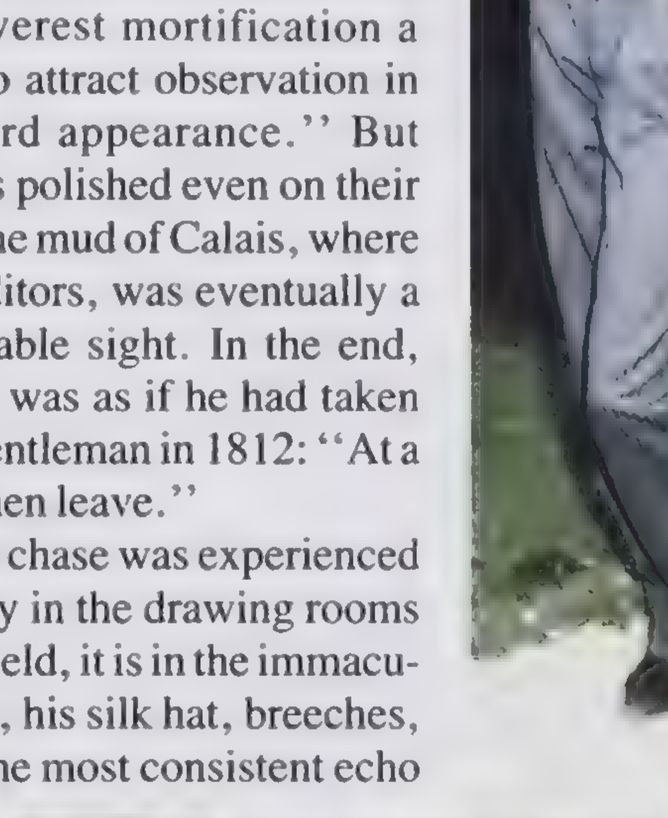
Apart from his neckcloth, Brummell wore standard dress with a few vital refinements. As Brummell put it, "The severest mortification a gentleman can incur is to attract observation in the street by his outward appearance." But Brummell, with his shoes polished even on their soles, tiptoeing through the mud of Calais, where he fled to escape his creditors, was eventually a sad and intensely noticeable sight. In the end, there was nothing left. It was as if he had taken literally this advice to a gentleman in 1812: "At a rout, make your effect, then leave."

Though the thrill of the chase was experienced by Brummell more keenly in the drawing rooms of the rich than upon the field, it is in the immaculate pink of the huntsman, his silk hat, breeches, and boots, that we have the most consistent echo of Brummell's style.

2

3

Standard wardrobe equipment for the dandy includes high top hat, cane, boutonniere



1

But today the hunt takes many forms, and women have learned the potency of Brummell's formula of understated perfection. The female pioneers of the power of "dressing manly" knew that it relied on its initial impact. But as fashion's newest effects become widespread, they lose their punch. The woman who power-dressed in a uniform of bossy-shouldered suiting a few years ago now looks less sartorially commanding in the boardroom. It is no longer enough to dress like any man, and designers this season have taken a lateral leap to Dandyism for the latest twist on cross-dressing. What looked camp on Oscar Wilde becomes sexy on Inès de la Fressange. And what made for vain effeminacy on the corseted beaux of the 1820s looks purposeful—and alluring—on this year's Dandyette.

1. Oscar Wilde, famous for his velvet jackets, knee breeches. 2. Model Inès de la Fressange in classic dandy dress. 3. Dr. Mary Walker, an American cross-dresser who served as an army physician in the Civil War. 4. The top-hatted Bond Street Loungers, London, 1820.

5. Bianca Jagger attired in pantsuit, bowler hat, and cane, 1972. 6. Ready to ride: Lord Ribblesdale. 7. Royal dandy: Edward VII of England at ease.

4

Dandy meets street style, THIS PAGE, RIGHT: A man-tailored wool jacket (about $550) and pleated pants (about $410) by Ronaldus Shamask. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks Jandel; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Hat by Fred Hasson, about $290. Hair, Kevin Mancuso for Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Vincent Longo for Pipino-Buccheri. Details, more stores, last pages.

NEIL KIRK

The dandy: *dressed for day*

fine & dandy

or night

Formula for Romeo Gigli's swaggering dandy, OPPOSITE PAGE: A severe cutaway coat, stand-up-collared shirt, and lamé scarf. Jacket, about $1,140; shirt, about $515; pants, about $590; scarf, about $625. Barneys New York; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Lipstick that's a feminine contrast: Le Stylo Shining Lip Color in Cuivre Doré by Lancôme. THIS PAGE: Claude Montana's mix—a long vest, shirt, and jacket over pants. Charivari, NYC; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills; Creeds, Ontario Canada. Cartier pocket watch. Ring, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co. These two pages: hair, Mitch Barry; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, more stores, last pages.

PENN

sequ

Less flash, more fun: dresses in shapes as informal as a slip. THIS PAGE: Fabric that comes already sequined by machine is less expensive, makes sewing easier. Here, copper sequins on brown polyester chiffon. Butterick Pattern #6487. Fabric by Sequins International. OPPOSITE PAGE: Sexy sliver of a dress in sequined silk. By Eva Chun, about $990. Linda Dresner, NYC; Madelaine, Birmingham MI; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. In this story: hair, Sally Hershberger; makeup, Carol Shaw. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Elizabeth Saltzman
Photographer: Herb Ritts

ins

No Hollywood glitz here. Sequins are suddenly softer and more casual—and turn up on the simplest T-shirt shapes

Sequins are softened by a georgette overlay, OPPOSITE PAGE: Carmelo Pomodoro's black silk georgette and bronze-sequined A-line. Martha; The Gazebo, Dallas. THIS PAGE: A shimmy of tortoise sequins—the newest coloring—by Calvin Klein Collection. Bergdorf Goodman; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Harry B's, Nashville. Details, more stores, last pages.

Skin, burnished and smooth, is the perfect foil for the glitter of sequins. **Lesley Cunliffe** on the fine art of body polishing

Sparkling in sequins is the ultimate in glamour. The thrill is in the contrast: showstopping glitter against soft, soft skin, glowing and luminous. So light up the night, if you dare, in skin that has been polished to perfection. And in the process, discover what Cleopatra, in particular, knew so well—that the mind, stimulated in the process of having the dull (and actually dead) top layer of skin removed, works very well indeed, and that the bath is just the place for plotting and planning.

Cleopatra was, of course, famous for bathing in asses' milk—a concept not unknown today. Both Janet Sartin and The Body Shop have excellent body beautifiers containing milk, which softens the skin wonderfully. The Body Shop Milk Bath also contains oats, which have been used nonstop for centuries by European beauties to calm the skin after sloughing. And for the purpose of sloughing, there are gadgets and goodies in quantity, variations of which have been in use by epidermal smoothies since Beauty was invented. Loofahs, pumice stones, and sponges all existed before Eve; ditto lemons, honey, and almonds; not to mention sea salt, seaweed, and sea mud. And of course, roses—from which rosewater is made. All seemingly laid on by the Creator, all in the cause of Beauty.

Those who say there is nothing new under the sun are simply acknowledging the rediscovery of natural skin polishers that have worked for centuries. But it is the chemistry, technology, and availability of modern body-sloughing products we must be thankful for—they replace platoons of alchemists and handmaidens.

Particularly thankful are those of us who can drop in to Anushka Institute at 241 East Sixtieth Street, New York City,

and feel like Cleopatra herself, choosing from Anushka's extensive menu of body treatments. Here, ''polishing'' involves being painted all over with a honey and almond scrub. A dry, natural boar-bristle brush is used to stimulate circulation and remove the dead skin cells in the top layer. The by now faintly purring body is wrapped in warm towels that are saturated in a heavenly scented tonic, which removes the icky bits and then tightens the pores and freshens the skin. And then comes the pleasure of a luxurious massage with fine sweet almond oil. Georgette Klinger (501 Madison Avenue, New York City) also has a range of body treatments, as do most major salons throughout the country. Sunbelt residents (and travelers) can experience one of the most popular European treatments—thalassotherapy—at the Palm-Aire Spa Resort in Pompano Beach, Florida. A mudlike substance of marine algae, seething with minerals, is slathered all over the body, which is then wrapped in special plastic and blankets. Then comes immersion in the hydrotherapy tub, where underwater jet massage does what one would imagine. The results are highly gratifying. Beautiful cowgirls who check in at the Canyon Ranch in Tucson, Arizona, can get a salt treatment—a tripartite detoxification plan consisting of a salt rub, herbal steam cabinet, and a rubdown with stimulating lotion.

The Body Shop line lives up to its name, with every thing or substance one could possibly imagine in smoothing (as do Kiehl's, Molton Brown, and Culpeper, available at Barneys New York). Most come with instructions; these are very detailed in the case of Clarins' body helpers—a huge range with something for every problem a body could have, including some you didn't know existed. Many women swear by Gommage Exfoliant, Clarins' deep-cleansing scrub, as well as Clarins' excellent range of body treatment oils. ◆

Sequins now come clear, tinted with pale color, or buffed to a matte finish. Here, Donna Karan's liquid scarf in matte sequins. Donna Karan New York Accessories scarf, about $1,025. Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

reti-

Can the effects of age and sun damage really be reversed or diminished? Can skin really be made more youthful? As clinical studies continue, **Shirley Lord** reports the latest findings on Retin-A's antiaging potential

At a recent medical conference in Washington, D.C., a noted dermatologist showed a slide of a painting that hangs in the British Museum. On one side were old, tired, sagging people waiting their turn to step into a fountain, to emerge on the other side young, beautiful, optimistic. It was the fountain of youth by German artist Lucas Cranach, and the doctor was Albert Kligman, professor emeritus of dermatology at the University of Pennsylvania's School of Medicine, who today is also known as the father of Retin-A.

The choice of Cranach's painting to illustrate his lecture to professional colleagues says a lot about Dr. Kligman's nonconformist approach to putting his views and information across. In fact, he says, "We rarely give a lecture now without showing this painting, because it illustrates what we dermatologists regard as a holy educational mission: that the change of a lovely child into a wrinkled crone is not inevitable; that it is not the passage of time that results in this, but unusual exposure to the sun."

In 1968, after years of study and experiment, he concluded that retinoic acid, also known as tretinoin, one of the most active derivatives of vitamin A, helped control acne by preventing skin cells from clustering in the pores. This finding revolutionized the treatment of acne, and Dr. Kligman obtained a patent entitling him to seventeen years of sales royalties should an acne drug based on his research receive Food and Drug Administration approval.

That approval came in 1971, after Johnson & Johnson's Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation ran lengthy, multimillion-dollar clinical trials. The company named the prescription drug Retin-A.

In the next few years, in the course of using the drug, older patients with adult acne reported to Kligman that they were noticing some highly desirable side effects: diminished wrinkling, fading brown spots, and altogether rosier, younger-looking skin. In 1980, together with dermatologist James J. Leyden, Dr. Kligman opened the Clinic for Aging Skin at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania and embarked on a formal study of scores of photo-aged or prematurely aged patients, treating them with Retin-A.

His findings—that Retin-A appeared to retard or reverse the effects of photo-aging—won him the American Academy of Dermatology's Gold Medal in Original Investigation in 1985 and a new patent on Retin-A for photo-aging. (For the past ten years, Kligman says, he has donated his patent royalties—an estimated 3 percent of net sales—to the university's dermatology department.) But they also prompted something far more important: a major clinical investigation of the drug's effects on aging, funded by Ortho Pharmaceutical and carried out by the country's leading dermatological researchers in eight medical centers—from New York University in the East to the University of California, Irvine, in the West.

Early in 1988, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published the results of an investigation carried out by John Voorhees, M.D., and his team at the University of Michigan, which corroborated Kligman's own. Ortho Pharmaceutical funded a press conference and showed astonishing before-and-after pictures of some of the patients who had been tested with the drug. Within weeks of feverish press coverage and ecstatic acclaim, although still unproven and unapproved by the FDA as an antiaging drug, Retin-A became a national craze.

In twelve months, despite the fact that Retin-A could—and can still—be sold only as a prescription drug for acne, sales went from $33.5 million to $115 million; Johnson & Johnson's stock soared, too. As physiologist Gary Grove, Ph.D., vice president of research and development at the highly respected independent Skin Study Center outside Philadelphia, explains, "Although Retin-A is not approved by the FDA for aging skin, it is perfectly ethical for physicians to prescribe any drug they believe is going to be helpful to patients. However, as far as Retin-A is concerned, it was discovered that women were going to their gynecologists or doctor friends for Retin-A prescriptions—very often doctors who had absolutely no experience with the drug. Without directions on the use or dosage, many women reported disastrous side effects—swelling, peeling, reddening."

Frank Young, M.D., Ph.D., and FDA commissioner, concerned at the accelerating sales, issued a news release warning the public about the indiscriminate use of the drug for

wrinkles. At the same time, he announced a nationwide crackdown on another problem: unlicensed manufacturers promoting and selling bogus Retin-A. "Use of any of these products," he said, "amounts to an expensive therapeutic gamble."

As far as genuine Retin-A is concerned, just how much of a gamble will soon be known. Next month, the *Journal of the American Academy of Dermatology* will publish a supplement on Retin-A, a compilation of the clinical studies begun almost three years ago and carried out on nearly a thousand patients at the eight medical centers chosen by Ortho. This supports Ortho's submission last month of many volumes of data—including skin replicas, biopsies, photographs—for a new-drug application to the FDA, this time to use Retin-A as a prescription antiaging drug. The data support the belief that the drug stimulates the rate at which new skin cells form and dead cells are shed. The epidermis, which normally thins with age and sun exposure, is thickened as a result of increased cell production and division. In preclinical studies, Retin-A has been shown to speed up the production of the skin's natural support system, making more elastin and collagen and increasing blood flow to the skin, all of which produces firmer, younger-looking skin. If the FDA is satisfied that Ortho has proved its case, the first prescription antiaging drug will certainly be available by the early 1990s.

So is Dr. Kligman Ponce de León, and is that the end of the story? No to both questions.

Dermatologists around the country, while generally agreed that Retin-A has definite merit in the treatment of sun-damaged skin, specify limitations. Says Jerome Shupack, associate professor of clinical dermatology at NYU, "Retin-A—or, to use its generic names, retinoic acid or tretinoin—is a potent chemical substance. A doctor must carefully explain its use to a patient as he would explain the use of any drug he is prescribing—that only a pea-size dose should be applied nightly to the entire face; that astringents and drying agents should be discontinued; that staying out of the sun is essential; and that a moisturizer and sunscreen (SPF 15) should be applied every morning."

Wilma Bergfeld, head of dermatological clinical research at The Cleveland Clinic Foundation, says, "Patients not willing to forgo sunbathing are not candidates for Retin-A, which interferes with the skin's natural protection against UV rays, making sunburn and sun damage more likely. Also, it appears that the antiaging effects last only as long as Retin-A is used. When use of the drug is stopped, the skin may slowly revert to its former condition. But Retin-A has no skin toxicity unless used in high concentration, so treatment can start again."

In New Orleans, dermatologist Nia Terezakis, M.D., who has had a private practice for twenty years and is also clinical professor of dermatology at Tulane University Medical School, says, "The drug will not be helpful to those seeking and expecting the immediate loss of wrinkles. It is a very important drug, but its benefits cannot be rushed. More than 50 percent of my patients develop an initial reaction to it—peeling, reddening—that lasts for about six weeks. Providing the drug is used under the direction of a dermatologist, a patient can develop a tolerance for it, and there's no question that better skin can result."

So what exactly is Retin-A, and how does it bring about these remarkable changes? "Retin-A is a retinoid that comes from the family of chemicals related to vitamin A, the nutrient that affects growth, reproduction, and vision, and exerts profound influence on the skin," explains Dr. Grove. "There are thousands of retinoids that have been synthesized, and there will be thousands more. Frankly, just as we don't yet know exactly how vitamin A works on the skin, we don't yet know how Retin-A does all that it appears to do."

"Medical people, like me," says Dr. Kligman, "have discovered how to use it. Now the basic scientists are working to try to find out what's happening, what's the mechanism."

What have they learned so far?

At Ortho Pharmaceutical in Raritan, New Jersey, George Thorne, M.D., director of clinical research, and James Mezick, Ph.D., manager of dermatology research, cautiously choose their words when asked that question. They demonstrate a camera invented to allow more accurate close-ups of the minute changes brought about by Retin-A. They show photographs of a rhino mouse, specially bred for wrinkles, that is horribly mottled and lined in one picture, smooth and line-free due to Retin-A in another.

"There isn't anything being studied in dermatology that's more exciting than retinoids," Dr. Thorne says. "These fascinating new molecules have an application for just about all dermatological areas."

Last year, Ortho's research revealed what has been called the most important discovery since 1947 (when the vitamin-A derivative retinoic acid was first synthesized)—that retinoids work at the nuclear level, interacting with specific receptors of the body, which in turn bind to the DNA, to the genes. "The fact that these receptors exist—in the same way that receptors exist in the body for vitamin D, sex hormones, and steroids—tells us that these are very important molecules, which exert profound biological activities in the skin," says Thorne.

Retinoids have been used since 1980 as research tools in studying a variety of cancers. Last summer, *The New York Times* reported on a study just completed by Arthur Balin, M.D., Ph.D., assistant professor of investigative derma- ▶372

weather patterns

Designers clearly have skiing on their minds. Parka shapes, quilting, padding, and slope-bound fabrics move onto city streets.

The cold-weather patterns ahead: checks and animal prints. OPPOSITE PAGE: What Isaac Mizrahi calls his fur-trimmed, silk taffeta "parklet," about $1,780. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL. Amicale Industries cashmere scarf. THIS PAGE: Patrick Kelly's quilted leopard-print swing coat, about $645. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Saks Jandel; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach [illegible]

Fashion Editor:
Grace Cuddington
Photographer:
Hans Feurer

Other ways to get at warmth: faux fur linings, layers that [illegible] Issey Miyake's wool-and-faux-fur [illegible], about $2,000 [illegible]; [illegible] Bergdorf Goodman. [illegible] Trousers, about $475; sweater, about $165. Bergdorf Goodman. Scarf by Calvin Klein Accessories. Prada bag. Details, more stores, last page.

weather patterns

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Diamonds of Distinction - Winner 1989

Editor: Gabé Doppelt

England's "Rocking Sikh," Peter Singh, performs such original hits as *Turbans over Memphis* and *The Bhindi Bhali Boogie*.

Californian Danny Uwnawich built a million dollar mini-Graceland.

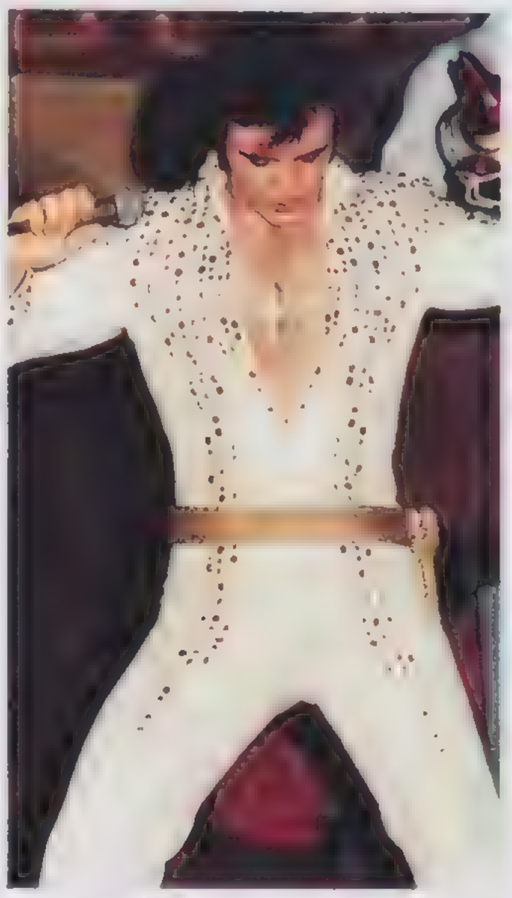
Mexico's "El Vez," alias Robert Lopez

Japanese export Aaron Narikiyo

Gone but not forgotten, **Elvis lives on** in the hearts and minds of his many disciples

THEY COME FROM PAKISTAN, FROM MEXICO, FROM Japan, often with nothing but a turban and a dream: to honor the King on August 16, the twelfth anniversary of his death. They are the faux Elvises—multiplying his image in cocktail lounges and state fairs throughout the globe. But don't call them "impersonators." As any self-respecting faux will tell you, they are more like priests carrying on the savior's gospel after he has left us. It's a lonely job, but somebody has to do it.

TALKING... ▶ 356



Eddie Youngblood of Australia

Italy's Bobby Solo

Top left: MICHEL ARNAUD; top right: MICHEL MONTFORT/Visages; center left: RICHARD RANSIER; center right: JOE TANI

TALKING FASHION

Can you ever be too rich, too thin, or too driven? VICKI WOODS sweats it out with designer **Carolyne Roehm** to get some answers

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON detail and to hire great help. Bear that in mind. It makes it easier when you meet a woman with porcelain skin, a size four body, a Park Avenue duplex (with a staff of six), a multimillion-dollar fashion business she's built up from zero in five years, and a husband, Henry Kravis, who is seriously rich and must have been a looker when he had more hair.

"Everyone thinks I have such a Cinderella life," reflects Carolyne Roehm, newly elected president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America (CFDA), when I visit her in her splendid Seventh Avenue office. "But I work," she adds, "like a slave." What she is working on at this moment, on bits of paper tacked up all over the suffocatingly hot room, is her "little" fall collection, the early collection that doesn't appear on the runway. The "big" fall collection is her "soul," the little fall, the heart of her commercial business. Carolyne Roehm looks driven. She is driven. "The retailers are pounding and pounding for early deliveries," she says. "In May, they're buying velvets for fall. It's better to have a bad dress early in the shops than a good dress late."

Now, you might meet Carolyne Roehm, social cyclone and fashion meteor, and assume that the secret of her success is something a little special, a touch unattainable. Born beautiful, born rich. Born brilliantly talented. Well, maybe, but she was born in Kirksville, Missouri, and the way she talks, the secret of her success is attention to detail: belts, buckles, beading. But she does have great help. Prior to my interview, Roehm's assistant sent over a little light background reading about her boss, going back to 1986, when they still had to put "pronounced ROME" in parentheses after her name. Here were one hundred and twenty pages of newspaper clippings—the collections, the parties, the charity lunches—with a neat handwritten note: "This is only the tip of the iceberg—hope it helps!" "Whoof!" said the porter as he dropped off the package at my hotel door. "That's heavee!"

If you start off homespun and small-town (she was born Carolyne Jane Smith; known as "Jane"), the only child of teachers, and then you go from rags (Oscar de la Renta's apprentice—holding pins, working as his fitting model; known as "Carolyne") to riches (marriage to Henry Kravis, at the suggestion, man to man, of Oscar de la Renta) to a Connecticut estate, Vail ski chalet, summer home in Southampton, and a business (in which she is known as "Roehm"), you need luck as well as attention to detail. And Carolyne Roehm has had luck in large portions. She was even lucky in her failed first marriage in 1978 to Axel Roehm, a rich German chemicals heir: it ended quickly, left no scars, and bequeathed her a mellifluous surname. Five years ago Carolyne Roehm was nowhere. Now she's here, cool and businesslike, in the hottest office I've ever sat in.

She sips water as we talk. How can she sip? I open my throat and hurl the liquid down in the Saharan heat of Carolyne Roehm Inc. Why is it so hot? The writer James Fox once mused in *White Mischief* about the nature of femmes fatales. They are women who are chillier than you and me. They shiver slightly, even in the heat. So they need furs, cashmeres, featherweight wool wraps. Roehm, who's wearing a cashmere wrap top, says, "I live in sweaters and skirts, sweaters and pants. I'm changing twenty times a day, and I'm in this overly hot, always grungy office. It boils down to practicality. I think, what shall I wear, and then I think, 'Oh come on, Carolyne!' When I'm focused on my work, I don't want to be distracted." ▶ 360

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TALKING FASHION

Roehm is creating a group of shoes to be sold with the collection for the first time. "Comfort is such a factor!" she cries. "In shoes, you have the aesthetic, you have the quality, you have the fit." Her shoes are made in Florence, by a little Italian cobbler up five flights of rickety iron stairs. She likes talking shoes and she likes talking little rickety European ateliers. As someone whose neat dressmaker clothes are expensively and beautifully made, she is worried that the skilled old-world fashion artisans are dying out. "What is our industry doing to preserve the craft in this country? At the rate we're going, we're going to be dinosaurs! Where are the embroiderers, the belt makers, the button makers, where are we going to find these people? Lesage in Paris has girls in their twenties. In America we have women in their sixties. In Paris, in Florence, in Milan, you can *walk* up those five flights and find the lady making the quintessential flower!"

I ask how often she gets her hair done. "My hair!" says Roehm, flinging a hand to her head as though I'd spotted a bald patch, "does it look awful? Does it look as if it needs doing?" Her hair looks marvelous, like the rest of her. But she pats it into place. She says she gets it done across the street —"Hair and nails in twenty minutes!"—once a week, and if need be, she has it done on Friday too. "I hope and pray this place never closes down! I used to be able to get a pedicure at the same time!" She checks the mirror and says confidingly, "I never learned to blow-dry."

Roehm with friend (and former employer) Oscar de la Renta

She is her own fitting model, as she was at de la Renta. "I have size six to eight shoulders and a four body. It's close enough to most models." Roehm is too modest; she might disappear from view if she goes on like this: in 1987 she told *Women's Wear Daily* that she had size eight shoulders and a size six body. Customers complain, sometimes, that Roehm dresses only her own body—a narrow five foot nine-and-a-half—and lifestyle—social New York. But she doesn't dress herself, she says. No. She doesn't even see herself when she designs.

If she didn't wear her own designs, she'd wear Yves Saint Laurent's. Or Oscar's (dazzling smile). There are "things she loves from Valentino." Well, Roehm speaks for every woman in America, does she not? For all of us there are "things we love from Valentino." He is, she says, "a darling man." She wouldn't wear Lacroix: "Too costumey for me." In any case, she is the only person here (waving a cool hand toward Seventh Avenue) who buys retail, she says.

So much for her fairy-tale life. "It is . . . *hard work,*" she says. "It is an extravagance if one views it from the vantage point of objects, possessions...but in order to have those homes, give those parties . . . I . . . work. Work makes me who I am. I can't be without a project. Even at home—I spend time moving all the furniture! Replanning the house! I don't like sitting down and gabbing! Apart from being alone with Henry—work is probably the only thing I understand." ◉

TALKING... ▶ 362

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In **Part II of the *Warhol Diaries,*** Andy shares his views on the afterlife with CRAIG BROWN

I FIRST MET ANDY WARHOL IN THE FALL OF 1968, SHORTly after he had uttered his ten-thousandth "That's really great" of the year. When I arrived at The Factory, he was in the middle of practicing his 10,001st "That's really great," which he was hoping to unveil in front of Jackie Kennedy. He asked me if I would mind helping him out with it. When the time came, Jackie Kennedy was not available, since she was attending the opening of a new Chicken 'n' Rib Disco in Lower Manhattan, so we invited Alexander Solzhenitsyn instead, because Andy had always loved his beard. But word came that Alex was detained in the Gulag Archipela-go-go, a twenty-four-hour nonstop prison, so eventually we ended up with Micky Dolenz of the Monkees.

Andy had arranged with me that he would say the "That's." Then while he was pausing to collect his thoughts, I would chip in with the "really," and he would finish off with the "great." When the time came, Micky Dolenz was ushered in. He immediately said to Andy, "I've always loved your work," whereupon Andy said, "That's," I said, "really," and Andy said, "great." The 10,001st "That's really great" of 1968 had gone off really smoothly, as a result of which I was offered a permanent post on Andy's staff.

tensively on *Interview* magazine, often helping Andy press the record button on his tape recorder, making sure the batteries were loaded, checking that the subject was there before Andy started asking the questions, and so on.

By the fall of 1977, Andy and I had established a weekday morning routine of talking to each other on the phone. He made it a rule never to answer the phone until he first heard it ringing. He would then signal that he had picked the receiver up by saying "Hello" or, if he wished to conserve his creative energies, the shorter "Hi." I would then say, "Hello, who's speaking please?" and, if he could remember, our conversation would develop from there.

Andy, then alive, and author Craig Brown share a really great moment outside The Factory.

The next twenty years were exciting times, starting with the 1969 release of Andy's acclaimed underground movie, *Little Toe*, five hours' still footage of a little toe. In 1970, this was followed by *Big Toe*, an ironic send-up, being five hours' still footage of the same little toe. Both became classics of the toe-movie scene, but by 1971, Andy's restless creativity had moved on. Critics rejoiced in Andy's "glorious unpredictability" when the ten-hour epic *Ankle* was released, with its famous soundtrack of an ankle remaining stationary within a sock.

Over the next few years, I helped Andy with his brilliant book of photographs, *Blurred Figures by Flashlight*, and with the follow-up volume, the more introspective *Bianca Finds Herself*. I also worked ex-

Andy always had firm views on what was interesting and what was not, and his *Diaries* pay testament to the way in which he tried to eradicate all signs of anything that was.

Andy died in February 1987, but none of his friends guessed anything was amiss until February 1988. Some now believe that he had died as early as March 1983, halfway though a conversation with Prince Albert of Monaco, but he never let it affect his social life.

After the doctors declared him officially dead, Andy Warhol phoned me on a daily basis with news from "the other side." It appeared to be much like Studio 54, but with more people.

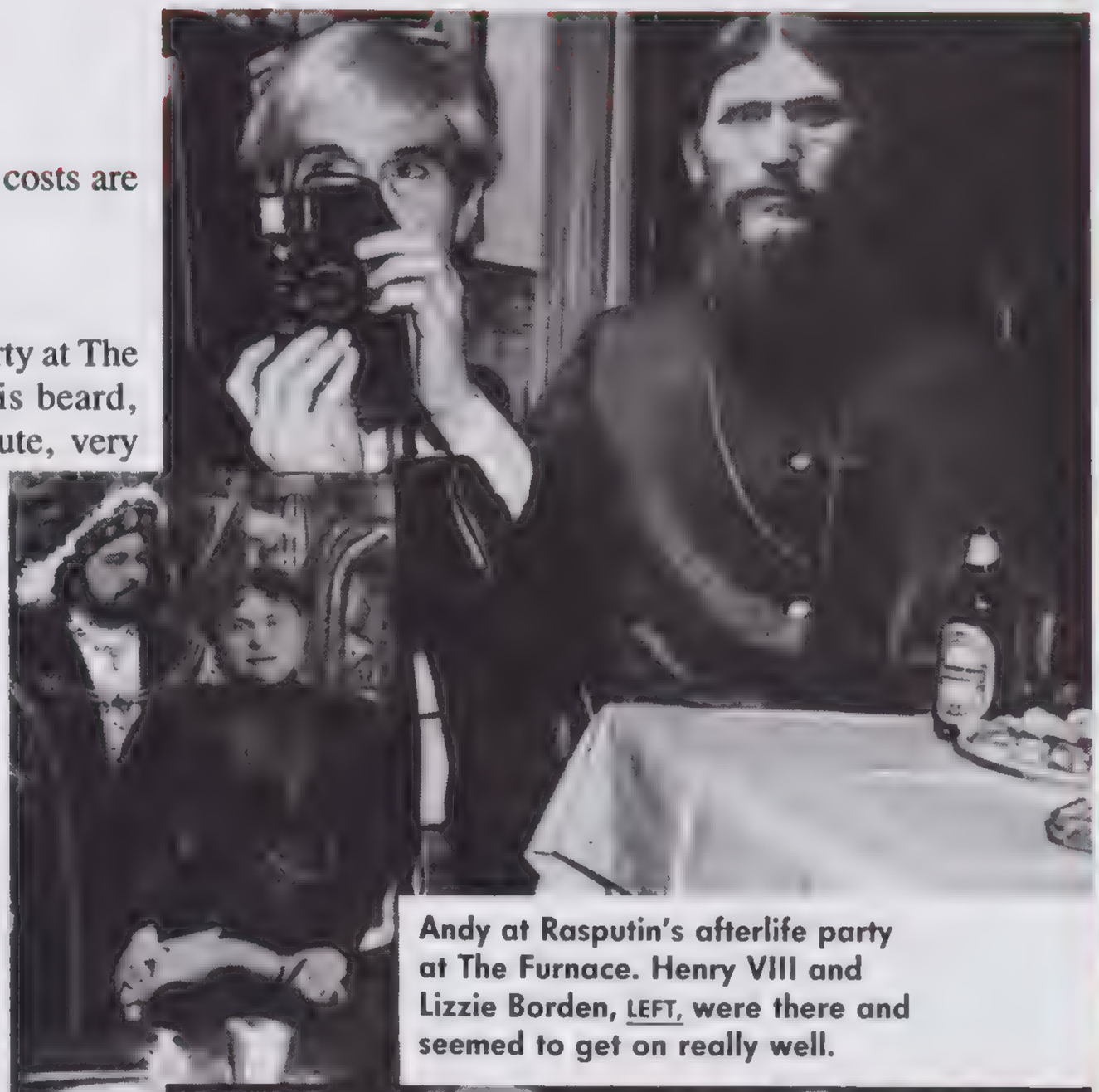
CRAIG BROWN
NEW YORK, 1989

Sunday, February 22, 1987

Woke up and found I was dead. The funeral costs are kind of scary.

Monday, February 23

Grigori Rasputin called to invite me to his party at The Furnace. He should do something about his beard, wash it maybe. But otherwise he's really cute, very Russian I guess. He said he was expecting King Henry VIII of England to show up and some other big stars. It turned out to be an intimate party for two thousand of his closest friends. He introduced me to Lizzie Borden and I said, "What's that you're holding?" and she said, "My ax," and I said, "That's really great." She said, "Have you met King Henry VIII, I'm his seventh wife now," and she called him over and I said, "It must be really great seeing yourself in so many movies," and he said, "You get used to it. It's no big deal." He was so fat, he should lose some weight, but his ex-wife Anne Boleyn, who's now dating Jim Morrison, told me that it was part of his image and people liked him fat so he didn't want to change. Anne should do something about her head, get it fixed or something. It looks unnatural the way she holds it in her hands.



Andy at Rasputin's afterlife party at The Furnace. Henry VIII and Lizzie Borden, LEFT, were there and seemed to get on really well.

Tuesday, February 24

Cabbed downtown ($7.50) to Hermann Goering's party for J. Edgar Hoover's recent marriage to Lucrezia Borgia, and everyone wanted to know the latest news of Nancy Reagan. I said she was really great and I'd heard she was washing her hair regularly, and everyone seemed really interested. They asked me what I thought of Mikhail Gorbachev. I said he wore a blue suit, nothing special, but I guessed he had all his own teeth. Lucrezia poured the drinks.

Andy finds J. Edgar Hoover a real knockout.

Wednesday, February 25

Heaven's a beautiful place, really beautiful. Everyone reads *Interview* out loud to one another, and then they go to celebrity parties in clubs, and halfway through they go down to the basement for some coke, and then they come upstairs again and talk about the last time they met Jackie Kennedy or what Halston is up to these days. I wasn't expecting to see Satan here, though; I thought he was barred and had set up some rival place. But it's like he owns it, because he rushed over to say welcome and to ask me if I'd been invited to Mao's opening tomorrow night. Satan's a lot of fun. He seems like a fairy, but he's not. He just likes wearing red tights. ▶ 364

Here, after a party, Satan and Andy smile for photographers.

Left: Photo by RON GALELLA, LTD; head by TIMES NEWSPAPERS, London. *Right:* RON GALELLA; CULVER PICTURES INC.; AP/Wide World Photos; H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

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TALKING FASHION

Thursday, February 26
Cabbed ($4.50) to Mao's finger buffet. It turns out Mao's had a sex change. He's now Charmain Mao, and he's given up politics for driftwood jewelry. I like her, I think she's great. Chinese. Mao has terrible B.O. The only reason I can see for all those Chinese going on the Long March is that he was marching behind them. Roy Cohn introduced me to Joseph Stalin. He's really easy to get to know. I said I'd been to Russia and he said, "What's it like these days?" I said, "It's kind of big and no one's heard of Diana Ross there." He said, "Never heard of Diana Ross?!" Things must have gone downhill since his day.

Friday, February 27
King Herod phoned to ask me to some charity ball he's organizing for orphans. He says there aren't enough orphans, and he'd like to make some more. He's so adorable. He's really great.

Andy and Joe ("really sweet") McCarthy after a heavenly lunch.

Saturday, February 28
Lunch ($120) with Senator Joe McCarthy. He's really sweet. I said, "Hi, Joe, how are you?" He said, "Are you prepared to expand on that statement?" He's kind of jumpy, I guess. I said I thought heaven seemed sort of like New York. He said this wasn't heaven. I said, "So what's the difference between heaven and hell?" He said, "Heaven's a place where they never talk about Jackie Kennedy." I said, "It must be really quiet there." ◆

TALKING... ▶ 366

AP/Wide World Photos; RON GALELLA, LTD

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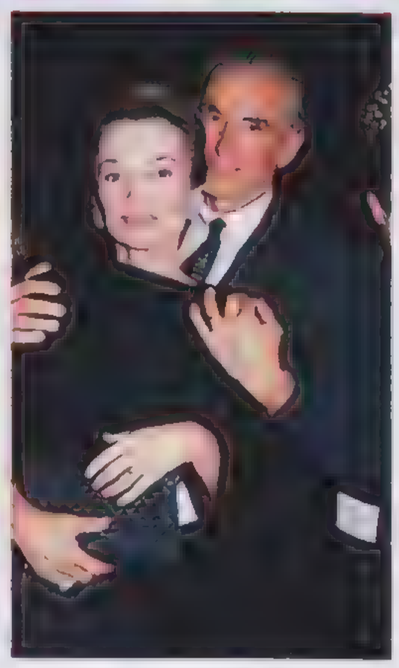
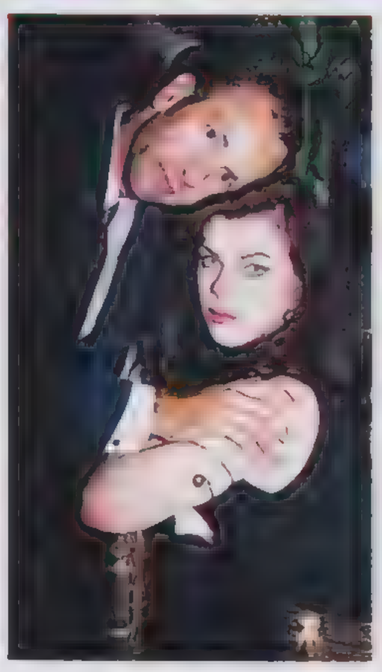


Lee Radziwill Ross; Herbert Ross



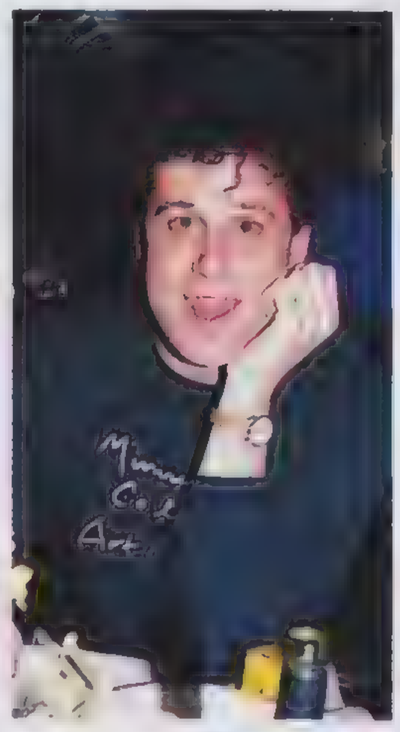
Kenny Scharf; Debbie M.

Grace Jones; Sandra Bernhard

Bungle bash

Madonna, Kenny Scharf, and Sandra Bernhard joined the fight to save the rain forests at the "Don't Bungle the Jungle" benefit at BAM. Spurred by Madonna's much-touted appearance, fans snapped up fifty-dollar tickets for the concert. A postperformance dinner at Indochine and party at Mars were just as popular with New York's art/music/ fashion set.

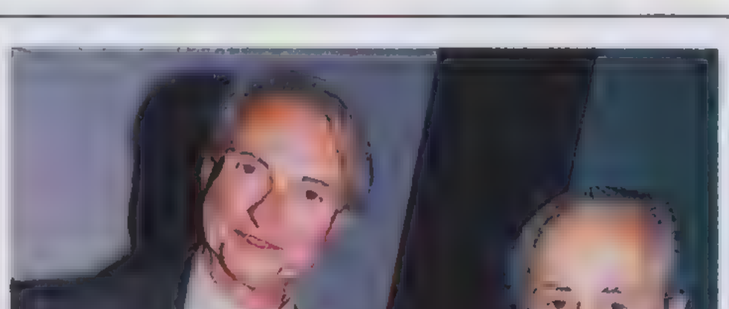
Madonna



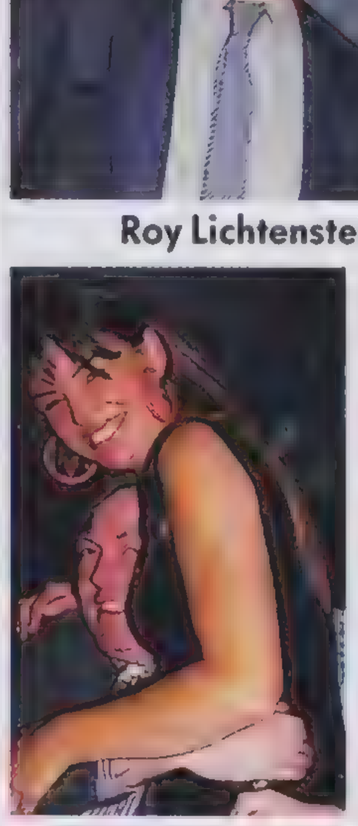
Isaac Mizrahi

Glenn Close; Calvin Klein

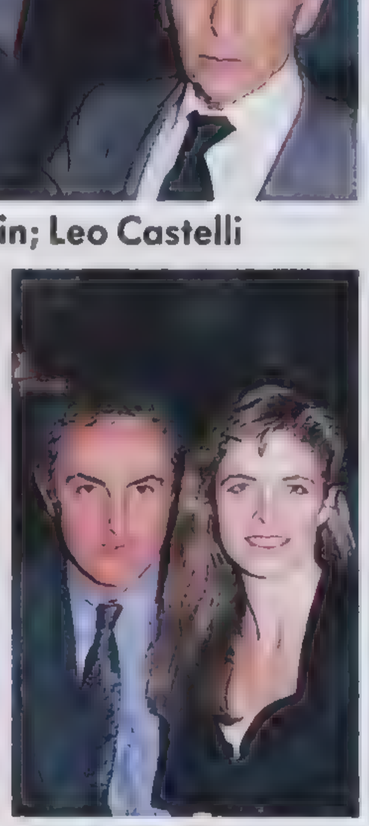
Anne McNally



Roy Lichtenstein; Leo Castelli



James Mayor; Sylvia Martins



Tony Shafrazi; Kara Meyers

Art whirl

Gallery owner Larry Gagosian celebrated the opening of Roy Lichtenstein's new sculpture exhibition with a dinner party at SoHo's 150 Wooster. One hundred dealers, collectors, and artists showed up to sample the Brazilian restaurant's French cuisine.

Kathleen Turner

Martha Plimpton

Melanie Griffith

Fonda honored

Lily Tomlin, Gregory Peck, and Kenny Loggins joined studio executives, agents, and socialites at the American Jewish Committee's tribute to Jane Fonda at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. At one of summer's most important parties, Fonda received the organization's Social Concern Award for her work advancing the cause of Soviet Jewry. TALKING . . . ▶368

Parties: *top,* ROXANNE LOWIT, ANDRE LEON TALLEY; *bottom right,* SYLVIA MAUTNER/Visages

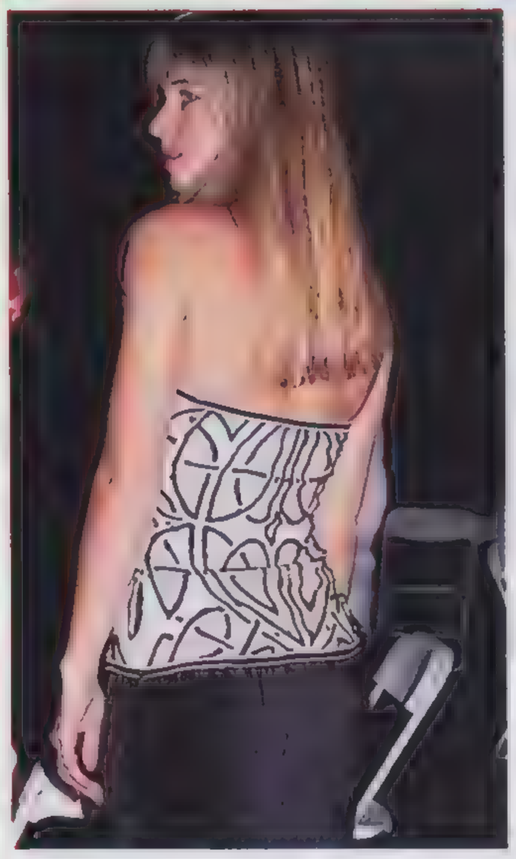
BOB MACKIE

ELIZABETH ARDEN

THE SALON

BEVERLY HILLS CHEVY CHASE CHICAGO CORAL GABLES DALLAS NEW YORK PALM BEACH PHOENIX SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON, DC

TALKING PARTIES



Joanne Mann

Mary McFadden; Dr. Ruth Westheimer

Ira Neimark; Blaine and Robert Trump; Dawn Mello

Stephan Weiss; Donald Trump

Donna carin'

Bergdorf Goodman and Donna Karan together raised thirty-four thousand dollars to benefit Memorial Sloan-Kettering's "Dream Team" program. The charity event at the Plaza Hotel featured a showing of Karan's fall line. The highlight of the evening was an impromptu tour of the revamped hotel led by Donald Trump. "They've added so much gold leaf, it looks like Versailles," said one guest.

Patty Hearst Shaw

Ship shapes

Fifteen years of Mary McFadden designs were represented at the United Cerebral Palsy retrospective of the designer's work. More than eighty ladies wore McFaddens to the gala at NYC's Passenger Liner Terminal.

Livia Sylva-Weintraub; Ilyse Wilpon

Kimberly Rockefeller; Linda Schaller Schwartz

Luisa Firouz; Diandra Douglas

Jock Soto; Heather Watts; Ulrik Trojaborg

Donna Karan

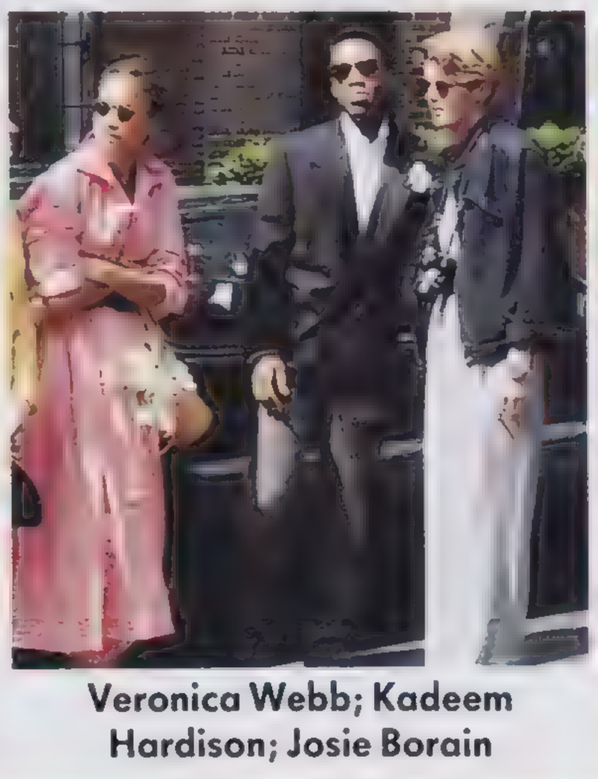
Bridesmaid Iman and Naomi Campbell

Wedding belles

Bethann Hardison mixed tradition with innovation at her Sunday morning wedding to Cecil Hodge of Anguilla. Wearing an Azzedine Alaïa dress, Hardison was escorted down the aisle of St. Sebastian's by her son, Kadeem. A champagne brunch at M.K. followed.

TALKING . . . ▶ 378

Bethann Hardison-Hodge



Veronica Webb; Kadeem Hardison; Josie Borain

Parties top left and right, ROXANNE LOWIT; bottom, ANDRE LEON TALLEY

BAILEYS

ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM

ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM LIQUEUR

A NICE COLD
WELCOME.

B A I L E Y S

To send

PRIMA DONNA

(Continued from page 296)

says, she was known as "spaghetti legs."

"There's a song about me and I can sing it to you." She launches into an adolescent singsong:

Spaghetti legs and a meatball head
Spaghetti legs and a meatball head
I like peanut butter better instead.

She has an assistant fetch a series of vintage black-and-white photographs from her desk. "My father made all my mother's suits. They were so *fabulous*. My father had a place here on Thirty-eighth Street." She props up a picture of a man and woman, both wearing highly tailored nipped-at-the-waist suits. "This is my mother and father. Look at this, and look at what I'm wearing today, which is so amazing!" The look is strikingly similar. "Isn't that strange?"

At the very impressionable age of seven, Karan moved to an area on Long Island known as the Five Towns, which, as Karan puts it, is "a sort of Jewish Greenwich. It wasn't a very comfortable childhood. I felt like I didn't belong. I came from an affluent area, and I was not affluent. Right away there was pressure. 'I wish I had a house like that. I wish I had a car like that.' I felt very different. I never had an enormous group of friends. I was more unpopular than popular." Never a shy child, she was known for entertaining relatives. "I was the kind of kid who stood up to sing at bar mitzvahs. 'Flower Drum Song' was very big in my repertoire."

The loss of her father was very traumatic for both Donna and her older sister, Gail. "I think at that moment of my life, my mother left me in a way," Donna says quietly. "I grew up a very independent child. . . . Everybody always thought of me as Gabby. I was the legacy, because I looked like him." She stares out the window. "Probably I was bitter because my mother was one of the only working women. In those days, I was very envious of the family. My childhood was painful," she says. "I think that's why it's so difficult for me today as a mother. I know the pain."

But work seemed to numb the hurt. She got a job in a boutique at the age of fourteen and has worked ever since. "That gave me my purpose. I loved selling. I learned what people looked good in and what they didn't."

For her sixteenth birthday, her mother took Donna to Miami Beach, where they stayed at the Eden Roc Hotel. There she met a college student on the beach. His name was Mark Karan. "He was impressed by my money, which I didn't have, which I thought was funny." She lied and said she lived on an estate, thinking she would never meet up with him again. But he came to her hometown. "I'm living in a two-family house across from the railroad tracks. He drives up in his Riviera. I thought he was gonna have a *cor-o-nary* attack."

Mark Karan remembers Donna as "a little eccentric" and says her mother was "very pushy." "*Domineering* is the word for it," says Donna's older sister, Gail Hoffman. Their home—the only two-family home in Woodmere—was beautifully decorated and always pristine, despite the lack of money. Says Gail, "My mother was very hard to please." The Queen, says Donna, "was Dorothy Lamour and Susan Hayward and Ann Miller all rolled into one."

Donna, who had enrolled in the Parsons School of Design, subsequently dropped out, and at age nineteen she went to work for Anne Klein. She planned to marry Mark Karan, as Gail recalls, "to get out of the house." Donna remembers: "I was in bad shape. I was terrified of everything. Anne fired me right after she hired me. I was terrified of failure. I was scared of my own shadow. I was so paranoid, I was afraid to walk the streets. I hyperventilated like crazy."

What's more, she says, "I couldn't please Anne. It would drive me crazy. The pressure of pleasing her was so enormous. I didn't feel I was ever good enough, you know?"

From the Queen to Klein, Donna re-created her role as the anxious daughter, striving for perfection. At the same time, she met Stephan Weiss, who was married with two children. "He walked into the room and I went, 'Hhhhhhmmm.' He turns women on. There I was, nineteen years old. I just thought he was the coolest, hottest thing."

Donna broke her engagement to Mark Karan, but when it became clear that Weiss was unavailable for any commitment, she went back to Karan and married him.

Rehired by Anne Klein eighteen months later, Donna Karan became her assistant and eventually took over the company in 1974, when Klein died. It was the same week her daughter, Gabby, was born. With friend and co-designer Louis Dell'Olio, Karan took the Klein label to new heights, and each designer won two Coty Awards before Karan left the company in 1984 to start her own. "Louis worked really hard, but he would say, 'Donna, it's just a bunch of clothes! What are you carrying on about?' To me, it's not clothes. It's my gut."

Karan once sold the clothes off her back to Barbara Walters and had to leave Bergdorf Goodman in a robe. "Donna's totally approachable. By customers, by women on the street. She talks to customers all the time," says Dawn Mello. "It isn't an act. It's something she loves to do."

She also got to meet her idol, Barbra Streisand. "She had called after the season and wanted clothes," says Karan. "She fell in love with these chenille sweaters. But the problem with these sweaters [pronounced "sweatahs"] was that they were flammable. I'll tell you how I found out. I was sitting in my shrink's office. I used to be a chain-smoker. Three packs of Pall Malls a day. I lit a cigarette, and all of a sudden my sweater caught fire! I said, 'Can you imagine if Streisand ever went on fire?' We couldn't sell them. But Streisand wanted the sweater. She said she would sign an agreement holding me not responsible. I said, 'God forbid something should ever happen to you! I could never forgive myself!' "

The night Donna won her first Coty Award, "I wouldn't let my mother ride in the car with me, I was so nervous. My mother didn't want to go. I said, 'Mother, you have to go.' She said, 'What if you lose?' I said, 'That's why you're supposed to be there, 'cause you're my mother.' She said, 'I can't stand it if you lose.' I said, 'Thanks, Ma.' "

So the two rode separately to the Fashion Institute of Technology. When Donna arrived, she found the Queen sitting in a hansom cab dressed in a black silk sheath and feathered stole, blowing kisses to the assembled crowd.

"She was a very gutsy kind of wonderful woman."

So is Karan. Soon christened the Queen of Seventh Avenue by the fashion press, she commuted from her home on Long Island and then eventually took an apartment in Manhattan and left her husband for Stephan Weiss.

Donna and Stephan were married in 1983. "She's a better cook than a designer," Weiss quips backstage at the show. In fact, Karan is rarely home before 10:00 or 11:00 P.M. "*Everybody* wants more of me. I don't know why, because I'm not so great to be with, you know? I'm a little flaky."

And don't ask her what it feels like to be a success. She wrinkles her face and says she doesn't feel all that successful. It's never complete, she says. It's never perfect. It's never good enough.

At the root of her drive, says her sister Gail, is that same childhood insecurity. "Maybe it's just to prove it to herself," says Gail.

Certainly it's not for material wealth. "Money never meant anything to Donna," says Mark Karan, who now owns two branches of Gabby's, a women's clothing store that does a brisk business in Donna Karan and DKNY. "She doesn't own anything. She rents an apartment in the city; she rents a big house in the Hamptons for the summer."

Eventually, she wants to move to California.

"I am not New York at all," she says. "I'm a beach person. The *real* Donna Karan is in a convertible car, walking on the beach, riding a horse. I sort of see myself as Kim Novak or Susan Hayward, sitting on top of the rocks, sending in my sketches."

Can DKLA be far behind? ♥

UNICA®

BARING THE BURDENS

(Continued from page 325)

shelters some ambulatory little beasts, five pug dogs that, in the English tradition, are named after members of the family. It can be disconcerting to the visitor to hear what seems to be Burden's daughter or mother-in-law being told to "stay" or "fetch" or "sit."

Though Burden has read a lot about the reasons men become collectors, he prefers not to dwell on them. "It has a lot to do with the Oedipus complex and sex. I think the pipe comes into it, too," he says, waving his own in a vague manner. "Carter," Mrs. Burden puts in, "is a very *oral* person," firmly deflecting one's mind from the orifice generally used to describe the fanatic collector. It is not an adjective that would surprise anyone who has seen the rather extroverted miniatures in his bathroom.

Burden's major collection is the modern American books he has been acquiring for about seven years. They are underfoot and overhead and cluster everywhere. The collection ranges throughout the breadth and depth of American writing: a first edition of *Forever Amber;* a volume of poetry by one Edith Newbold Jones, published before she married Teddy Wharton. Burden reverently takes down a copy of Wharton's *Italian Villas and Gardens* accompanied by a letter in curving brown script that describes the dedication as "a very inadequate return for a great mental and spiritual debt." A first edition of Faulkner's *Dr. Martino* bears an inscription in tiny, self-effacing letters: "For mother, with love. Billy"—an emotion hard to believe the writer felt, remarks Burden, if she was anything like the matriarch in *The Sound and the Fury*.

Burden recently reread that work for the first time since college for the Monday-night reading group he started a few years ago with Brooke Astor. John Gross, the urbane book reviewer for *The New York Times*, led discussions with the ladies of the club, who include Drue Heinz, Anne Bass, Anna Murdoch, and Elizabeth Rohaytn. Now that Gross has returned to England, the group has high-toned guest speakers—Robert Towers for the Faulkner, Elizabeth Hardwick for *The Great Gatsby*, Tom Wolfe. Talking about Trollope and Dickens with the same stratum of people they wrote about has its piquant moments, Burden admits. "We're always thinking of contemporary equivalents. There's that character in *Little Dorrit*, for instance—Mr. Merdle. We know a *lot* like him." The Burdens giggle.

Though Burden is, of course, conscious of his Vanderbilt heritage, he isn't particularly proud of it. "The Vanderbilts were conspicuous consumers, but not very good ones. Their furniture was copies made by Maples in London. Their pictures were second-rate. They weren't like the Mellons, who put together a great collection." Though Burden does think better of his own efforts, he feels that when he is no longer around to enjoy them they should be dispersed so that other collectors have a chance to enjoy them. "I want everything to be broken up and sold." And if there remains no room or building with his name on it, that doesn't bother Burden. "I don't think," he says, "that anybody leaves much of a monument." ♥

RETIN-A

(Continued from page 347)

tology at Rockefeller University, on patients with early stages of skin cancer. Dr. Balin found that tretinoin caused most but not all of the premalignant lesions to regress. Then, last December, at the American Academy of Dermatology's annual meeting, Barbara Gilchrest, M.D., chairman of the dermatology department at Boston University's medical school, presented results of studies in a multicenter trial that corroborate Dr. Balin's research, stating that Retin-A might be helpful in arresting precancerous lesions associated with certain forms of skin cancer.

"The information is growing that these agents have antitumor effects," says Dr. Kligman, "but isn't it interesting that when I tell my patients Retin-A is going to suppress tumor promotion, that doesn't intrigue them? The common view is, 'If I get a tumor, I'll get it scraped, burned, or bitten off. It's wrinkles I'm worried about. Wrinkles are a disgrace.' The hype on Retin-A has been so great—the promise, the dream—that I see people every week who say, 'Please sprinkle that stuff on me because I want to look younger.' But you don't just hand somebody a tube. The average person will press out the same amount they use for brushing their teeth, which is about eight times too much."

Will Retin-A always remain a prescription drug?

"When you have any product that is improved upon by a new compound, and those new compounds are safe and effective, it's not unusual for the original to be approved as over-the-counter by the FDA," says Les Riley, vice president of Ortho's dermatological division. "This is the pharmaceutical business."

Ortho says it has a patent on Retin-A for photo-aging until 2003. If and when the FDA approves the drug for that purpose, it would obviously be a violation of that patent for other companies to use Retin-A before the patent expires.

However, other major companies, such as Hoffmann-La Roche, have been working for years on retinoids with similar characteristics, and with FDA approval there would be nothing to stop their use in other products for the same purpose. In some countries (Australia and Hong Kong among them), Retin-A is already available as an over-the-counter nonprescription drug.

Because of the publicity surrounding Retin-A, many cosmetics companies have been quick to draw attention to their products that contain other derivatives of vitamin A, among them retinyl acetate and retinyl palmitate, which have been in cosmetics in small amounts for years. However, there is no evidence to suggest that retinyl palmitate or any of the esters break down in the skin to vitamin A. "To link Retin-A with the vitamin-A derivatives in cosmetics is like comparing diamonds to coal," says New York City dermatologist Ronald Sherman, M.D.

No cosmetics—yet—contain Retin-A. Even if they did, the companies would not be allowed to make any antiaging claims for them. Nevertheless, Ortho is gearing up to sell antiaging to the consumer. The company has already underwritten, for the American Academy of Dermatology, "Skincare Passages," a theatrical skin-care information show that features sets, actors, and actresses and that is currently visiting shopping malls across the country. Earlier this year, Ortho's giant parent, Johnson & Johnson, traveled to major cities with a "photo-aging computer," manned by dermatologists, which showed shoppers exactly how they could expect to age without protection with the "right" products from the sun's harmful UVA and UVB rays.

What the "right" antiaging products will finally be nobody yet knows, but everyone agrees that prevention is better than cure. At the Consensus Development Conference held in May in Bethesda, Maryland, by the National Institutes of Health, members of the medical panel issued the following recommendations: reduced exposure to sun, daily use of sunscreens, and better regulation of tanning parlors. They also said that until the FDA gives its approval on the antiaging properties of Retin-A, "at this time there is insufficient evidence to recommend the use of cosmetic therapies such as Retin-A and similar compounds to diminish or reverse wrinkles caused by the sun."

Scientists are used to waiting, and at Ortho, Mezick and his team continue evaluating new retinoids, chemical entities, and biological compounds—all chemical cousins to vitamin A—always looking for the next "right" one that will lead nearer to the fountain of youth. ♥

LIBERAL ARTS

(Continued from page 333)

Baudrillard and Deleuze) were bandied about with a certain flair. In "post-studio" seminars by Baldessari and Asher, student works were exhaustively discussed and scrutinized, down to the last nut and bolt. Yet as Huebler says, "We taught theoretically but with a fairly soft voice."

Students, however, often tended to shriek, developing a reputation for being so aggressively intellectual that some artists were actually afraid to visit the school. "Intellectual terrorism is the CalArts shtick—it's how students there prove themselves," says Ashley Bickerton. "When Helene Winer from Metro Pictures came to talk, the students were absolutely vicious, as if they were out collecting scalps. I went back as a visiting lecturer myself, and it was the same game—they wanted to crucify me. I left feeling drained and foolish."

Throughout the seventies and early eighties, CalArts carried on as a sort of intellectual watering hole for breakthrough artists. Jonathan Borofsky, Bruce Nauman, Laurie Anderson, and somewhat later, Barbara Krueger and Sherrie Levine all spent time as short-term faculty. "The resident faculty were ambitious for themselves and freewheeling about inviting people in, with the result that they had an extraordinarily rich mix of artists teaching there," says Richard Armstrong.

Teachers were provided with studio space on campus, and the school's unofficial policy was that its faculty were "artists first, teachers second." Judy Pfaff, who came out from New York to teach in the late seventies, remembers sharing a studio at the school with Borofsky. "We were there breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Susan Rothenberg and Elizabeth Murray were there as well. We were truly in residence, which is a lot different from bopping into a school for one three-hour class every week."

CalArts alumni have helped establish a new *Who's Who for the* art of the eighties

"As a student, you were really coming into a professional milieu in your first year of school," points out Baldessari. "If you want to be crass about it, by the time you got out, you already had more contacts than most artists who've been working ten years."

The faculty's close connection to the art world had its drawbacks. Artists with more marginal careers were often overlooked by students overly impressed with another faculty member's commercial success. "Most of the teachers were heavyweights in New York and showed at blue-chip galleries. There was an idea that if you got in good with them, you had the possibility of being shown in those galleries, too," says Mike Kelley. "It shocked me. The reason I'd come out to the West Coast was that I disliked that New York scene so much."

Kelley, who graduated with an MFA in 1978, decided to settle in Los Angeles, as have many other "second generation" CalArts graduates. Jokes Armstrong: "Things are so grim there now, they can almost replicate the misery of being in New York." One consequence is that L.A. has become a more important presence in the international art world, with younger artists like Kelley, Mitchell Syrop, Jill Giegerich, Larry Johnson, and Tim Ebner exhibiting in New York and Europe as well as locally.

No one was exhibiting in CalArts's student gallery this past May, however. In a united protest against current president Steven Lavine's plans to increase enrollment, students replaced their year-end art show with neatly typed critical statements.

The administration's response to CalArts's current fiscal squeeze has left faculty disgruntled as well. Studio space for teachers has been drastically cut back, while teaching demands have increased to the point where few have time to pursue their own art making. "What's the point of hiring professional artists and then not even giving them time to do their work?" complains Michael Asher.

Even before the economic crunch, the art school had been shaken by the departure of several key faculty members, including Baldessari, whom many regarded as the school's inspirational guru. New instructors have tended to sport ideological profiles compatible with the leftist feminism of the art school's dean, Catherine Lord. A critic rather than an artist, Lord assumed her post in 1984 and shortly thereafter began making her mark on the school. "One of the differences I've made is in insisting on a balance between men and women on the faculty," says Lord. "By doing that, we've opened up the options as to what students might do as artists."

Adds Allan Sekula, whom Lord appointed to head the art school's photography program, "There's been some tendency to see Catherine as this evil, severe feminist who brought in a new ideological program. In fact, by bringing in more women faculty, she's instilled a sense of permission that's helped create a wild style around issues of sexuality."

Indeed, a remarkable sexual candor infuses the student discourse, occasionally to the bemusement of faculty. ("I hear a lot of talk about sex and see a lot of work about it, but there doesn't seem to be a lot of screwing going on," one teacher remarked to students.) Student art runs the gamut from works relating to AIDS to psychoanalytic critiques to a recent performance in which a female undergraduate queried a panel of eleven males on everything from her sexual desirability to the merits of her artwork. Sighs Sekula, "Sometimes I wish students would be interested in other issues besides sex."

Others see more serious cause for concern with the school's direction under Lord. "There's more of a Marxist/French poststructuralist accent, with an emphasis on art being correct, and with less tolerance for trial and error," comments one former faculty member. Additional criticisms cite the new faculty's lack of diversity and its reluctance to hire artists with more visible careers. "Growth comes out of contrast and I don't really see a full spectrum on the faculty," comments a former student.

"Clement Greenberg once told me that every art movement lasts fifteen years. The same is true of art schools," says Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe, a painter and critic whose contract at CalArts was terminated shortly after Lord became dean. "CalArts was an alternative in the seventies, but by now it's become the academy. And at the end, you've got a tiny cadre of people who claim to be maintaining the tradition of the cutting edge."

The CalArts faculty still has its true believers, who "do a good job of discouraging commercial success as a reason to work," says one grad student. And at the graduate level, students seem to be committed (at least for now) to theoretically adventurous work and the idea of exhibiting in noncommercial venues.

Of course, with art-auction prices making front-page headlines, it's impossible for students not to be aware of market pressures. Much to the concern of CalArts's faculty, art dealers have recently taken to cruising the hallways, looking to pick up the next star. "It began happening a couple of years ago, and I was disgusted by it. It's very destructive to students," says Huebler.

Not all the students would agree. "Basically, my work is about trying to package myself," quips undergraduate Mike Conner. "I want my life to be as interesting as a rock video, dislocating conventions of time and space." Conner's Pussy Fishy Lounge, an extravagantly gaudy installation/cabaret, is part of an emerging neopsychedelic aesthetic with a hedonistic streak, which stands in stark contrast to the dry, overtly theoretical art of much of the faculty.

So far, Conner's approach has disarmed his teachers, treading as it does along a rapidly dissolving line between commercially viable art and commercials. On entering Conner's studio for a crit and being confronted by a tape deck blaring Madonna, one teacher inquired (in the best CalArts tradition), "Does this mean we're supposed to dance?"

When MTV airs video clips by the likes of Robert Longo and Richard Prince, art you can dance to may not be that far away. And if it somehow emerges from a school dominated by a leftist feminist discourse, that will be a dialectical turn even Walt Disney might have appreciated. ♥

IN THIS ISSUE

Details, prices, more stores, more . . . on this month's looks

Page 6 (cover): Cashmere and wool jacket, $1,100. Silk bodysuit, also by Donna Karan New York, $445. Bloomingdale's; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. **79:** 1) "Fur" jacket, $875. Barneys New York; Mendelsohn, Philadelphia. 2,3) Gianfranco Ferre silk blouse, $1,470; wool pants, $580. Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Pants at Saks Fifth Avenue. 4) Jacket, $1,500; wool sweater, $180; wool and silk skirt, $440. Bergdorf Goodman. Jacket and sweater at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. Skirt at Serenella, Boston. 5) Rayon dress, $7,460. Krizia Boutique, NYC; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. 6) M. Stevens Antron unitard, $50. Taffy's, NYC, Boston. Anne Klein Footwear, $70. Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. **86:** 1) Bracelet, $725. 2) Earrings, $550. 3) Earrings, $525. All available at Isabel Canovas, NYC. **108:** 1) Parka, $365. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's. 2) Alpaca jersey dress, $925. Bergdorf Goodman. 3) Bag, $330. At Perry Ellis Shoes, NYC. 4) Rayon, silk, and fur parka, $2,600; silk T-shirt, $300. Bergdorf Goodman. Parka at Neiman Marcus. T-shirt at Saks Jandel. 5) Cotton jacket, $530. Emporio Armani Boutique, NYC. **126:** 1) Crespin & Company toscana coat, $1,995. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY. Donna Karan Hosiery. Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's. 2) Coat, $1,464. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; Janet Brown, Port Washington NY. 3,4) Shearling jacket, $1,795. Macy's, Herald Square; Carl W. Hermann Furs, Pittsburgh; Dittrich Furs, Detroit and Bloomfield Hills MI. Guess? Georges Marciano jeans, $56. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's. **130:** 5) Jacket, $1,340; scarf, $440. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC. Hood, $115. Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC, Short Hills NJ, Chicago. Calvin Klein gloves. 6) Sheepskin jacket, $2,000; cotton pants, $195. Kenzo, NYC. Shawl, Amicale Industries. 7) Coat, $2,400. Barneys New York; Marshall Field's. 8) Coat, $2,600. Calvin Klein camel hair sweater, $530, and wool jodhpurs, $395. Bergdorf Goodman; Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; B. Barnett, Little Rock. **136:** 1) Malisy wool and velvet jacket, $685. Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. Chair pin, $195. Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's. Spider web pin, $320; wheel pin, $360. Artwear, NYC. 2) Adrienne Vittadini cotton and polyester sweater, $270. Asta de Bleu, Philadelphia. Pins, $450 each. 3) Chanel silk dress, $3,880. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Beverly Hills. **150:** Rayon, Lurex, and silk panne velvet dress by Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis, $615. Bergdorf Goodman. **152:** Silk raincoat by Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis, $1,600. Bergdorf Goodman. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **166:** Polyester shirt, $60. Antron and Lycra shorts, $44. Both by adidas USA. College Park Adidas, College Park MD. Shoes, i.e. Nike. For stores, call toll-free 1-800-344-NIKE. **182:** 1) Silk jacket by Go Silk for L'Zinger, $385. Henry Lehr, NYC; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI; The Go Silk Store, San Francisco. Nylon and spandex unitard, $50. New York Body Shops, NYC; Leotardo da Vinci Body Boutique, Philadelphia; Bodyline, Bethesda MD; Dance Centre, Houston. Hat by Hat Attack. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Bloomingdale's; Nordstrom, Utah; I. Magnin. Amicale Industries shawl. Jenny B. Goode, NYC. Pop Swatch watch at Bloomingdale's; Nordstrom. 2) Nylon and spandex unitard, $130. Flamingo Sports, Seattle; Reno Mountain Sports, Reno NV. 3) Cotton and Lycra unitard, $60. Streetwise, NYC; Venus Adonis, St. Louis; Everything But Water, Orlando FL. Socks, Hot Sox. Great Shapes, Albertson NY; Ninth Street Corner, Arcata CA. Shoes, L.A. Gear. For info., call toll-free 1-800-2LA-GEAR. 4) DKNY wool and cashmere blazer, $350. Bloomingdale's; Dayton; Hudson. Nylon and spandex unitard, $48. New York Body Shops, NYC; Leotardo da Vinci Body Boutique, Philadelphia. Boots by Charles David. New York Shoe Company, NYC; Charles David, Los Angeles. **196:** Left, Photofest; top right, Bettmann Archive; center right, Kobal Collection; bottom left, Michael Leshnov; bottom right, Ron Grover. **197:** Top, Murray Close; center left, Keith Hamshere; center right, Photofest; bottom left, Murray Close; bottom right, Photofest.

Business class

268-269: Left to right: Fogal of Switzerland stockings. Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Jacket, skirt, and gloves, Charlotte Neuville. Scarf at Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC. Bracelet, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bag

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IN THIS ISSUE

on table, Calvin Klein Accessories. Bag on ground, Paloma Picasso. Donna Karan Hosiery. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. Paloma Picasso gloves. Judith Leiber bag. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Model standing: Shalimar Gloves. Quilted bracelet and bag, Chanel. Bracelet at Chanel Boutique, NYC. Bag at Barneys New York. Bracelet with stones, Edouard Rambaud. Ylang Ylang, NYC. Danskin stockings. Macy's, Herald Square. Photographed at Le Bilboquet, NYC. **270:** Wool pants. Outfit also at Toby Lerner, Ardmore PA. Chanel gloves. Bag also at Chanel Boutiques, Dallas, Beverly Hills, Honolulu. Shoes, Maraolo, NYC, Los Angeles. **271:** Outfit also at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN; Miss Jackson's, Tulsa; Perkins Shearer, Denver; I. Magnin. Shalimar Gloves. Bag, Calvin Klein Accessories. Bloomingdale's. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. I. Magnin. **272:** Coat, jacket, and pants also at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Neiman Marcus; Helen's Of Course, Beaverton OR. Patricia Underwood for Carolyne Roehm hat. Bergdorf Goodman; Capriccio, Phoenix and Scottsdale, AZ; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Scarf, Amicale Industries. Carolyne Roehm gloves. Bag, $8,500. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Georges Gaspar umbrella. Peter Herman, NYC. **273:** Suit also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore. Sonia Rykiel wool and angora sweater, $515. See page 273 for stores. Earrings, Mish Jewelry. Bag at Prada, NYC; I. Magnin. Scarf at Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC. Tights, Baryshnikov Bodywear. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. **274:** Lambswool and cashmere coat also at Mendelsohn, Philadelphia; Rebecca, Indianapolis; Younkers, Omaha. Yves Saint Laurent Collection earrings. Balliet's; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Costa Mesa CA. Bag at Henri Bendel; Panache, Millburn NJ. Andrea Pfister gloves. Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. **275:** Wool and mohair jacket. Wool bodysuit also at Burdines. Red necklace also at Chanel Boutiques, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Anne Klein belt. **276:** Jacket and pants also at Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Harry B's, Nashville. Jacket at Filene's. Bag, Calvin Klein Accessories. Bergdorf Goodman. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. I. Magnin. **277:** Cotton and polyurethane coat, $650; wool skirt, $310. Bloomingdale's; Dayton; Miki, Mill Valley CA; Mario's, Portland OR, Seattle. Cameo bracelet at Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. Chanel bracelet at Chanel Boutiques, San Francisco, Honolulu. Ralph Lauren Hosiery. **278:** Wool and cashmere suit and scarf. Silk blouse. Choker also at Chanel Boutique, San Francisco. Prada bag. Dominique Aurientis gloves. **279:** Melton wool jacket and pants. Rayon blouse. Earrings, Mish Jewelry. Barneys New York; Saks Jandel; Fred Segal Hoops, Santa Monica CA. Necklaces, Richard Fishman for Annika. Bergdorf Goodman; Elements, Greenwich CT. Top necklace also at Judith Ann, Grosse Pointe MI. Belt, Donna Karan New York Accessories. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Rings by Roxanne Assoulin for Savannah. Anne Klein Footwear. Bloomingdale's; Joseph, Memphis.

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Night for day

281: Bag at Marshall Field's; The Twenty-Four Collection, Boca Raton FL. **282:** Bag also at The Twenty-Four Collection, Boca Raton FL. **283:** Pants, Calvin Klein. **284:** Necklace, $3,200. **285:** Scarves, $70 each. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. "C" and "S" belts also at Chanel Boutiques, Dallas, Beverly Hills. Flower belt also at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Dayton. **287:** Polyester and satin dress also at Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA. **288:** Boots also at Harari, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills. Tights available in September at Neiman Marcus. **289:** Bag also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Chanel Boutiques, Chicago, Beverly Hills.

Prima donna

291: Outfit at Bloomingdale's; Tootsies, Houston; Bullock's. Blazer and skirt at Dayton. Necklace, bag, and gloves, Donna Karan New York Accessories. Necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue. **292:** Wool crepe unitard. Silk body blouse. Cashmere and wool jacket also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Brittons, Columbia SC; Gidding-Jenny, Indianapolis; Julius, Sacramento. Unitard and shirt also at Neiman Marcus. Bag and gloves, Donna Karan New York Accessories. **293:** Fleece wool, alpaca, and silk jacket. Rayon and silk shirt. Wool stirrup pants. Shirt and pants also at Jamie, Nashville. Pants also at Frances Kahn, Lynchburg VA; She, Louisville. Donna Karan New York Accessories. Earrings and bag at Bergdorf Goodman (bag to order). Gloves at Bloomingdale's. **294:** Bottom right: Pants, $4,200. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Calvin Klein Hosiery. **295:** Blouse also at L'Armoire, New Canaan CT; Higbee's; Aversa, Milwaukee. Top left, Ron Galella; left, second from top, Adam Scull/Globe Photos; left, third from top, Jeff Slocomb/Outline; bottom left, Stephen Allen/Globe Photos. **296:** Jacket, $3,700; leggings, $280. Gloves, Donna Karan New York Accessories. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **297:** DKNY nylon jacket, $340. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Perkins Shearer, Denver. Donna Karan Eyewear by Bausch & Lomb. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. DKNY earrings, bracelet. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Scarf and gloves, Donna Karan New York Accessories. Bergdorf Goodman. DKNY bag. Bloomingdale's; Macy's South; I. Magnin. **296-297:** Bottom center, Barbra Walz.

Close-up

298-299: Keds Corp. sneakers. These six pages: hair colorist, Angela Cosmai. Manicures by Josephine Allen for Nails by Josephine. **300:** Wool mohair coat, $3,990. Also at Charles Sumner, Chestnut Hill MA; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL. Geoffrey Beene scarf and gloves. **301:** Dress and bolero, $3,500. Also at Charles Sumner, Chestnut Hill MA; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Earrings, Fred Leighton, NYC. **302:** Geoffrey Beene dress also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL; Swansons on the Plaza; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

Suitable plaids

304: Suit and sweater also at Sara Fredericks, Boston; Jacobson's. Glasses, Eyevan from Peoples L.A. Robert Marc Opticians, NYC. DKNY ascot. Jay Feinberg earrings. Bloomingdale's; Balliet's; Neiman Marcus. Robert Lee Morris heart and ax pendant. See info. page 305 for stores. Lisa Jenks charm necklace. For stores, see info. page 305. Breitling watch. For stores, call toll-free 1-800-243-5146. Louis Vuitton Collection bag. Louis Vuitton Boutique, NYC. Shalimar Gloves. Jacobson's. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. Bloomingdale's; Swan-

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sons on the Plaza; B. Barnett, Little Rock. **305:** Wool-blend jacket, skirt, and coat also at Suzy, Westhampton Beach NY; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Jacket also at Panache, Millburn NJ; Marshall Field's; Tootsies, Houston. Yves Saint Laurent Collection gold ball necklace. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Lisa Jenks charm necklace. Barneys New York; The Gazebo, Dallas; Haute Rocks, Newport Beach CA. Robert Lee Morris heart and ax pendant. Robert Lee Morris, NYC; Ice, Los Angeles; Cactus, Palo Alto CA. Bag, Prada, NYC. Tights, Hot Sox. **306:** Wool, acrylic, and polyester jacket and skirt at Suzy, Westhampton

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Beach NY; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Silhouette, Chevy Chase MD, Washington DC. Jacket at Susan, Burlingame CA. Chopard watch. Cellini, NYC; Sidney Garber, Chicago; Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Jill Stuart leopard bag. Jill Stuart, NYC. Black bag, Paloma Picasso. Saks Fifth Avenue. Hanes Hosiery. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. **307:** Suit to order at Chanel Boutique, NYC. Jacket, $1,705. Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Honolulu. Hermès scarf. Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent Collection. Balliet's; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Costa Mesa CA. Accessories, Chanel. Green bag at Bergdorf Goodman. Wine bag at Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Both bags at Chanel Boutique, Honolulu. Donna Karan Hosiery. Neiman Marcus. Donna Karan Footwear. Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus. **308:** Suit also at Giorgio Femme, Quebec Canada; Silhouette, Chevy Chase MD. Cashmere sweater. Glasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Optic Zone, NYC; Glasses Ltd., Chicago; The Eyes Have It, Los Angeles. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha; Neiman Marcus, Houston, Los Angeles. Breitling watch. For stores, call toll-free 1-800-243-5146. Cuff, Mish Jewelry. Barneys New York; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati, Indianapolis; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami and Bal Harbour FL. Shalimar Gloves. Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati, Indianapolis. Yves Saint Laurent Collection belt. The Right Door, St. Louis. Tights, Baryshnikov Bodywear. Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. **309:** Wool-blend jacket also at Escada Boutique, Great Neck NY; Helen's Of Course, Beaverton OR; Lilly Dodson, Dallas and Richardson TX. Sweater at Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC. Shalimar Gloves. Hall's, Kansas City MO; Rocsil's, Oakland. Jay Feinberg bracelet. Saks Fifth Avenue; Topps, Omaha. Deanna Hamro bracelet. **310:** Earrings, Sheldon Berkowitz. Scarf, gloves, and bag by Paloma Picasso. Bergdorf Goodman. Maud Frizon tights. Maud Frizon, NYC and Manhasset NY, Boston, Beverly Hills. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. **311:** Bill Blass suit, $3,400. Shawl, Donna Karan New York Accessories. Shalimar Gloves. Sara Booth bracelet. Chanel bag. Hanes Hosiery. Marshall Field's. Shoes, Beene Bag for Diego Della Valle. Diego Della Valle, NYC.

Fine & dandy

334: Bettmann Archive. **335:** Wool and polyester jacket, cotton and Lycra bodysuit, polyester pants, wool cardigan, and hat also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Weinsteins, New Orleans; Susan, Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Jacket, bodysuit, and pants at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Shalimar Gloves at Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati, Indianapolis; Halls/Swansons on the Plaza. **336:** Top left, Bettmann Archive; top right, Culver Pictures; center, Popperfoto; bottom right, Bettmann Archive. **337:** Outfit also at Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Naples FL, Evansville IN; Greta, Beverly Hills. Pants also at Marshall Field's. Hat at Bonwit Teller, NYC; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Bag, Maud Frizon. Maud Frizon Boutiques, NYC and Manhasset NY, Phoenix, Los Angeles. Chanel scarf. Shoes, Willy Van Rooy. Harari, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills. **337:** Top left, Popperfoto; top center, reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, The National Gallery, London; center, Popperfoto. **338:** Romeo Gigli wool pants, wool and mohair jacket, wool-blend shirt, and silk scarf. Outfit also at Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove FL; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Shirt also at Saks Jandel; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Deanna Hamro earrings. Barneys New York. Shalimar Gloves. Watt & Shand, Lancaster PA; Halls/Swansons on the Plaza. Prada walking stick. Prada, NYC. **339:** Wool gabardine suit, $2,685; silk poplin shirt, $960. Suit and shirt also at Emphatics, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin. Suit also at Neiman Marcus. Christy's of London hat. Worth & Worth, NYC. Barry Kieselstein-Cord earrings. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. Fortunoff necklace. Sentimento chain. Bergdorf Goodman. Claude Montana gloves. Georges Gaspar walking stick. Peter Herman, NYC. Hue Legwear. Shoes, Prada, NYC.

Sequins

340: Fabric at B. & J. Fabrics, NYC; Jerome Fabrics, Chicago; International Silks and Woolens, Los Angeles. **341:** Dress also at Nikki, Framingham MA; Greta, Beverly Hills; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Manolo Blahnik shoes. Barneys New York; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. **342:** Dress, $2,500. **343:** Dress, $3,000.

Weather patterns

348: Jacket also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Topp's, Omaha; Sharon Batten, Ontario Canada. Hat, Patricia Underwood for Perry Ellis. Scarf at Elizabeth Arden The Red Door Salon; J. McLaughlin, Westport CT. **349:** Acetate and nylon coat also at Alene, Boca Raton FL; Pompian, Chicago; Auer's, Denver; Nordstrom, San Diego and Orange County CA. Hood also at Cashmere-Cashmere, Short Hills NJ, Chicago. Donna Karan Eyewear by Bausch & Lomb. Bag, Prada. Barneys New York; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA. Stockings, Wolford. Leggiadro, NYC. **350:** Polyester and nylon pants. Hat, Makins Hats. Lord & Taylor; Lawrence Covell, Denver; Ice, Los Angeles. Prada bag. Prada, NYC; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Shalimar Gloves. **351:** Polyester and nylon jacket. Nylon, wool, and polyurethane pants. Jacket also at Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove and Bal Harbour FL; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Bag at Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Honolulu; Rich's. Chanel boots. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Chicago, San Francisco; Rich's. **352:** Jacket also at Mary Chancis, Fort Lee NJ; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Cotton and Lycra leggings by Isaia NYC, $85. Barneys New York; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Gloves, Portolano Products. **353:** Polyester jumpsuit and jacket. Scarf at Hermès Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Honolulu. Bag, Prada, NYC. Gloves, Portolano Products. Barbara Carlton, Mobile AL. Hue Legwear. Shoes, Helmut Lang. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardage, details, pages 293 and 340.

Page 293: Jacket: Donna Karan for Vogue Pattern #2391. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 3½ yards 45" fabric. $13.50. Canada, $17.75. Pattern available in October. **340: Dress:** Butterick Pattern #6487, View C. Sizes XS-XL. Size M: 2½ yards 45" fabric. $5.25. Canada, $7.25. Fabric: copper sequins on brown 100-percent polyester chiffon from Sequins International. Sewing tips: use nude-colored organza for facings.

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TALKING FASHION

Model **Cindy Crawford,** the new Revlon girl, has little time for small talk. BART BULL has little need of it

On runways and magazine covers, in grocery stores and elevators, Cindy Crawford offers only muted glimpses of her true self.

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH CINDY CRAWFORD WAS NOT A long one, but while it lasted, we were very close. Maybe it wasn't the deepest of relationships—Cindy is deep, I'm not—but it was close. Perhaps too close. Maybe we meant too much to each other. You know how these things are.

I was staying at a friend's place, and Cindy—I call her Cindy—lived in the same building. As it happened, I spent a terrific amount of time in the elevator that week. No sooner would I get to the ground floor and through the lobby than I'd remember something I'd forgotten upstairs and have to get back in the elevator and go get it and come back down again. Sometimes I'd remember something else I had to go back and get. I had a lot on my mind at the time.

It was tropical in Manhattan that month, and only the brave dared venture out before the sun was on the wane. My friend Theresa and I cabbed over from her place late Sunday afternoon, stopping off at the deli on the corner for some beer and juice and some of that potato salad you ladle into those plastic containers. And Cindy was there, radiant, over by the cracker and cookie section. It would be ungentlemanly to speak of her purchases; let it suffice to say that nothing she bought had the least bit of a percentage of butterfat. That figure and that complexion may be God-given, but she attends to a healthy diet just the same. I find that so admirable.

It has been my experience that not all models are as fabulous-looking in person as they appear in photos. In person, Cindy is a goddess. I think I can speak objectively here, for this was before Cindy and I were truly close. Unequivocally, she is a goddess. She takes a lousy photograph, comparatively. She looks better in real life.

At last, with a heavy heart and a six-pack, I left the deli. Theresa, not always as good a friend as she might be, was sort of dragging me by the elbow. Trudging down the block toward the apartment, a block that seemed a thousand miles, fumbling and fumbling with keys to a doorway to happiness that could never be mine, I wept silently, inwardly, tearlessly. "Takes you forever just to open a simple door, doesn't it?" inquired Theresa.

Then it happened. Cindy was there. She had followed me! I held the door for her; she held the elevator for me. Theresa got in, too. At first, none of us said a word. The silence was eminent, profound. It was bosky.

No one in all the rest of our species looks as good in a gray T-shirt as Cindy Crawford. Cindy Crawford was who those T-shirt inventor guys had in mind when they invented the T-shirt. She was sweating. I was sweating. We were both sweating. I guess Theresa was probably sweating, too. I didn't notice.

We didn't have much to say to one another, Cindy and I. How could we? What is there to say at such times, arms full of groceries? "Would you push the button for the fifth floor for me?" Words only interfere with life, force powerful feelings into tiny categories. What Cindy and I had to say to each other was larger than words, and quieter too.

That little mole thing, by the way, is as cute as can be. ◆

"I AM SHALIMAR—ALWAYS."

GABRIELLE LAZURE

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